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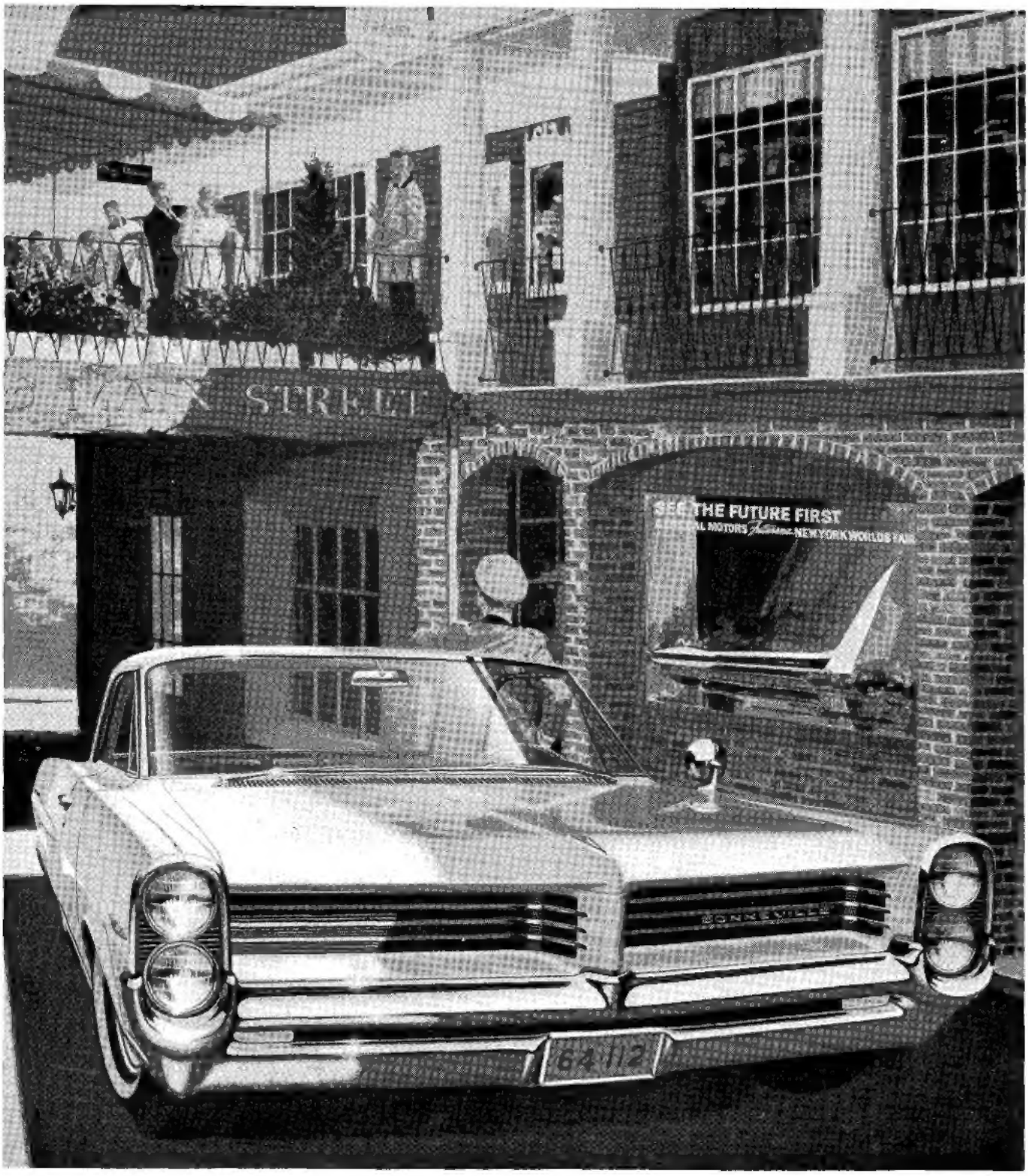

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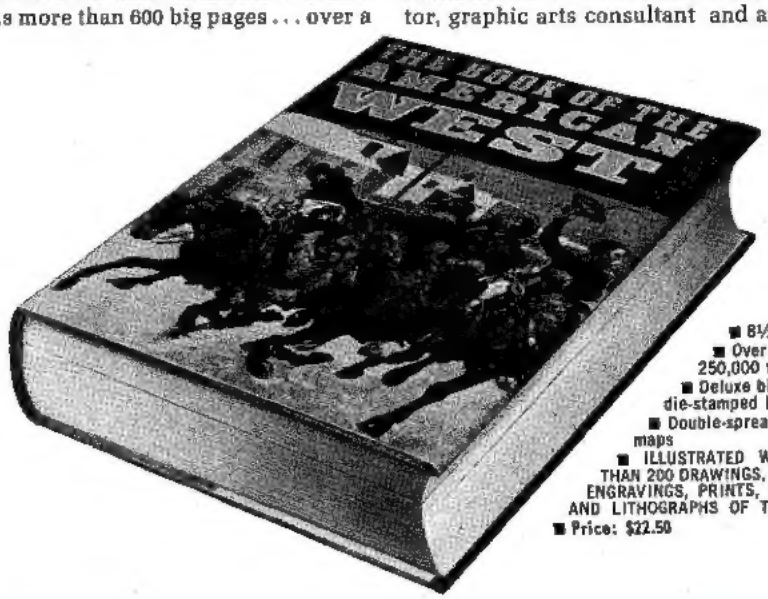

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July-August, 1964
Volume 11, No. 6
Whole No. 64

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Cover: "Old Town"—Helena, Montana
Courtesy of Western Ways Features

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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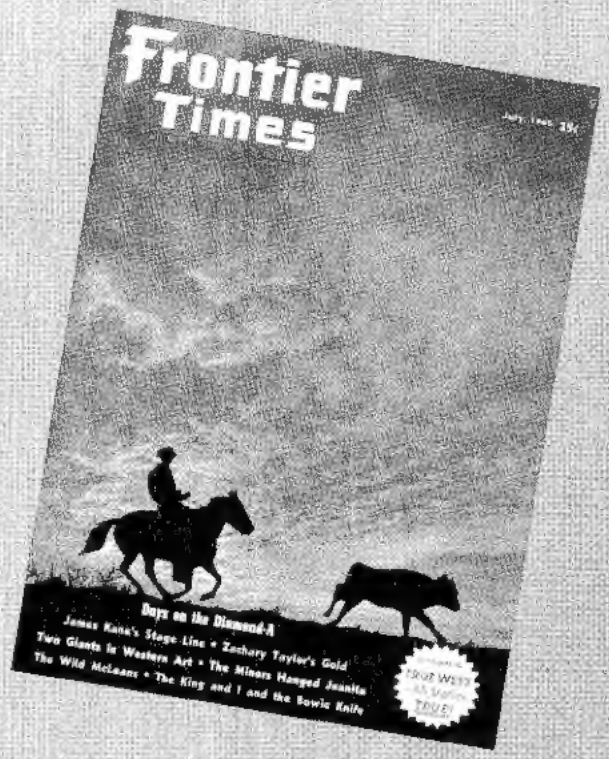
NOT TOO FAR OFF—IN THE NOVEMBER FRONTIER TIMES WE'RE STARTING OFF WITH THE FIRST PART OF ANOTHER EXCITING OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK—*COW BY THE TAIL,* BY JESSE JAMES BENTON—A CLASSIC AND CONSIDERED BY SOME THE BEST COMBINED "COWBOYING" AND INDIAN BOOK EVER PUBLISHED.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Leading off with:

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True Western

There Ain't No Way to Get There from Here

Dear Sir:

I wish to register a real gripe—not necessarily at your magazines or any specific author, book, pamphlet or brochure. Many are guilty. It has to do with the serious-type material on treasure hunting, ghost towns, historical sites, etc. NOBODY GIVES DIRECTIONS!

For example, here is a typical statement: "It is located north of Highway 49." Now, that's really pinpointing it for you, wouldn't you say? Or else they'll fix the location by mentioning a town, lake or mountain which is not even listed on the map. We are truly grateful for one thing, however; most are considerate enough to mention the state said ghost town or other is in, and some even say "eastern" or "western" part. That is why I like articles by Nell Murbarger and a few others. They are specific.—Peter S. Brody, P. O. Box 30, Casselton, North Dakota.

Young'uns Can Sure Be Aggravating!

Dear Sir:

This is my first attempt to write a letter to a publication. I started one about the discovery of the Blue Bucket Mine over on the Deschutes River just under Black Butte. About that time a horse fell on me. While I was in the hospital my girls cleaned out my cabin. They burned up my TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES and also my paper that had the account of the Blue Bucket.

Although I was born and brought up near the foothills of the Cascade Range, I can't tell you much about the Old West. I am just a button—only seventy. However, I don't think much of the idea of long yarns in two or three installments. I might not live to get the last one and then where in the hell would I be? Hoping you will soon become a daily, I am your friend.—Milton M. (Mick) Farley, Crawfordsville, Oregon.

Some Old Cowboy Had the Pip that Day!

Dear Joe:

Not long ago I read in a TW article about a man who had taken some of Dr. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Well, while walking in the pasture one day, my husband found such a bottle with that name written (or rather printed) on it. I was wondering if some of the readers know when the last bottle of such stomach bitters was put on the market so we would know just how old the bottle is. We enjoy your magazines very much.—Mrs. E. A. Rogers, Box 205, Dryden, Texas.

Jim Reynolds

Brother of "Lonesome Charley?

Gentlemen:

There is a rumor that someone in our family was killed with Custer or Reno in the Little Big Horn Battle. My curiosity was aroused by Will Price's article in one of your back issues (TW June, 1961).

Enclosed is a picture of Jim Reynolds, taken from the original tintype. He married Manervey Bryant, my grandmother's sister. He was out in Kansas and Nebraska at the time that Lonesome Charley and his brothers would or could have been there. Does anyone know if Charley had a brother named Jim? If so, could this be the one? I'd be very grateful to get any information.—Henry R. Hanker, Route 6, Box 702, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Killing of the Jennings Brothers

Dear Joe:

Roy E. Farmer, my father, was an eyewitness at the trouble between Temple Houston and the Jennings brothers. Previous accounts have placed the local sheriff in the saloon and shooting one of the brothers while Houston shot the other. Actually, the sheriff had to be called

(Continued on page 70)

THE WAY

TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES never get out of date. Filled with the timeless sagas of the Old West, the back issues are fascinating to read, and to keep. Begin the interesting hobby of collecting them, and watch their value grow as they become more and more scarce. As soon as we sell out of a back issue, collectors immediately begin asking $1, $5 or more for a copy—and getting it!

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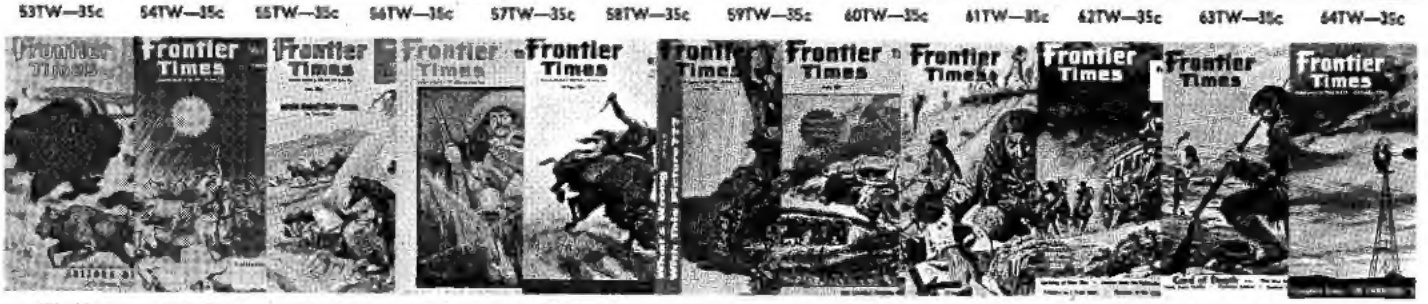

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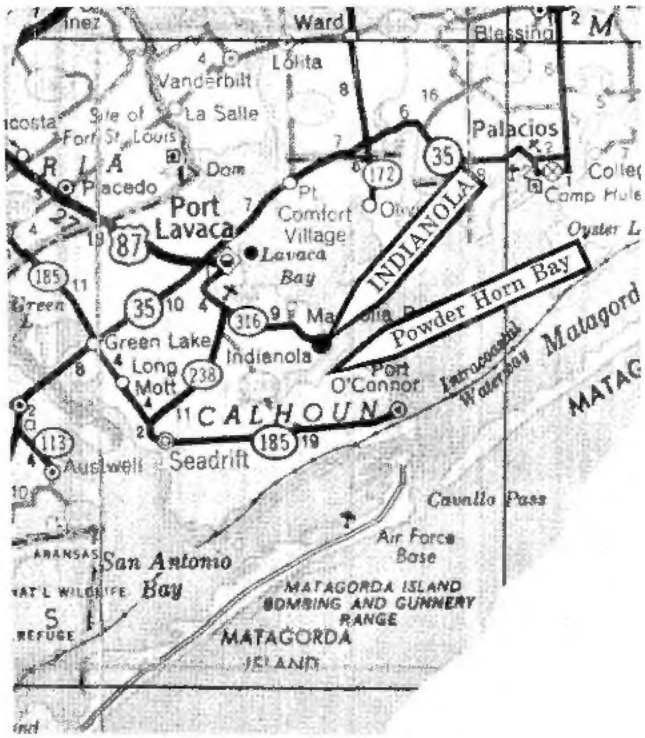

GHOST TOWN BY THE SEA

By LEE MYERS

The dust of oblivion has covered many a mining camp and cowtown. But the most vital supply center of the Southwest outposts died under the lash of the ocean

THE vast expanse of the Gulf of Mexico rolled and tossed, restlessly and endlessly. Succession after succession of waves, swelling and heaving, broke before the everlasting wind.

In the midst of this churning immensity, a ship, her great paddlewheels taxed to the utmost, pushed her way through the seas, intent upon her destination over the horizon—a tiny seaport upon the Texas coast.

Far to the northwest and converging on the same spot, a train of many wagons, drawn by mules and oxen, crawled slowly along a southern course. Their surroundings were the exact antithesis to those of the ship. The route lay through a desert waste. There was no water to be had anywhere other than in the iron-hooped barrels lashed to the wagonsides and these held barely enough for a night's camp.

Vegetation was sparse and withered and the teamsters, muffled to their eyes with neckerchiefs, cursed the dust and heat. They thought hungrily of the revelry and entertainment that lay ahead of them.

These two links in the chain of 19th Century transportation, the ship and the wagontrain, were destined for a prearranged meeting, each dependent upon the other. Many miles to the northwest, a network of frontier army posts, crude, lonely advance bastions of civilization, were helplessly dependent upon both.

The ship, loaded with supplies so badly needed by frontier towns and isolated ranches and mines, was also packed with a huge consignment of quartermaster and subsistence supplies for the Departments of Texas and New Mexico. The empty wagons had been dispatched from Department Headquarters at San Antonio to take over the army stores and ultimately transport them to the Quartermaster Depot at El Paso. From there they would be distributed to far-flung forts and camps in New Mexico, a territory then extending into present-day Colorado and Arizona.

The meeting point, a low-lying peninsula jutting out into Matagorda Bay a few miles south of Port Lavaca, was at that time the most important seaport and early-day supply center on the entire Texas Gulf Coast—old Indianola.

FIRST claimed by Spain, the coast area now called Matagorda Bay, was taken over in 1685 by Rene Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, with four ships loaded with settlers and supplies with which to establish a colony in the New World.

Mistaking the bay for the mouth of the Mississippi River, La Salle entered and landed near where Indianola later stood. There he built shelters for his people. Sickness, defection and raids by the fierce, cannibalistic Karankawa Indians reduced his force. Realizing that he had failed to find the Father of Waters, La Salle began a search to the east that ended in his death early in 1687 at the hands of his own men. In 1689 the remnants of the La Salle colony were taken prisoners by the Spaniards and transported to Mexico City.

Following Mexican independence from Spanish rule in 1821, Mexico offered large grants of land in Texas to individuals who would contract to establish settlements. Martin de Leon colonized the land about Matagorda Bay in 1824 and opened the way for an influx of energetic ambitious Americans and Europeans—German, French, Irish and Polish. Outstanding among these were the Baron von Bastrop and flamboyant, romantic Prince Carl of Solms-Braunfels.

The latter, an officer on leave from the Austrian Army, represented a body of German noblemen whose purpose was to settle large numbers of immigrants in Texas. Arriving in 1843, his colonists followed him a year later and established the community of Karlshaven, later to be known as Indianola.

Colonization did not take place without tragic suffering and death. Some 5,000 Germans landed at Karlshaven in the months immediately following the arrival of the Prince. Housed in makeshift, inadequate shelters, and dangerously undernourished, they fell easy prey to disease.

Upon finding that the surrounding land had been withdrawn from colonization, they pushed farther inland to found the town of New Braunfels, where Prince Carl raised the flags of Austria and Texas over a fort in which he reigned in near medieval style. Many more of his countrymen arrived within the next few years.

Then the Mexican War broke loose bringing an excessive demand for Army transportation. Contracts to move immigrants and their goods to the inland settlements were broken when teamsters abrogated their agreements with the Germans and took the higher pay offered by the Army.

Stranded and desperate from the terrifying threat of plague, many attempted to walk to New Braunfels. Some succeeded; many more fell by the way to mark the long road with a succession of graves.

Sometime during these years immediately following the arrival of the German colonists, the name, Karlshaven or Carlshaven, as it was later spelled, was changed to Indianola. Growth and prosperity followed. At least as early as the winning of Texas' Independence in 1836, aggressive American ship owners had cruised the length of the Gulf Coast in search of trade. What they found must have pleased them for their calls continued and regular trade was established—trade that, though negligible at first, soon began to increase until these waters were never long without the trailing wakes of ocean-going vessels. Indianola, with water deep enough to accommodate the largest steamers, rapidly attained the status of an important seaport.

AMERICAN enterprise has never needed more than one invitation to establish itself and so it was at Indianola. Business houses, catering to all manner of the newcomers' needs, multiplied almost overnight.

Even prior to the Mexican War, Texans were wondering what to do with their vast surplus of cattle. With the coming of ships, matters changed. Men began to drive herds to Indianola where they were killed for their hides and tallow alone, the carcasses being left to buzzards and coyotes. It has been said it was in old Indianola that the homely expression, "to skin a flea for its hide and tallow," originated.

Since ship owners have always abhorred the thought of returning to their home ports with empty holds, these by-products of the range were most welcome. There was a cargo, or at least part of a cargo, both ways. The ranchers realized some small profit from cattle that formerly

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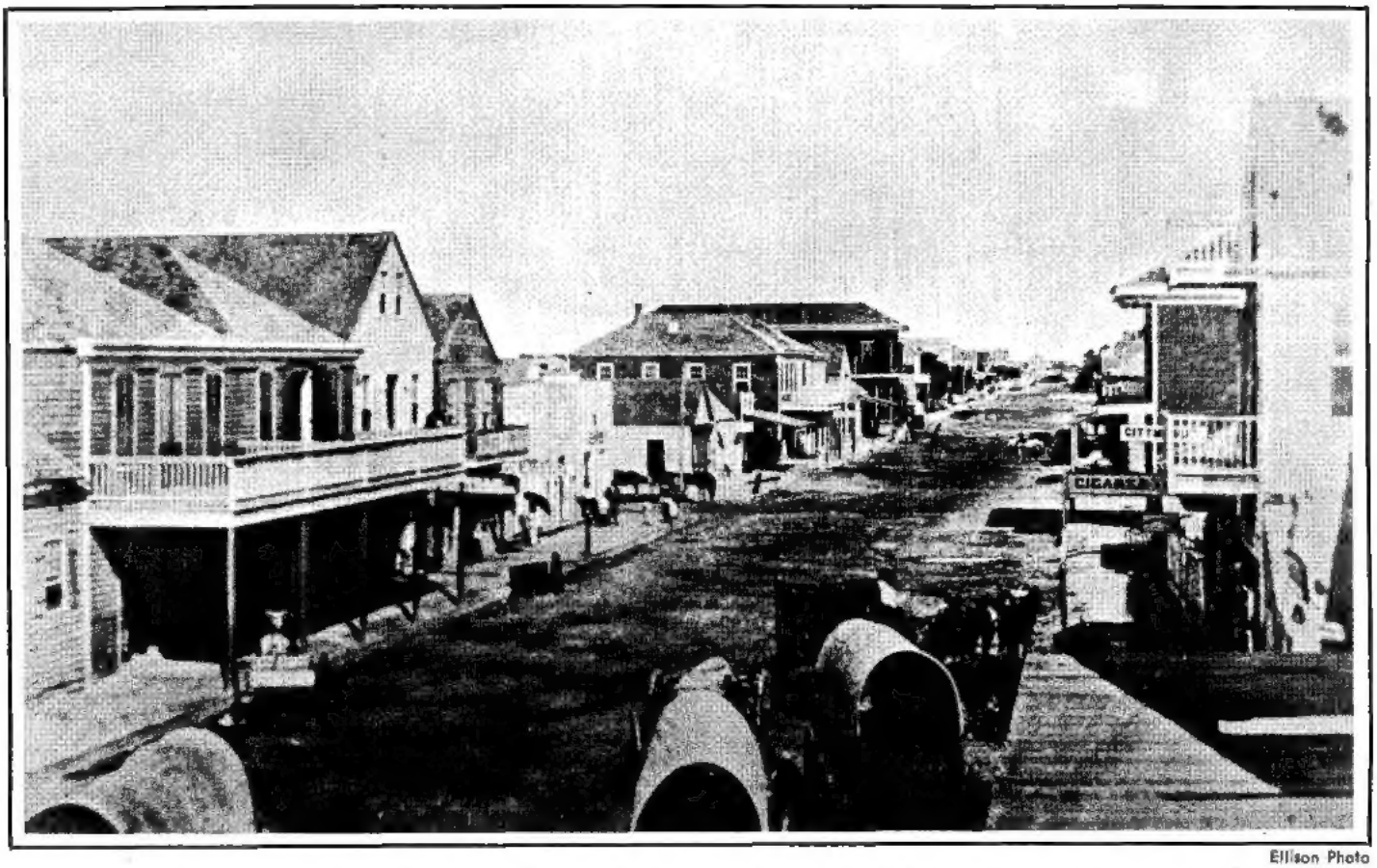

Ellison Photo

Looking west on Main Street, 1873. The section between the two X marks was destroyed by fire in 1874.

had been worthless except as meat for the home table. As a consequence, both ship owners and cattlemen profited.

Soon another infant industry was established in old Indianola—the canning of wild turkeys and sea turtles, both of which abounded nearby. Not to be outdone, another early-day entrepreneur became inspired by the tons of beef which were going to waste, and set up a packing house to convert it into "salt junk." This also went into the cavernous holds of the ships headed for eastern markets. This "junk" had long been famous (or, perhaps, infamous) as a part of the English man-o-warsman's sea-going rations.

As colonization increased, stage and freight lines running throughout the settled portions of Texas and on southwest into Mexico were instituted. Indianola became the coastal hub of this network and her prosperity gained in magnitude and momentum.

The port soon divested itself of frontier raiments and began to assume the outward appearance of a city.

Homes and business houses blossomed forth on every hand, some built of lumber but many more of a form of concrete manufactured locally from oyster shell and lime. The one serious drawback—no fresh water supply—was surmounted by constructing cisterns to catch and hold rain water of which there was an abundance.

In 1846, at the height of Indianola's pioneer affluence, Asiatic cholera struck. As was often the case with this dread disease, people arose in the morning to follow their daily pursuits, only to become corpses before nightfall. And, as always, terror followed its wake. Many fled—they knew not where. Death came to hundreds, some while upon the streets, where their bodies lay unburied. Eventually the epidemic seemed to run its course as though exhausted by its own ravages.

In 1848 the war between Mexico and the United States ended, resolved by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hildalgo, signed February 2 of that year. With the cessation, Indianola really began to come into her own as an import and supply center.

Charles Morgan, whose ships had for some years been putting into the port at irregular intervals, established the Morgan Lines with regular stops at Indianola, connecting that port with Galveston, New Orleans and the Atlantic Coast. A lighthouse under the care of Captain Coffin, member of a prominent New England family, was erected to advise the weary sailor and passenger that ahead were hospitality, opportunity and haven.

So promising was Indianola as a port and so well located in respect to adjacent regions that, about 1850, the Army established warehouses in the city and declared it the Quartermaster Depot for the Department of Texas. This brought a sharp increase in business for it meant the coming and going of not only ships bearing army goods but also of long wagon-trains. Teamsters and bullwhackers were always heavy spenders.

IN 1851 an attempt was made to reduce the cost of supplying the Department of New Mexico by shipping stores through Indianola. The previous year freight had been transported overland from Fort Leavenworth to El Paso, Quartermaster Depot for the Department, and the cost per hundredweight was appalling. Hoping that a substantial saving could be made by shipping from Atlantic ports to Indianola, thence by wagontrain across west Texas, Captain S. G. French, a brilliant and industrious young Army officer, was sent from Washington to supervise the overland part of the venture.

One hundred and fifty wagons were required to transport quartermaster and subsistence goods to their destination via San Antonio. The effect on Indianola's business resulting from the influx of so many free-spending strangers connected with this military experiment is easy to imagine.

Despite an extended drouth over all of west Texas which caused extreme suffering to the train, Captain French delivered his cargo at El Paso and returned to San Antonio with men and animals in excellent shape. He saved $3.00 per hundred over the previous year's overland expedition.

Another Army project—and one about which little has been written—was known as Captain Pope's Artesian Well Boring Experiment east of the Pecos River. This took place from 1855 to 1858.

Agitation for a railroad to the Pacific Coast, fostered by the discovery of gold in California, quickly became a political issue between various sections of the north and the slave states.

The Southern states wanted a route that would traverse west Texas, southern New Mexico and Arizona. Ideally situated climatically, there was one serious drawback for such a location—a lack of water. Steps were taken to circumvent this by boring wells along the route where it was believed that artesian water would be found. Brevet Captain John Pope was chosen to head the expedition.

Accordingly, in the early months of 1855, machinery and civilian personnel were landed at Indianola and transported to San Antonio where quartermaster and subsistence stores, along with a detachment of troops, were added. The party

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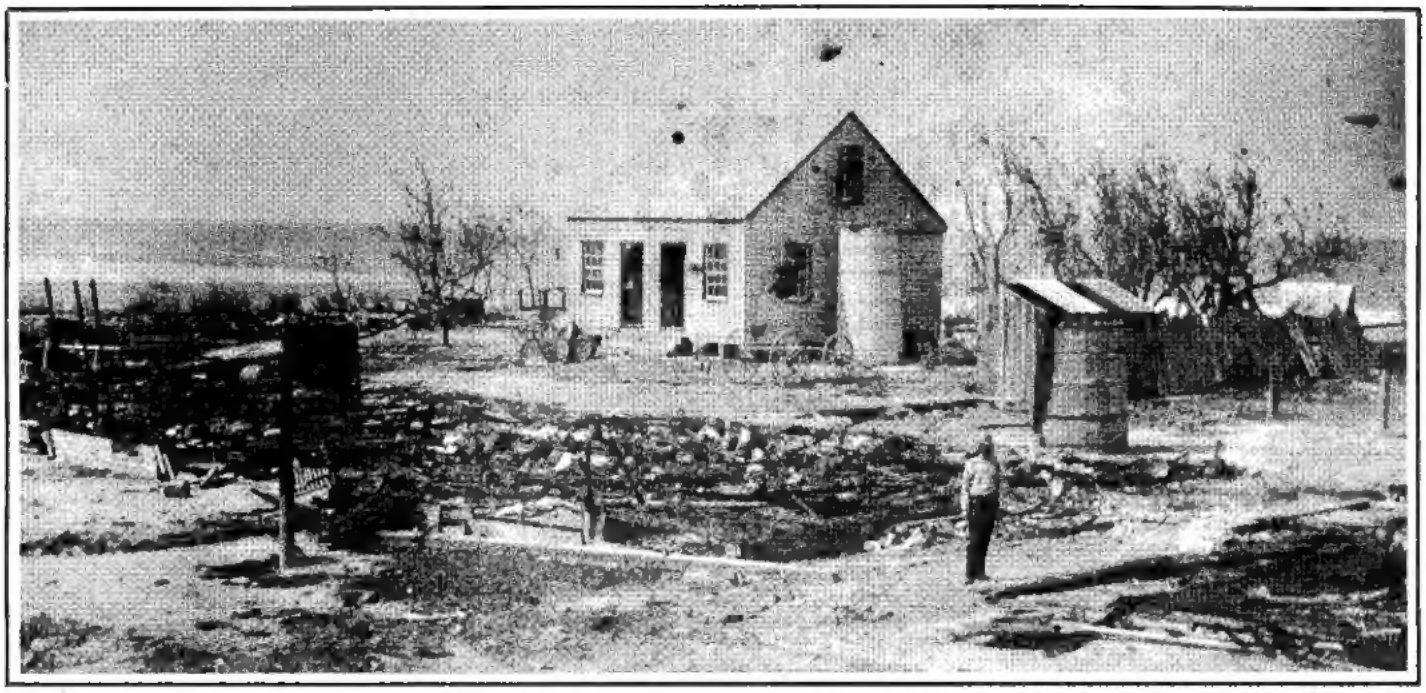


Peter Clement's residence after the storm of August, 1886. Ellison Photo

headed west into the arid region along the eastern shores of the Pecos River, just above the present Texas-New Mexico state line. Three long years of heartbreaking labor, worry and disappointment, compounded by isolation, heat, cold and divers other privations, ended in total failure.

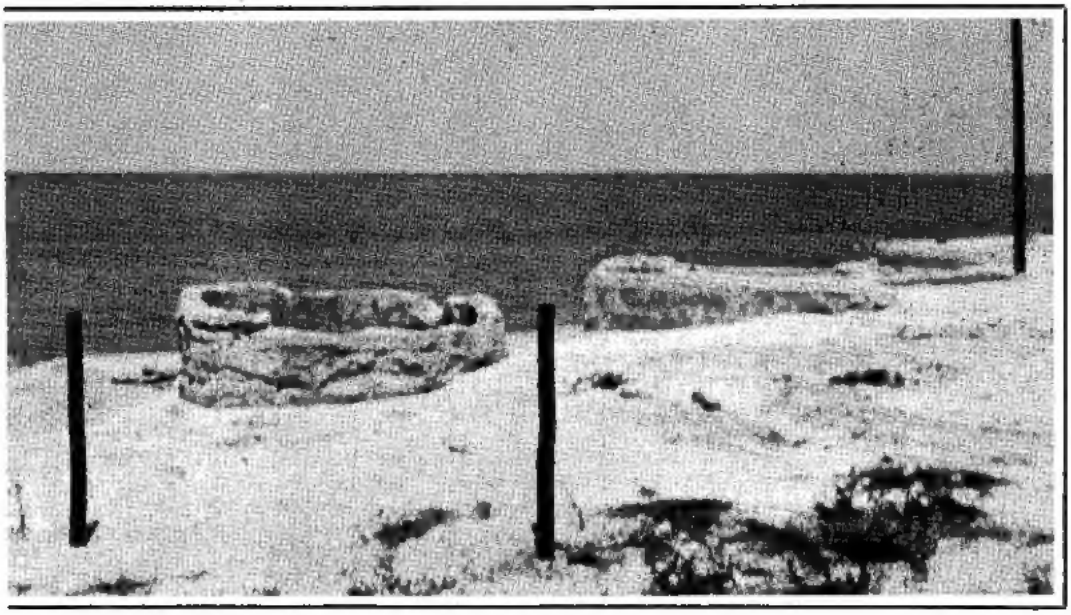
ACCUSTOMED as the people of Indianola were to the sight of unusual activities, it is doubtful if they or any other western community ever witnessed a more bizarre and alien proceeding than on May 14, 1856 when the United States store ship, *Supply*, arrived at Indianola with thirty-four camels aboard.

Much of our vast stretches of desert land was so barren that travel across it by horse, mule or oxen was hazardous. The theory that the camel, touted as "the ship of the desert" in the Far East, would prove to be more efficient as a beast of burden was placed before Jefferson Davis, then U.S. Senator. He proved especially receptive to the idea. When he later became Secretary of War, he influenced Congress, somewhat reluctantly, to appropriate money for importing a number of camels to move Army supplies about the Southwest.

Great indeed must have been the interest and curiosity of Indianolans as the ungainly animals were released from their three-month's term of imprisonment on shipboard.

These strange beasts were not permitted to furnish amusement for the local citizens for long, however, but were moved to Camp Verde, sixty miles northwest of San Antonio, where stables were erected for them. There they were allowed to recuperate from the rigors of their long ocean voyage and were thoroughly studied by their new soldier apprentice "masters."

Remains of old cisterns dot the site of Indianola. Wm. Mahan Photo



In 1857, forty-four more camels were taken ashore at Indianola and marched to their new quarters at Camp Verde but the venture proved unworkable and the beasts were gradually dispersed, tagged by an unsympathetic public as failures.

Indianola grew and grew. By 1858 one could secure passage to Galveston three times weekly and twice weekly to New Orleans. As early as 1853 the United States mail was being carried to El Paso and by 1858 the Butterfield Overland Mail Company had been established between Missouri and San Francisco. Mail was also coming into Indianola by steamer, and connecting lines fed it to Butterfield's stages.

Mexican mines produced fabulous fortunes in gold and silver, much of which was freighted by Wells, Fargo wagons drawn by long teams of mules into Indianola for shipment to the New Orleans Mint. Tides and currents in Matagorda Bay had begun to deposit sand bars which extended the shoreline seaward, but this handicap was overcome by docks out into the bay some half a mile, and busy Gulf traffic continued unhindered.

City real estate was bringing fabulous sums with lots reaching prices of several thousand dollars each. Indianola had become the seat of Calhoun County and a courthouse had been erected. Well on her way to being the metropolis of the Texas Gulf Coast, the Queen City was riding high—and riding for a fall.

CONSTRUCTION of the San Antonio and Mexican Gulf Railroad, which had been chartered as early as 1850, had proceeded slowly and the line did not reach Victoria, some forty-five miles to the northwest, until the early months of 1861. The Indianola Railroad, to connect with the S.A. and M.G., was chartered in 1858. Grading was completed and ties stockpiled but these were destroyed by invading Federal troops in 1862, so rails did not actually reach the Queen City until 1871.

With the coming of the Civil War and the blockading of Confederate ports by Federal naval vessels, business took a

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Indianola, September, 1860, as seen from the deck of the "Tenana" in Powder Horn Bay. Ellson Photo

nose dive as could be expected. Nor did Indianola escape the ravages of war. In November, 1862, Yankee men-of-war steamed up through Pass Cavallo and demanded surrender of the city. Refused, the Federal ships rained cannon fire upon the town, after allowing time for the evacuation of noncombatants. At 11:00 P.M. a surrender was received.

In February, 1863, Federal troops and citizens fought a battle within the city and in January, 1864, Federal troops occupied the town, destroying homes and property.

With the end of the war, business resumed, but reconstruction was notoriously slow in Texas. In their desperation to convert a glut of cattle into badly needed cash, ranchers remembered the old hide and tallow days along the Gulf and once more turned their herds seaward. In addition to hides and tallow, ships loaded with wild, lanky Longhorns steamed away to markets in New Orleans, Cuba and Atlantic ports. However, the returns from this venture were infinitesmal.

Then an enterprising ship owner installed a huge refrigerator aboard his craft and successfully transported some thirty butchered beeves to market. The idea spread in popularity. Slaughterhouses and holding pens were built. The site of these holding pens became known as Powder Horn—a name that has enjoyed considerable controversy. Some writers maintain it was an early designation for Indianola, while others think it most likely that Powder Horn was not Indianola proper but adjoined so closely as to be an adjunct.

Indianola's cattle trade rapidly assumed proportions of importance. Large herds of bawling, trampling Longhorns plodded South Texas trails to end up in Powder Horn pens and to contribute their unwilling bit toward the city's resurgent prosperity. Other business revived, also. Blue-clad troops came and rebuilt the partially destroyed railroad from Port Lavaca to Victoria and thence to the wharves. During this period Indianola reached her zenith as the greatest port of entry in Texas.

THEN came tragedy, sudden and devastating. On September 15, 1875, excitement reigned throughout the town. Bill Taylor, a participant in the now famous Sutton-Taylor feud was scheduled to stand trial in the Calhoun County courthouse for murder.

The wind, coming in off the bay, had been steadily increasing in volume. One of the dreaded Gulf hurricanes was in the making. Soon sea water was pouring through the streets and reaching the prairie beyond the town limits. Houses, business buildings, the courthouse and jail were demolished completely or badly damaged before the hell of roaring wind and tidal water. Taylor escaped from the courthouse before it was completely destroyed and fled inland.

Two days later only a handful of buildings remained undamaged and estimates as to the total loss of life ran from 150 to 300. The Queen City was reduced to a pile of rubble. Dazed, sorrowing inhabitants buried their dead, cleaned up the mountains of debris, and set about rebuilding. But Indianola was never again the same

Texas cowmen had begun to drive their cattle overland to the newly built railroad in Kansas. Few were being held in Powderhorn pens. Galveston had pushed through a railroad direct to San Antonio and much of the trade that had formerly flowed through Indianola was siphoned off by this more direct route.

Tragedy came on top of tragedy. During the night of August 19, 1886 another Gulf hurricane, far worse than the one of '75, descended upon the luckless city. This time the raging wind and wild water completely destroyed Indianola. What wind and water left, fire finished. Streets were carved into gullies, cisterns were filled with salt water, the railroad was a twisted mass of rubble, and death lay at every hand.

(Continued on page 52)

A boat dock now stands at the entrance to Powder Horn Bay. Wm. Mahan Photo

BATTLE OF PIERRE'S

By BILL JUDGE

It was a comedy of errors from the start because the mountain men were as "loaded" as their guns

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

EARLY in the morning of July 18, 1832, approximately forty trappers in Pierre's Hole, Idaho, kicked aside the covers of their bedrolls, ready to begin the second day of their journey from the summer's big rendezvous.

There was a bit of confusion in their preparations for the day's trek for many were still "greenhorns," beginning their first year's hunt for beaver. These were Nathaniel Wyeth's men, enlisted in Boston and Baltimore.

Milton Sublette was the "bushway," or captain, of the mixed company of new and experienced trappers. The nucleus of his own party was formed of men under contract to the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and of the cream of the mountain men—the free trappers—who owed allegiance to no one and were jealous of their independent status.

Many of the older and more experienced were still spinheaded and light-stomached from their recent ten-day spree at rendezvous. While they may have been suffering from their excesses, they certainly were not regretting their celebration. Rather, they were already looking forward to next year, when they would try to outdo their present efforts.

Some of the men were engaged in preparing breakfast, while others were stowing supplies aboard the mules and horses of the pack train. Sublette, Wyeth and Sinclair, leaders of the different factions in the company, had already made their distant circuit of the camp, looking for signs that might foretell immediate danger to men and property in their charge. Their scout completed, they had returned to watch while the men were raising camp.

An ejaculation came from Joe Meek standing near the convalescing Milton Sublette. (Sublette had been wounded in a knife scrape and Joe Meek was acting as his nurse.) Following the direction indicated by Joe's finger, the men were able to distinguish a long line of dark objects entering the valley from the direction of Teton Pass. This was an entrance to Pierre's Hole; the latter's counterpart, Jackson Hole, was on the other side of the Tetons.

Everyone thought at first that it was the overdue supply train of Lucian Fontenelle. He represented the American Fur Company, a powerful and merciless competitor to the Rocky Mountain Fur Company owned by Milton Sublette, Jim "Old Gabe" Bridger, Henry "Old Frapp" Fraeb, Tom "White Head" Fitzpatrick, and Jean Gervais. Nathaniel Wyeth settled the matter when, after focusing his brass-mounted spyglass, he pronounced them Indians.

Before proceeding, the Indians divided themselves into two parties, the foremost section being led by warriors in battle garb and paint. The forty trappers estimated their enemy to be from 150 to 200 fighting men. The warriors had sighted the white men first. If they had not been numerically superior, undoubtedly they would have withdrawn and detoured the encampment.

MILTON SUBLETTE hastily dispatched two messengers to the rendezvous, informing them of his precarious position. He then ordered the remaining men to throw off the packs to form a temporary breastworks. The animals were led to the rear while the majority of the trappers awaited the onslaught behind the fragile barricade.

Halting outside the easy range of the mountain men's deadly rifles, the attacking Indians held a consultation. They were recognized as members of the treacherous Gros Ventres, allies of the implacable enemies of all mountain men, the Blackfeet.

The Gros Ventres (Grovants) had been on an extended visit with their Arapahoe relatives in Colorado. Even among tribes friendly to them, they were known as "Spongers" and "Big Bellies" because of begging and overeating at the expense of others. They were now returning to their Montana homeland which they shared with the Blackfeet. Rather than travel through the more open country of their enemies—the Cheyenne, Sioux and Crow—they had chosen the mountain passage.

On the way to Pierre's Hole, they had already killed several trappers in the southern part of Wyoming. Farther on they had chased Tom Fitzpatrick and set him afoot in one of the West's most talked-of adventures. They had also attacked William Sublette's supply train one night, shooting up his camp of around 150 men, stealing ten horses and wounding several others. As part of their village was still moving on foot, they probably followed Sublette over Teton Pass hoping to secure more mounts and other booty.

After the pause to talk things over, a Gros Ventres chief rode forward, wrapped in a red blanket and displaying a ceremonial peace pipe. Had this been an overture made by any other tribe of Indians, the mountain men would have accepted the pipe as an overture to peace. But Gros Ventres were known for their treachery and the whites recognized the move for what it was, a stall for time until the Indians could secure an advantage or opportunity to kill and plunder.

Those in the little camp were hesitant about riding forth to meet the chief, since the parley spot was within easy rifle range of the watching warriors. It is said that Iroquois trapper Antoine Godin (sometimes described as a French-Iroquois half-breed) recognized the Gros Ventre chief as the murderer of his father. The act had occurred two years before on a small stream only seventy-five miles from the present location.

Nevertheless, accompanied by a Flathead warrior, a member of the tribe who had suffered much at the hands of the Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, Godin rode forward to meet the waiting chief. On the way, Godin and his colleague discussed the tactics to be used with their mutual enemy. When they were face to face, Antoine Godin, as the number one emissary of the white men, accepted the extended right hand of the pipe bearer. Holding it, he turned his head aside to his accomplice speaking one word, "Shoot!"

The Flathead fired, hitting the chief in the breast and killing him instantly. He immediately rode for the protection of Sublette and his men. Godin paused only to snatch the red blanket, then followed unscathed through a storm of

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HOLE

avenging bullets, threats and imprecations.

For his part in the sorry affair, Godin was to pay in full some four years later. In 1836, Antoine was an employee at Ft. Hall. Seated in a circle with some Gros Ventres, Godin was attempting to barter with them for beaver plews. A pipe was passed from one to another as a pledge of peaceful intentions. When it came Antoine's turn to smoke and he had accepted the pipe, the Gros Ventres shot him dead. They had waited a long time for the opportune moment, then accomplished the deed under circumstances that left no doubt they remembered the incident in Pierre's Hole.

WITH the two men safely ensconced behind the barricade, the Gros Ventres began a great outcry, riding back and forth, making feints toward charging the whites, gradually working their courage up to the point of battle. Their noncombatants had withdrawn to a small grove of willows and cottonwoods a mile distant from the scene of action.

Just as the hostile warriors seemed on the verge of attack, a shout came from within the temporary barricade, "Hyar come the boys!"

Whooping and whipping up their horses, the "boys" indeed were coming up from rendezvous. Strung out in a long, irregular file, the numbers of men, both red and white, seemed endless. Scattered as the brigades had been at camp and with the time needed to catch up their distant horses, it is probable that the unorganized, but enthusiastic, reinforcements were strung out along the entire six to eight miles back to rendezvous.

When William Sublette, Robert Campbell and Tom Fitzpatrick had received word of the predicament of Milton's men, they had immediately detailed a guard to watch over their own camp and next had sent word of what was happening to the separate fur brigades. Shouting for the others to follow as soon as they could saddle up, the elder Sublette and Campbell made for the beseiged camp. Along the way they each made the other executor of their estates in the event either should be killed.

It is hard to understand some of the errors that were to follow in the fight unless one remembers that the trappers were coming directly from rendezvous. Cool, deadly, resourceful but conservative fighters, they always waited for their foes to make mistakes, reserving their fire until the exact moment it would prove the most effective. The Battle of Pierre's Hole borders almost on the ridiculous considering the type of fight the mountain men were capable of making.

Contemporary records gloss over the matter, with the exception of a few hints, but behind the many written accounts an element appears that is foreign to most fights between trappers and their enemies.

One can picture them, many still celebrating their big "fur fair," riding forth from rendezvous, cheering, laughing, or just plain shouting—waving a heavy, short-barreled Hawkens rifle in one hand, in the other gripping a camp kettle containing various amounts of mountain lightning. The latter was made from pure alcohol, diluted with creek water and sweetened to taste with sugar or molasses. The Gros Ventres, nonplussed by the approaching allies of the beseiged trappers, gave up their plans to attack and hastily withdrew to the edge of the grove where the rest of their band were waiting.

BILL SUBLETTE was angered by the indecision of Milton and his men. He warned that if they let the present challenge pass unpunished they could expect nothing but constant attacks on their camps the following year. There were now assembled approximately 200 trappers and about twice that number of friendly Indians.

With the elder Sublette in charge of operations, all inexperienced men were directed to remain in camp. Sublette shouted for the remainder to follow him in a charge on the enemy position. According to all accounts, only an estimated forty white men, with an equal number of red allies, responded to the call. Apparently the rest were still having too much fun with their camp kettles.

A second band of Gros Ventres, who had remained on the distant ridge, disappeared over the rim, presumably to carry word of what was transpiring in the valley below to the main body of their tribesmen. (The numbers of trappers and Indian allies must have made an impression for the main body never made an appearance during the fight.)

Reaching the thicket, Sublette's force dismounted to drive the hostiles out into the open. They found the underbrush so dense they could scarcely see ten feet ahead and so tangled it was difficult to force a passage. Suddenly they were confronted by a hastily erected barricade of logs and loose brush, covered over by

"THE TRAPPER" by C. M. Russell

blankets.

A blast of rifle fire and a shower of arrows came from beneath the breastworks. Foxholes or rifle pits had been hurriedly excavated behind the barricade. Canny fighters, they realized that shooting over breastworks exposed the head, shoulders and arms. Most of the losses suffered by the whites and their allies came during this first wild charge. It was estimated that five whites and as many friendly Indians were killed or mortally wounded.

Bill Sublette had crept forward with the advance. Observing a hostile eye peering at him from beneath a log, he promptly put a bullet in that eye and extinguished the life behind it. He then noticed that the rear of the breastworks, which bordered on the creek and the sides leading to the creek, were still open. This made the shelter roughly the shape of a shallow horseshoe.

Standing up behind a tree, Bill attempted to reload his rifle while shouting directions to his men to split up and attack the flanks. Milton Sublette assumed charge of one of the flanking parties, Nathaniel Wyeth the other. With his mind busily occupied, Bill grew careless and exposed a portion of his body. He was rewarded with a Nor'west trade fusee ball shattering an arm, passing through his upper chest, then coming out under his shoulder blade. Still shouting directions and encouragement to his men, Sublette sank to a sitting position behind the tree where he remained until he could be assisted to a place of safety by Robert Campbell. The latter had come awfully close to his appointed duties as executor of Sublette's estate.

It was about this same time in the fight that a rash and undoubtedly inebriated mountain man leaped upon the improvised breastworks, the better to see what was happening on the inside. He was promptly punctured with enough bullets and arrows to have killed several men.

The flankers who had converged on the breastworks now had an additional danger —they were exposed to the crossfire of each other. Those who had remained on the outskirts of the grove and had been disappointed when the Indians refused to be driven from cover, added to the indiscriminate shooting that endangered friend and foe.

Pushing logs and brush before them, concealing themselves from the fire of the Gros Ventres, the mountain men prepared to set fire to the barricade. This brought a storm of protest from their Indian allies, who had fought valiantly by their side and had suffered equal losses. The Nez Percé and Flatheads claimed that fire would destroy the spoils of war to which they were entitled but the trappers ignored their protests and went ahead with their preparations to burn out the hostiles.

BELIEVING their end had come, the Gros Ventres began singing their death songs and shouting that they would be avenged by the main body of their nation who were coming along the trail behind them. Someone either shouted a garbled translation of this threat, or one of the celebrants on the outside of the fighting circle misunderstood. Immediately a hue and cry went up that the main body of Gros Ventres had detoured and were attacking the rendezvous camp! Located there were the trappers' wives and children, their lately acquired season's supplies, their necessities and what few luxuries the wilderness trading post afforded. Most of the trappers had expended what powder and lead they had on their persons in the fight with the Gros Ventres. If the rendezvous camp and its ammunition were taken, it would be a catastrophe of the first magnitude.

So it was off and away to the rescue for the second time that day. Whooping and hollering, waving their guns and now empty kettles, they exited much as they had entered, strung out over the six to eight-mile course back to the main camp. Forgotten and abandoned were their dead and wounded near the Gros Ventres fort. Milton Sublette and his company were left to guard themselves and possessions against possible retaliatory action as best they could. Fortunately, the Indians had received sufficient punishment that such thoughts didn't enter their minds.

Back at rendezvous, the returning trappers found the supply base as peaceful as when they had left it on their first rescue mission. Now some of the men who had been lukewarm participants in the earlier stage of the fight became incensed with the hoax played upon them and were the loudest voices in the cries for vengeance. Nothing would do but return to the battle and exterminate the Gros Ventres for the trouble they had caused! For the third time that day they rode the six or eight-mile distance, which made eighteen to twenty-four miles of breakneck riding that day.

With or without the aid of the mountain lightning, they made good time back to the scene of the fight. Arriving safely at Milton Sublette's just as night was closing in, they found that everything remained as it had been when they deserted for what they believed to be a greater crisis. Since the thicket was difficult to negotiate even in the daytime, it was decided to suspend further offensive operations until the following morning.

EARLY the next day, some anxious risers decided to reconnoiter the situation in the wooded site. Creeping forward to the edge of the breastworks, they listened but could distinguish no sound. The Gros Ventres had fled during the dark of the night. They had taken time before escaping, however, to mutilate all dead and wounded trappers they could find.

Their trail was easy to follow by the travois marks on which they had carried their own badly wounded people. The bodies of nine or ten warriors had been left behind. Thirty-five to forty dead horses were also found inside the fort.

One woman remained alive. Leaning against a tree, she was bracing herself on one leg. The other had been shattered by a rifle ball during the battle. Her man had been killed and she had remained behind refusing to be carried away. As soon as she saw the trappers, she begged them to shoot her rather than permit her to fall in the hands of her Indian enemies. While the white men hesitated, the Flatheads, remembering their own women and children mercilessly and cruelly slain by Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, unhesitatingly and without compunction complied with her request.

Following the trail of the fleeing Gros Ventres, the trappers' Indian friends were more than satisfied with the loot recovered. Lodge coverings, robes, blankets, furs, food supplies were all found along the way.

In a little park of trees by the side of the trail the trappers found a cache of forty-five horses which the Gros Ventres had attempted to conceal. Among them were the horses of William Sublette, stolen from him on his trip in to Pierre's Hole. Reclaimed, too, was the prized personal mount of Tom Fitzpatrick who had been subjected to some harrowing adventures by the actions of this same band of hostiles.

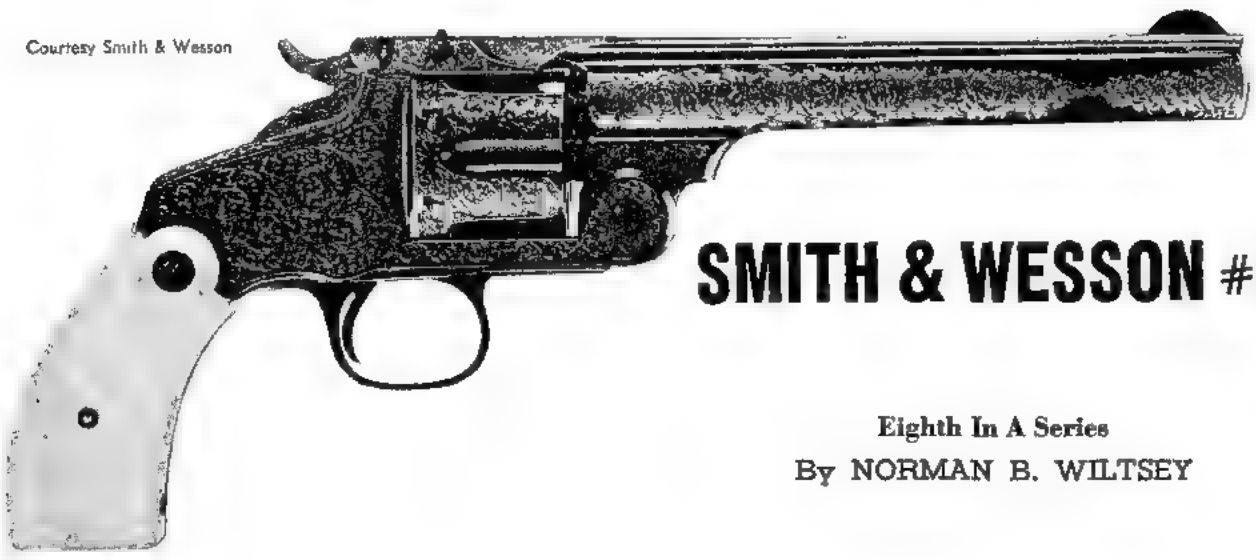
On the trail and in side pockets along the way were many bodies of slain warriors, abandoned in the headlong flight. Contemporary writers state that on the trappers' side, five to seven whites and as many Indian allies were killed, while slightly more than this total were seriously wounded. Sublette proved a fast healer and recovered sufficiently in the next few days to resume his responsible position in the affairs of the mountain men.

The Gros Ventres later admitted to twenty-six of their number slain. Based on the usual understatement by Indians, most writers estimate that about twice this number were killed, or wounded so badly they later died.

Did the battle teach the Gros Ventres the lesson that the mountain men desired? Only a few days later three trappers were killed when they left the location of the rendezvous. Unfortunately, they chose to leave by the same route the Gros Ventres had followed in getting out of Pierre's Hole. Two of the men along with them who narrowly escaped the same fate were the grandsons of Daniel Boone.

The Gros Ventres always remained the implacable foes of trappers, and were noted for treacherously seeking an advantage whenever, and by whatever means, possible. Other Indians were usually predictable, whether for good or bad, but never the Gros Ventres. They posed as friends and acted as enemies in unguarded moments.

Guns Of The Old West



Courtesy Smith & Wesson

SMITH & WESSON #3

Eighth In A Series

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

THE FIRST heavy cartridge revolver on the Plains was Smith and Wesson's famed Number Three. This excellent weapon, product of Eastern gunmakers Horace Smith and Daniel B. Wesson, was a single-action .44 caliber revolver using the breakdown system with the frame hinged at the bottom rather than at the top. Previous smaller caliber S and Ws, notably the 1860 .32 caliber revolver carried by many Union officers and soldiers during the Civil War, had used the uncertain and fragile spring-latch-loading breakdown mechanism.

In 1869, S and W bought patent rights to William Castle Dodge's improved hinge and strengthened spring, and applied it to their new Model Number Three revolver. The C. A. King shell extractor, added to the Dodge improvements, combined to make the S and W Number Three the first modern handgun.

The King system of simultaneous shell ejection enabled the user to flip out all six empties as the gun was opened. Not until the automatic pistol was invented did the Number Three lose its record of being the easiest and fastest handgun to load and reload. Today's "swing-out" revolvers, in which the shells must be ejected manually from the cylinder, are slower in operation than this ninety-five-year-old weapon.

Army Ordnance placed an order for 1,000 Number Three S and Ws on December 28, 1870, and the order was filled in March, 1871. Two hundred were nickel-plated, the rest blued. Six thousand, five hundred of these weapons were manufactued and sold in 1871.

The appearance of a number of these revolvers with the troops on the Western Frontier created a sensation among those fortunate enough to obtain them. John E. Parsons, in his definitive work *Smith and Wesson Revolvers*, gives us fascinating glimpses of the eagerness with which this first modern handgun was greeted.

Army scout John B. Omohundra was so delighted with his Number Three revolver, Serial Number 2,008, that he had it inscribed with his famous nickname, "Texas Jack." Lieutenant William L. Pitcher, writing from Beaver City, Utah, for a spare ejector, stated, "Your Number 3 revolver in my estimation is the best in existence." William F. Cody bought a Number Three equipped with shoulder stock and had the name "Buffalo Bill" engraved on it.

Best of all, also quoted from Parsons' priceless book, are the breezy, typically Western communications from "Cimmarron" Beach, of Ellsworth, Kansas. "Gents: Sometime ago I wanted to buy a good revolver and most of my friends advised me to buy a Colt's Improved cartridge revolver but I did not like their appearance. The store keeper had Smith & Wesson revolvers. I liked them, their apparatus for throwing out the hulls and general appearance of the revolvers. But I was told that they was not a good revolver—they got out of fix too easy and was not a good revolver any way. I just told them that Mr. Smith & Wesson knowed what they was doing when they made that revolver. . . . I have been shooting your make and find it a perfect revolver. I can kill a man at 100 yds with my revolver every time. I like all frontiersmen like the Smith & Wesson better than Colt's."

WELL, like most men, D. B. Wesson was not immune to flattery. He answered this homespun communication personally, offering to supply parts for Cimmarron's S and W. Back came the reply. "Gentlemen: I received your kind letter of the 2nd and read your promise to furnish me with some extras if my revolver got out of fix. I have been promised a heap of things from Eastern gentlemen whom I hunted buffalo with and sported around with, but they always seem to forget me when they get back to the States. . . . There is only one thing that is liable to get out of fix. That is the spring to the ejector. No buffalo hunter's outfit is considered complete until he has a Sharps rifle and two Smith & Wessons. All the notorious desperadoes have your rev. The notorious Hurricane Bill has a pair of your revolvers. He kills annually 25 to 30 Indians."

While D. B. was still mulling over this remarkable letter, he received a third message from Cimmarron. "Friends: I address you thus believing you to be such, as I have received a very kind letter from you. I and 5 other good men are going South of Medicine Lodge to walk down and corrall a herd of wild horses. They are very plenty in South of there. We will start within a month as soon as the men can get the outfit ready.

"Now what I write to you on this is that I have only one revolver (of your make) and I would like to have another. If I had the money I could get it all right but I have only $225 dollars and all will have to go on the outfit. I go as guide & boss of outfit. I will have to have a Sharps Rifle which will cost $50. We use said rifle sometimes to crease a horse that we cannot take any other way. Then there is lots of Indians down there that have just went off the reservation on the war path. Buffalo are very plenty there too.

"Now S & W, I am stylish—I want one of your Russian Model Smith & Wesson Revolvers .44 calibre. For which I make this promise. I will send you as fine a wild horse as we take in the herd. By way of recommendation you can write to *American Sportsman*, West Meriden, Conn. I am their correspondent in this country. I have wrote some about the game etc. . . . If you will send it on these terms, send immediately."

Mr. Wesson sent the pistol but waited in vain for his fine wild horse. Cimmarron Beach was too smart to repeat his pitch, but his bragging induced a flamboyant friend, sometime dime novel writer and Wild West character, "Buckskin Sam" Hall, into trying his luck the following year of 1875. Hall topped Cimmarron's offer of a wild horse by proffering the names and addresses of 500 frontiersmen in Texas in exchange for a pistol.

Hall's timing was bad; he received this frosty answer from D. B. Wesson. "We regret to be obliged to say that we consider the names to be of no value whatever to us, as nine-tenths of them, were they to want a revolver, would want to purchase it upon the strength of a promise to send us a wild horse, or a buffalo, or some other promise quite as

(Continued on page 57)

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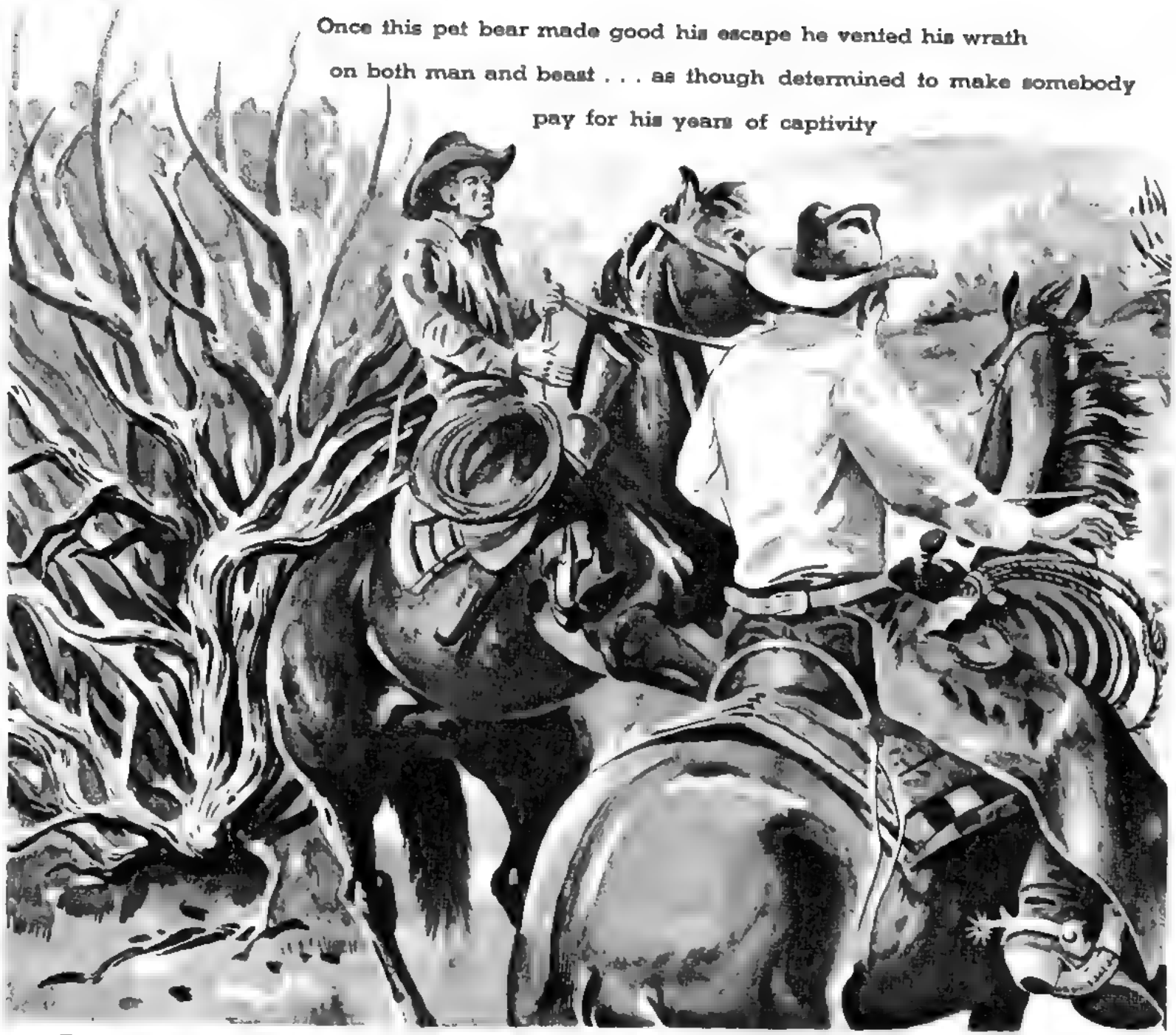
Once this pet bear made good his escape he vented his wrath on both man and beast . . . as though determined to make somebody pay for his years of captivity



OLD THREE TUSH

By A. KINNEY GRIFFITH

Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

ONE rainy summer morning back in 1906, Chee-Rosanto and I were riding up along the bobwire fence that separated my father's horse ranch from the Hash-knife range in the Tonto Basin, Territory of Arizona. Our horses made very little noise as we rode through the wet brush, so by sheer chance we came upon a grizzly bear cub gorging itself on a hive of wild honey in a hollow tree stump.

I was a half-grown boy at the time; Chee was a full grown Apache. Innately, the Apaches revere the bear and never harm one except in absolute self-defense. But I am only one-eighth Indian and have no such qualms. I wanted that baby bear. Quickly tossing my reins to Chee, I jumped out of the saddle and peeled off my poncho on the run. I slapped it over the cub, rolled it up and held it tight, and was back in my saddle in a jiffy—and none too soon.

The mother grizzly, which we hadn't seen, let out a bawl of anguish and came tearing out of the nearby choke-cherry patch like a Texas tornado. My horse took off the same way, straight down the slope with me and my squealing little prize held between my lap and the horn. Chee, yelling advice, crossed his pinto in front of the she-grizzly to delay her and give me a head start. His bronco was shying and bucking, but he continued to haze the grizzly long enough to confuse her, then he galloped off to continue checking the line fence.

I raced the three or four miles down to the ranch house and the little rascal fought me all the way. My poncho was pawed and chawed into shreds by the time I arrived, and my hands were bleeding from tooth and claw marks.

The folks didn't like my caper with the cub. Their main objection was that the sow-bear would eventually track down her offspring and maybe kill somebody while trying to rescue it. The mother bear did show up about sundown, but my dad saw her in time to unlimber his .30-40 Krag. That did it. Good riddance. Grizzlies, although no longer as numerous as in frontier times, were terrible stock killers, and the ranchers always shot them on sight.

In the meantime I had stashed the male cub safely away in an empty oats bin. He was about the size and color of a jackrabbit, but his ears and hind legs were not that long. I named him "Billy Boy." I combed his glossy fur. I fed him cow's milk through a hole in the little finger of one of Mom's kid gloves. I shot sparrows for him. I gave him raw beefsteak and table scraps. I picked berries and pine nuts for him. I fed him my Quaker's Oats.

Billy Boy became used to me in a few days but to the others around the ranch he was a nuisance. They just put up with him on my account. Chee and I built a strong wooden pen in back of the house away from the barn and corrals. Within a month I could take him out on a leash, and he'd follow at my heels like a trusting puppy. We would romp and dance around like any youngsters. When I ran he would whimper and try to keep up.

By the time he was six months old Billy weighed sixty pounds and I couldn't keep up with him; but he'd come to me when I whistled or called his name. So long as I kept him away from the livestock everything was fine. Horses in particular have an instinctive dread of the grizzly; even the smell of one spooks most of them, so I had to change my clothes and wash, after playing with the cub, before I could help with the stock chores.

Billy Boy would tolerate Chee, would let him pat his head and would even make playful swipes with a paw at him, but they never got chummy. Chee, twelve years older than I, was brass tag Number CA-69, and a grandson of the late Mogollon Chief Alcheshay, Number A-1, of nearby Fort Apache Reservation. As such he was by nature endowed with that invisible barrier of distrust between man and beast. There was no such barrier between me and the young grizzly—we were *simpatico*.

BILLY BOY at four years was more than half-grown, fat and sassy, silvery, and had become a serious problem in a different way. The call of the wild was in the summer breeze and, given the chance, he would try to escape to his native hills, ready to kill anything that stood in his way. Even the enlarged and stronger pen Chee and I built had to be kept enclosed with burlap and canvas so he couldn't see out. This condition lasted a month.

At all other times Billy Boy was my trusting friend. I'd often ride him bareback, sometimes four or five miles. He was easier riding than a horse, but I'd get galled when we began to sweat. When I wanted him to run I'd whop him in the ribs with both heels; to stop I'd hook my heels under his front legs; to turn left I'd nudge him alongside the jaw with my right foot; to turn right I'd use my left foot; if I whacked him hard it meant a U turn.

I'd wrestle him, trying to stay on top, for if he got me when he was down on his back I was in danger of his pawing claws. If he got too rough, I'd twist his stubby tail or, in an emergency, whack the top of his front paws. A grizzly can't stand that.

Whenever he bled me I'd cover his eyes with anything handy—my hat, bandana, arm, or a burlap bag. A grizzly has a keen sense of smell and is observant, but is nearsighted (I think bright sunlight bothers their gray-green eyes). When you take what little sight he has away from him, even for a moment, it makes him stop what he is doing and paw at the obstruction. He becomes so confused he is almost helpless.

Billy Boy and I became a subject for discussion and cussin', pro and con, throughout the vast backwoods of Tonto Basin. By autumn I had built, with the help of our old handyman, an iron-bar cage that fitted the body of our big Studebaker wagon, and had hauled the husky silvertip to Payson for the annual badger fights and rodeo.

Some half-drunk cowboy offered to bet my grizzly couldn't lick more than one badger. A group gathered around and went along with his idea. I told them off, but got nowhere so I ran to find my dad who was in Boardman's store and post office. By the time he showed up with two of our wranglers, the cowboys had shoved seven badgers into the bear cage. In no time at all six of them came flying out, beaten to a bloody pulp. The seventh Billy Boy decided to eat.

The cowboys got mean. Four of us lined up against the nine of them, but before things got too rough Deputy Sheriff Pyeatte arrived and told the cowboys to "get goin'" or he'd lock them up.

Later that afternoon, I put on an impromptu show at the rodeo arena that turned out to be the feature attraction. Billy Boy was in the right mood to let me do a little fancy riding, and he wrestled his best and bawled his loudest. I earned $12.00 plus a $4.00 bonus.

I also received an invitation to bring Billy Boy to Livingston the following weekend. This was headquarters for the rough-and-ready construction crews who were building the big dam at the confluence of Tonto Creek and Salt River. It also was pay-day. Chee and I hauled the grizzly down there, we put on a good show, and a lot of money changed hands. I was paid $20.00, and Chee got all the free beer he could drink.

MARCH 18, 1911 was *the day*—for former President Theodore Roosevelt himself arrived to dedicate the completed dam. For this event nobody needed an invitation. I had Billy Boy firmly settled in the wagon in his portable cage and was favored with a prominent location at the dam sight. Then TR made his speech and his sister, Alice, was entertained by the local ladies. Jim McClintock, a captain in TR's Rough Riders in Cuba, was then Phoenix's postmaster, a nationwide newspaper correspondent and an Arizona historian. He was master of ceremonies for the dedication. Politicians and brown-nosers swarmed all over the place, and somehow my caged grizzly got overlooked in all the doings.

The President's party was preparing to depart when I decided to do something about it. I knew Billy Boy was getting fidgety from the noise and people and smell of tobacco smoke. I reached in between the bars and gave him a stiff thumb in the ribs. He let out one terrific bawl. This drew everyone's attention—it even drew guns! A hush settled over the crowd.

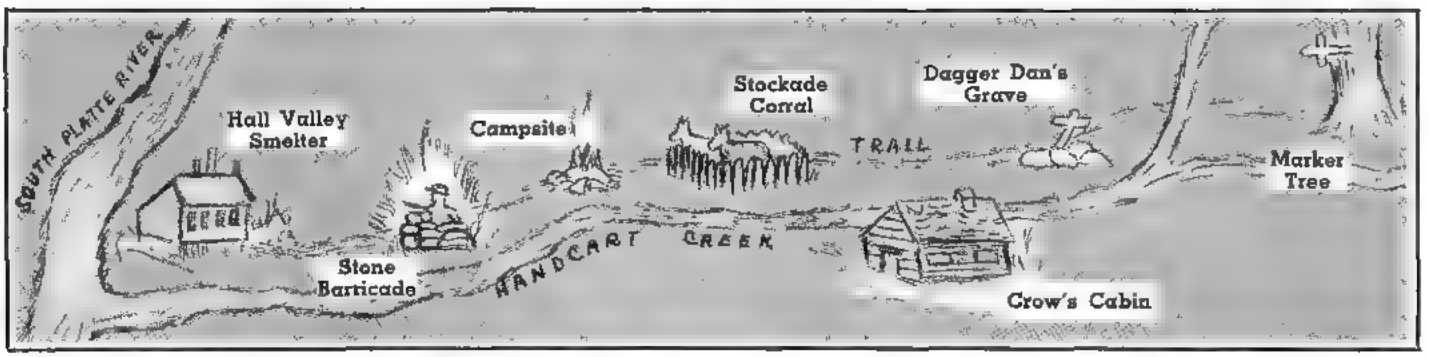
I jabbed Billy Boy again. He roared again. Then TR strode over to the wagon. I must have held my breath as the great man walked around the wagon, his critical gaze centered on the grizzly. As he eyed the long-haired Chee and me, he probably figured we were both Apaches.

"You have a fine—mighty fine—specimen of *Ursus horribilis* there, young fella," he stated, and shook hands with me. "Where did you capture him?"

I managed to tell him, and asked him if he wanted to see me wrestle Billy Boy.

"Bully Boy!" he corrected and grinned. Maybe he said,"Bully, boy," I wasn't sure, but people began to laugh. "Just let me see you ride him!"

(Continued on page 44)



TRAIL OF THE BROKEN DAGGER

By VERNON L. CROW

THERE are several conflicting stories and legends about the Jim Reynolds band of outlaws, who operated in Park County, Colorado in the latter part of 1863 and in 1864. These stage robbers were always of interest to me because the first fifty-seven years of my life, I lived in or near the country the Reynolds gang frequented and where they were finally captured.

I was acquainted with some of the pioneers who had first-hand knowledge of their short life of crime. One, whom I knew when I was a small boy, was J. C. Bertolette, an 1859er who claimed he was in one of the posses who hunted for Jim Reynolds and his men. Another was Silas Elliott who was living at Hutchinson Junction (later known as Conifer) less than ten miles from where Reynolds was captured. Elliott said he talked with the posse after the final battle, when they were on their way to Denver with four survivors of the gang. Other pioneers who were there at the time were James Danforth, who lived in Turkey Creek, a few miles from Elliott, and Joe Walker of the Platte River country. The stories I heard these old men tell were all practically the same. A man, who purported to be a nephew of one of the gang members, worked for my father. What he told varied very little from the stories of the pioneers.

Many times I have been in and around the cave on Elk Creek where the final battle was fought and where the four survivors surrendered. Seventy years after they were wiped out, I found and explored the hidden park where they had their main camp and hideout, and I traced their trail to the high mountain basin where the loot was supposed to be buried. I have been past the grave of one of the robbers several times and in retracing their route, I found the grave of another member. I dug down until I reached the skeleton, just to satisfy my curiosity.

ACCORDING to Smiley's *History of Denver*, Hall's *History of Colorado*, and stories I was told by old-timers, a band of desperadoes, headed by Jim Reynolds, was driven out of Texas in 1863. They had heard about the rich strikes in Colorado, so they headed north for the Rocky Mountain gold camps. Arriving in Colorado late in the year, they may have staged a few robberies that fall and winter, but little is known of their operations until the spring of 1864. By this time, part of the gang had drifted away and only eight or ten men were left with Jim Reynolds.

It was rumored that some of those who left acted as spies in the camps and notified Reynolds when a heavy gold shipment was due to be made.

Reynolds and his outlaws started preying on gold-carrying stages from the South Park country—Fairplay, Alma, Buckskin Joe and Tarryall Diggings. Most of their robberies took place along the Platte River and on Kenosha Pass between the Platte River and South Park. One of the first was staged near where Bailey, Colorado is now located. In this robbery, they were supposed to have taken about $45,000 in gold and money and none of it was ever recovered.

Their last holdups were farther up the Platte and on Kenosha Pass. Several posses tried to follow them, but after each robbery, the gang seemed to disappear into thin air. Their main camp and hideout was only about ten miles away on Kenosha Pass, but this was not known at that time. Once or twice the military sent a squad of men into the mountains, but the soldiers, not being mountain men, had no luck in finding them.

According to legend, Reynolds' loot was buried in the high mountain country, and its value is set as high as $75,000 in gold and an estimated $100,000 in currency. The latter was supposedly wrapped in oiled silk before it was buried. The amount of jewelry taken from terrified stage passengers is unknown.

Their last robbery occurred on Kenosha Pass in the fall of 1864. Several posses were so hot on their trail they decided to go to their second camp, about thirty miles away on Elk Creek. This location is four miles from what is now known as Shaffer's Crossing.

They rode down the Platte River about three miles below the foot of Kenosha Pass, to Geneva Creek near present day Grant. When they turned up Geneva Creek, one of the outlaws, a man named Showalter, either got separated from his companions or stayed behind to check the progress of the posse. He camped overnight about three miles from the Platte. Shortly after daylight, the trailers caught up with him and filled him full of lead as he was bending over his campfire. He didn't fire a shot.

There was a substantial reward offered for any member of the Reynolds gang, dead or alive. It was about thirty miles to Fairplay, and that was quite a distance to carry a corpse, so the posse cut off the robber's head and put it in a sack for evidence. They then buried the rest of his body at the side of the trail. I have been past Showalter's grave many times.

The rest of the gang were tracked up Geneva Creek for another six or eight miles. There the outlaws turned east, over the divide between Mount Logan and Mount Rosalie to the head of Deer Creek. They traveled down Deer Creek for about seven miles, crossed a small divide to the south branch of Elk Creek, then followed this stream for three or four miles to the North Elk. A half mile up North Elk Creek was a large cave which made an ideal shelter. It was so far back in the mountains that Reynolds thought a posse would never find him.

IT was here the posse caught up with the highwaymen, and in the fight that followed, some of the gang were killed and one or two might have escaped. Four, including Jim Reynolds, who was slightly wounded, surrendered. No loot was found—or, if it was, the posse divided it among themselves and said nothing about it.

The outlaws were tied on their horses and taken to Denver where they were turned over to the military authorities. The same posse was immediately deputized to take the prisoners to Fort Lyon east of Pueblo. This meant a four or five-day ride for horses that were already jaded from hard riding in the mountains. The men were also tired and were afraid the outlaws might escape before they could deliver them. As a consequence, about thirty miles south of Denver, near Castle Rock, the prisoners

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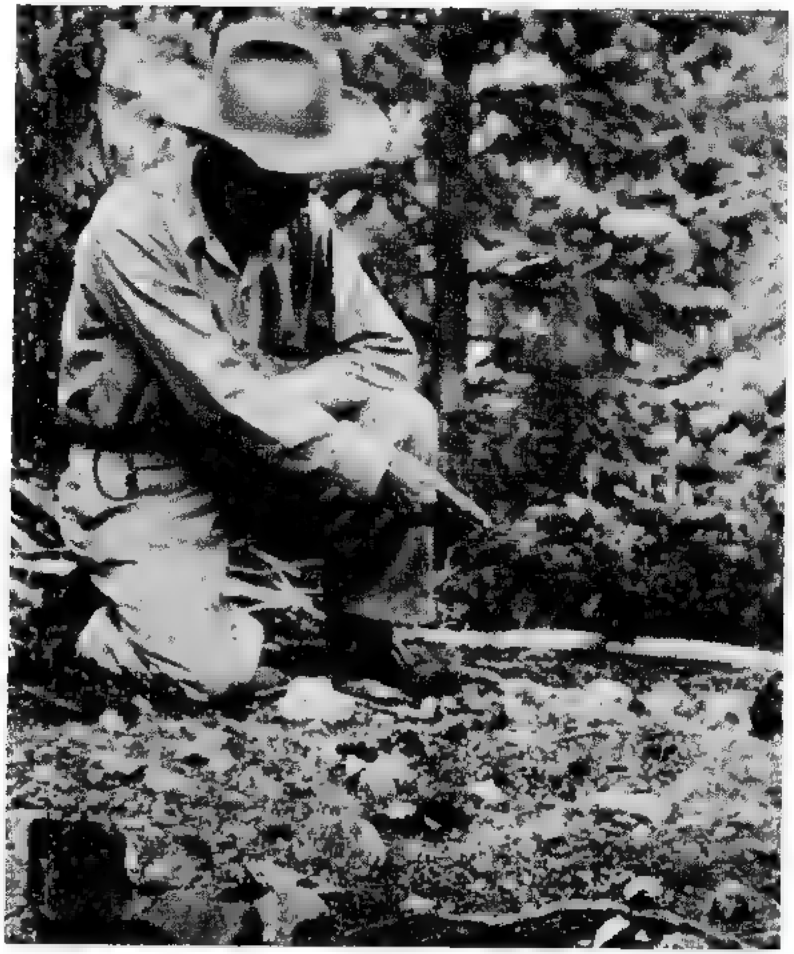
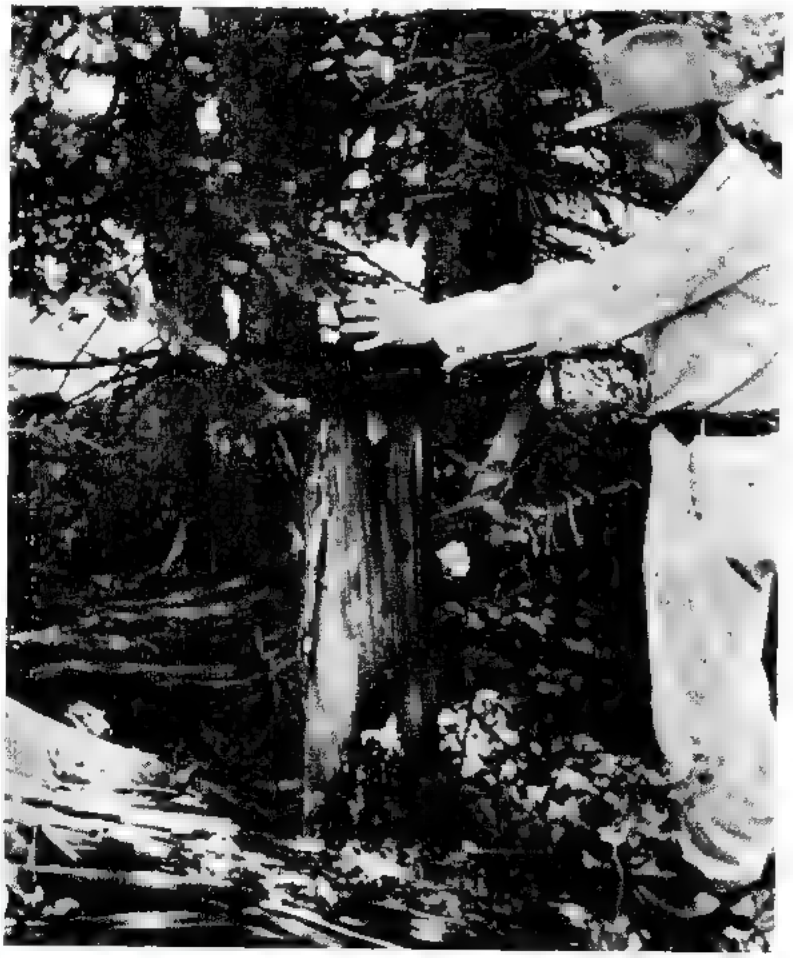
The trail is plain . . . the clues are plentiful . . . the cache is a rich one; but you'll have more success looking for a needle in a haystack!

Photos Courtesy Denver Post

At right Vernon Crow replaces the crude dagger in the tree trunk where he found it. Below left, he points out the grave of Dagger Dan O'Malley. Curious, Crow dug and discovered a skeleton with bullet hole in skull. He "apologized" and reburied the remains. Crumbling posts, (below right) mark the spot where gang is believed to have built a corral for horses away from the main campsite.





Vernon Crow peers over a stone barricade as a bandit guard might have done years ago.

were pulled off their horses, lined up, and shot.

Jim Reynolds refused to talk, but one of the others told his captors the loot was buried three or four miles from their main camp. He said it was marked by a crude dagger made from a file, which was driven into a dead tree a few hundred feet from the cache.

He said Jim Reynolds drove the dagger into the tree part way, then pulled it out, broke off the point, and drove the point deep into the tree ahead of the rest of the blade. If anybody ever pulled the broken blade out of the tree, the point would still be left there for a marker.

Before the location of the main camp could be revealed one of the posse prematurely ended the man's story with a bit of lead. Being short of this important bit of information, nobody was able to locate the camp or the dagger. From that time on, a great many people hunted for the loot, and assuming it was either in the Deer Creek or the Elk Creek country, they always failed. Most searches were conducted a great many miles from where the gold was actually buried.

MY father, W. L. Crow, came to Colorado in 1873, and settled just a few miles from where the gang was captured. For the next two or three years he freighted with ox teams to some of the camps whose shipments had fallen into the hands of Jim Reynolds. Being through this country just nine years after the robbers were captured, he heard quite a few accounts of their operations on Kenosha Pass and along the Platte River.

In 1902, when I was just past nine years old, my father had a logging contract at a sawmill on Turkey Creek, about fifteen miles from Reynolds' cavern hideout. One day an elderly Texan showed up at the mill looking for work, and my father hired him to help him with the logging.

He was known as Tex Taylor, but later we had reason to believe that his real name was Carey Wheeler. After he had worked for a short time, he told Dad that he was a nephew of one of the members of the Reynolds gang. Tex said that his uncle, although badly wounded, escaped the posse and made his way to California where he had relatives and friends. But his wounds took their toll. Just a few months after he reached California, where he died, the outlaw drew a map pin-pointing the treasure site.

Tex told Dad he had seen the map and had memorized it, and had come to Colorado to try to check it out.

He was about sixty years old at that time, and was never able to find the landmarks he was looking for. About once a month he would go down to Morrison and take on a few drinks—and maybe come back with a small jug. When he began feeling rather mellow, he would perch me on his knee and tell me about the Reynolds gang and the map, and the riches he hoped to find.

He said he was looking for a stone barricade or breastworks on a ridge. Behind it several men could lie and guard the steep trail to the park where the main camp was located. To the northwest of the park, a few hundred feet, there was supposed to be a high ledge of rock on which a lookout could stand and watch the valley below.

On a flat knoll up the trail and a short distance from camp, was a stockade corral where the gang kept horses saddled and ready for action. Their spare mounts were kept hobbled in the wild meadows farther up the creek.

Tex also told me about Dan O'Malley, one of Reynolds' men who was rather handy with a knife. He was called "Dagger Dan." One night there was an argument in camp and Dan attempted to use his knife. It was a bad move to make; a fellow outlaw shot him in the head and cooled him off for good. Dagger Dan's body was carried about a mile and a half up the creek from camp, and buried in the shade of a big spruce. His mourners put two small stones at the head and at the foot of the grave, and carved a large dagger in the trunk of the tree as a marker.

I heard Tex's yarns so many times, they were indelibly printed in my mind, and almost oozing out of my ears. And they have stayed with me the rest of my life. Tex told me about the dagger Jim Reynolds drove into the tree near timberline in a wild mountain basin at the head of the creek above their camp. But Tex never would say how far, or in what direction, from the tree the treasure was buried. That was his secret, and so far as I know, the secret died with him.

THESE tales made a deep impression on me and I always kept my eyes open for clues and for any spot he might have described. But as time went on and I was faced with the necessity of making a living, treasure hunting was sort of put in the back of my mind.

Then in 1933, I located some mining claims on Handcart Creek only a few miles from Kenosha Pass and Jim Reynolds' major area of operations. For several years I was busy trying to develop a mine. Then one day in 1936, I was several miles up Handcart Creek from my cabin in a large mountain basin at the head of the creek. Ute Indians used to camp in that basin, and arrowheads and other Indian artifacts were plentiful. I was on my hands and knees exploring the ground when I happened to look up. Right in front of me was a dry tree that had been dead for many years, and sticking out of its trunk was a crude dagger made from a file!

I worked it out of the wood and the point was missing. I then thought of the story about Jim Reynolds.

With the long slim blade of my pocket knife, I felt back into the hole from which I had pulled the marker. The blade grated against metal—perhaps the point of the dagger? This would check with Tex Taylor's story of the way Reynolds had marked his hiding place.

I DIDN'T get very excited over my find, but I did look around for a short time. Time and the weather had made quite a few changes in the lay of the country during seventy years, and there was very little to go by. So I went back to work in my tunnel, but I kept the old broken dagger.

Then in 1938, I found the hidden park about a mile below my cabin. And on a ridge, which hid the park from Hall Valley and the Platte River, I found the old stone breastworks which guarded the trail. Some fairly large trees were growing up among the stones. Across the park to the northwest, it was easy to see the ledge where their lookout man had been stationed. Near the center of the park was a line of stones and signs of a lean-to about sixteen by twenty feet in size.

A short distance up a fairly steep trail, the slope leveled off into an area roughly seventy-five feet square. The right bank of this slope dropped steeply to Handcart Creek. In the level ground, a deep trench had been dug in a circle. Several weathered stubs and old rotten logs that had been a part of the stockade corral were in the trench.

I now had the dagger that was supposed to be the cache marker and I had found the old camp. But I didn't have the treasure and didn't know just where to look, so I kept on mining and looking for gold that had been hidden by Mother Nature rather than by outlaws.

One evening in 1939, on my way down to the cabin from the mine, I left the trail and took a cut-off through the timber. Just a short distance up the creek and almost opposite my cabin, I noticed a funny mark on a long dead spruce tree.

A crude cross shaped like a dagger and pointing upward was cut in the bark

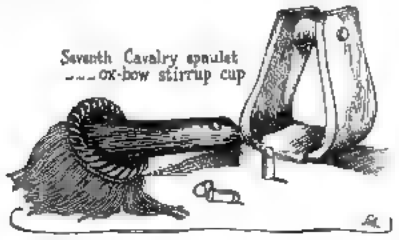
(Continued on page 54)

ROHIBITED

By LESTER U. BEITZ

WHAT'S a buffalo skull worth? Or an old branding iron? Or a hand-fashioned ox-bow stirrup cup? Or the small figurines which were sold by hawkers at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show?

The quest for authentic Western Americana—relics of the old frontier—has developed into a dynamic collector's field during the past few years. With the exception of firearms, edged weapons and, possibly, certain articles of household gear and furnishings, there has been no published guide or reference book to establish a comparative value for many items of strictly frontier origin. In consequence, it's appropriate that something along the line of a price index be afforded—a reasonably proper evaluation of worth based upon my own experience and the competent opinions of other collectors. The key in any assessment of antique value is the scarcity factor.



Illustrated by Lester U. Beitz

American Bison Skulls . . . pretty hard to come by these days. Sportsmen have recognized their trophy value since the late 70s. They have been treated quite protectively and seldom show up at country auctions or in junk shops. It took me almost two years to run down the one I have—a cow skull, fairly well preserved, and well worth $25.

A magnificent bull skull, with the entire jawbone intact and the skeletal structure sound throughout, should bring $50 to $65 because such a state of preservation and completeness is exceedingly rare. Any buffalo skull, providing the horns, forehead and eye-sockets are complete, is well worth $20.

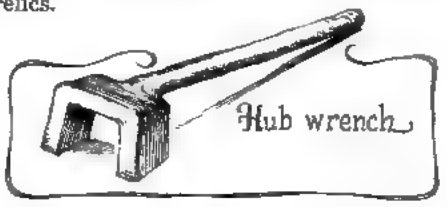
Bootjacks . . . the quality factor in the basic craftsmanship of these implements is pretty much the criterion of value. Simple, wooden, hand-fashioned bootjacks are worth $5 to $8 whereas the more decorative metal ones, such as the "beetle" and "naughty lady" designs, should bring $12 to $15. There are some rather elusive lyre-shaped types that are highly desirable and $15 wouldn't be too much to shell out for one of them. All of these date from the 1860s to the 1890s and I know of no great or classic rarities in patent or pattern. About a dozen distinctive types would form a fairly comprehensive collection, from the simple wooden "V" notch to the most ornate metal designs.

Buffalo Bill Statuette . . . Dale Robertson, of "Tales of Wells Fargo" fame, owns a ten-inch-high pot-metal casting of Buffalo Bill astride a spirited horse. He prizes it highly and understandably so, because these items are really scarce. They were originally sold by vendors at the Wild West Shows for $1 but today their value is some fifty times that. I have inherited one which my grandmother bought from an Indian hawker at one of the shows about 1889. My good friend Herschel C. Logan, distinguished artist, author and collector of Salina, Kansas owns a nine-inch-high statuette of Buffalo Bill seated by a boulder, rifle in hand, scanning the plains. This is a marvelously executed model close to eighty years old. The price range for these figurines is from $50 to $60 because they're few and singularly distinctive as a form of western "folk art."

Branding Irons . . . any old hand-forged brand iron is worth $8 to $10. Watch out for welded joinery on these pieces since such construction would indicate more recent vintage and couldn't qualify as a true frontier antique. Here, one has to consult the several brand books to research exact ownership and period of usage—a fascinating study. As a general rule, the smaller the spread which employed the iron, the scarcer the piece. It's safe to say that $8 is the least you'd expect to pay for a fairly old brand from a ranch of average spread. Expect to pay as high as $20 for an authentic iron from one of the Spanish holdings of the early 1800s. Good old brand irons are not as scarce as many other western relics so you can settle for a nice one at $10, I'm certain.

"Snake Oil" . . . tonic and bitters bottles which were dispensed from the medicine show wagons are worth $2 or $3 each. Ones that have impressed lettering with town names, such as Abilene, Hays City and Atchison, cost more simply because of the association with famous outlaws and lawmen.

WELLS-FARGO and Butterfield Stage strong boxes are so rare, it's almost impossible to determine a fair trade value for one. Most all known examples are in important museum collections. If one shows up in an antique shop it should be regarded as a find with price almost no object—depending, of course, on structural soundness, lock and hinge fittings, condition of original paint, etc. $100 is the absolute minimum I'd expect to pay to secure one of these classic relics.



Old Leather Cuffs . . . worn by wranglers and ropers are still to be found. A fancy tooled pair is worth $7 to $10. Homemade cuffs of simple pattern with rawhide lacing are somewhat scarcer and should bring $15. In this business of old leather, the collector must have a real eye for detecting age. One must be able to identify the singular characteristics of well-worn hide in order to ascertain absolute authenticity. Old wood, fabric and metal will always carry a tell-tale patina, but in rawhide and buckskin the task is a meaner one. Experience really counts here.

Old Whiskey Canteens . . . not jugs but regular canteen-shaped earthenware containers which the freighters hauled in from the East are unique items of Western Americana. Depending on condition, the price span for a good example is $5 to $8. Minor chips are expected but if the looped handle is missing, I'd give no more than $3. It's tough to find one without a few defects.

Spurs, hide hunters' scales, buffalo skinners' knives, early barbed wire, miners' pans, picks and gold scales, old "Wanted" posters and sheriffs' badges—all are being eagerly sought. These fragments of frontier life have captured the imagination and opened a new world of collecting.

Some of you may live in a storehouse of such relics and not appreciate their worth except in a sentimental way. What's up in the attic? What's out in the barn? What's down in the cellar? You might look around—someday someone is going to be knocking at your door.

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LYRIC BARDS OF THE WEST

BY FLORENCE CAIN

Photos Courtesy Author

Their first concert was performed before a little band of Blue Mountain Indians . . . their last, before European royalty. In the years between the DeMoss family toured every city and whistle stop in the West

FOR nearly four decades one of the truly great stories of the West has lain covered with dust in an old attic. About three miles north of the little town of Moro, Oregon, on U.S. Highway 97, is a shady roadside park. A sign reads, "DeMoss Springs Memorial Park." This is all that is left of a once thriving country village. It had a general store and post office, a newspaper office, a music publishing house, a school, a church, and several homes.

The automobile sounded the death knell for the busy little town. It was no longer necessary to have stores and schools within horse and buggy distance. The business district of the town lay in the bottom of a canyon, and since this was the only logical place for the new highway to go, its buildings had to come down. With the loss of the store and post office, most of the people moved into larger towns nearby. Lack of worshippers forced the little white church to close its doors, and the country school stood quiet and empty. When it was demolished a few years ago, the only buildings left were the old DeMoss home beside the highway, and the bandstand in the park.

Recently the state highway department decided it was necessary to widen the highway, and the residence was condemned. The property is still owned by DeMoss descendants, and before the house was razed they delved into the dim and dusty attic to salvage remnants of their family history. There were literally dozens of boxes of old books, some dating back to the 1830s; faded and yellowed diaries; scrapbooks filled with brittle newspaper clippings; carefully penned original music sheets; pictures; travel folders and ancient show-bills. Thus it was that the lives and careers of this family group who came to the Northwest over a hundred years ago have come to light once more.

THE Reverend James M. DeMoss and his wife, the former Elizabeth Bonebrake, arrived in Oregon as missionaries in 1862. DeMoss was an ordained minister of the United Brethren Church, and he and his wife were both talented musicians. He had also studied civil engineering, and together they made a great contribution to their new homeland. They settled first in the Grande Ronde Valley. Rev. DeMoss saw at once the potential in the towering evergreen forests and rich farm land, and proceeded to build the first sawmill in that part of the country. He helped establish post offices at Cove and North Powder, in Oregon, and at Weiser, Idaho, and was instrumental in locating and building the first bridges across the Grande Ronde and Powder Rivers.

The DeMoss family was in great demand from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Boise, and the family made periodic trips between the two places, holding revival meetings, "sing meetings," and officiating at countless weddings and funerals. After each journey they would return to their valley home to "rest up" for the next trip. Rev. DeMoss' idea of resting up was to put in a full day at his mill six days a week, hold revival meetings two nights each week, singing school one night each week, and two services each Sunday! To him, idleness was one of the greatest of sins.

There were five children in the DeMoss family: Henry, George, Minnie, Lizzie, and little May. All had inherited their parents' musical talents, and by the time they reached their teens, each could play several different instruments—forty-one in all!

Elizabeth DeMoss acted as her children's teacher most of the time and, while they had little formal education, they were far from being unschooled. Among the other things found in the attic of the old home were McGuffey's and Barnes readers dating back to the 1860s, and dog-eared and penciled texts covering English, beginning French, composition, mental arithmetic, algebra, health and hygiene, applied science, geography, history, theology and music theory. It is amazing that this pioneer mother not only found time to keep a home, but also to travel with her husband, help with his work, and give her family the type of education that, even today, is available only in the best private schools.

IT was ten years after the DeMoss family arrived in the Oregon country that they actually began their fabulous careers as traveling troubadours. In an article written in later life, George DeMoss tells of this beginning.

"It was the spring of 1872, when the balmy chinook was blowing gently and all nature rejoicing, that Father came in singing. As he entered our domicile he turned to Mother and said, 'Rev. H. K. Hines wants us to give concerts with our musical family, and he has an organ for us!'

"After some consultation, it was decided to undertake this new work and we were soon busy arranging a program which consisted of madrigals, vocal duets by Father and Mother, a solo by each of us children, and a lecture on the science of music."

In mid-summer they started out with a sturdy team of horses, full camping equipment, and a spring-wagon with a rack on the back for the precious organ. George described their first night on the trail. "Ascending the Blue Mountains, we made camp in beautiful Summit Meadows. We placed our little organ under a big evergreen tree, and Father said, 'We will build a big bonfire and will go through our entire program just as we shall in our concert.'

"There was a large Indian camp across the meadow and when we started the music, the Indians came sauntering over with their blankets wrapped around them, and squatted on the ground before us. Thus, our first concert was given to the wild men of the mountains!"

The first paid performance was given in the little schoolhouse in Forrest Cove where Rev. DeMoss had built his sawmill ten years before. The program was so well received and word spread so rapidly, that they were booked into nearly every town, settlement, and mining camp in the Boise River Valley. George tells us that the miners were much taken with the lovely voice of his mother and that they used to throw coins on the stage. This in itself is not too remarkable until one remembers that Elizabeth DeMoss was not singing the raucous barroom ballads of those days. She was a quiet, conservatively dressed gentlewoman who sang nothing but sacred and classical music!

Future encounters with Indians were not always as pleasant as their first. George gives a hair-raising account of an incident which occurred the third week on the trail. "After crossing the dreamy old Snake River and passing through that same undulating sagebrush waste and over a divide, we came to the head of the Raft River and camped in a little mountain meadow with a willow bordered streamlet coursing through it. Twilight deepened and the autumn moon cast . . . weird reflections. Father stepped out on a knoll and pointing, said, 'Do you see those fires? They are Indian signal fires, and we are to be attacked in the early morning!'

"Everything was soon placed in the wagon and the team hitched up and we started. Father instructed Henry to stay behind until we were just out of hearing. He would then build up a large fire and then follow us as fast as he could. We

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This 1892 photo shows (from left) Henry, Minnie, Lizzie and George DeMoss with some of the instruments the family played. Minnie was only two years of age when she and six other members of the family gave their first concert in 1872.

The DeMoss family appeared in concert at the World's Fair Portland, Oregon, 1905.

Reverend James DeMoss (above right) with Ezra Meeker (center) who was famed for marking the Oregon Trail. Elbert DeMoss, aged 7, (below) followed in the musical tradition of his father, George.

drove hastily down Raft River and arrived at City Rocks at daybreak. There we met the U.S. Cavalry who told us the Indians were on the warpath, had massacred hostlers, driven off stage stock, and there was a general uprising."

THE family continued their tour into Utah. At Ogden they sold their wagon and team, and purchased tickets on the new Union Pacific Railroad. From George's account of that ride, it must have been quite an experience! A brakeman was stationed on a little platform at the rear of each coach to apply brakes by hand when necessary. This led to a rather jerky ride. Light was supplied by means of candles in brass holders fastened to the walls, and heat was furnished by a pot-bellied stove in one end of each coach. The speed of the train sometimes caused the flue on the stove to draw in reverse, filling the coach with clouds of smoke. The unlucky passengers had a choice of smothering in the smoke and heat from the stove, or opening the windows and freezing in an icy blast of air. No wonder the Indians called those first trains "the Iron horse that breathes fire!"

The family finished its first tour at Des Moines, Iowa, in the latter part of November. Since winter was fast approaching, they turned back toward Oregon and home. Many of the places they visited had invited them to come back, so they spent the winter and early spring months preparing a new program. This was to be their pattern for the next fifty-five years! Although they were writing and composing continually, they did most of their work between tours. In the next ten years the family was to cover every state west of the Rocky Mountains, from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border!

Those were the days of great cattle drives and mining booms, and wherever there were people, there went the DeMoss family. An itinerary of their travels reads like a roll call of western boom towns. Cripple Creek, Dodge City, Abilene, Butte, Denver, Leadville, Reno, Hornbrook—all hosted the Lyric Bards, and people were so starved for some touch of refinement and culture that they drove for miles around to be there for the concerts.

This led to Henry's becoming the advance agent for the family. They found if they did not have accommodations reserved, the hotels would be so filled with people who had come to hear them that there would be no room for the guests of honor! Cowboys and trail herders turned out in droves, and George tells of several times when the cowboys vented their boisterous approval by firing guns out the open windows of the concert halls!

In 1882, Rev. DeMoss moved his home from the forests of the Blue Mountains to the broad wheat and cattle lands of north-central Oregon, in what is now Sherman County. There they homesteaded the quiet little valley with the free-flowing springs which now bears their name. They founded their own publishing company and, before long, a thriving community had sprung up around them.

Sherman County is bordered by rivers on three sides, the Columbia on the north, the Deschutes on the west, and the John Day on the east. Many of the songs written by the Lyric Bards gave mention to "the mighty Columbia," the "bountiful harvests," the "mountains so grand," and the "forests and prairies wide." The song, *Sweet Oregon*, in particular, written by Henry DeMoss during a siege of homesickness, tells of his love for his "native land."

By 1886 Elizabeth DeMoss' health was failing rapidly. After consulting several doctors it was decided to limit the tour that year to a leisurely swing through southern California, resting frequently and remaining there through the winter to avoid the bone-chilling cold and heavy snows of Oregon. It was a disastrous year for the family. In Henley (now Hornbrook) the family contracted typhoid fever, and little May, the baby, died. George wrote, "We laid her to rest among strangers under a big evergreen on the hill."

The tour was continued in the hope that hard work would ease the sadness that had settled upon the family. In Yellowstone Park they gave several concerts, but most of their time was spent at various hot springs in rest and solitude. Elizabeth must have known that the end was near, for she began to talk of going home.

In December they turned back to Oregon. The loss of her baby, her own ill health, and the long, rough trip were too much. In Roseburg, Oregon, on the morning of December 29, just four months after the death of May, Elizabeth fell quietly asleep. The twice-grieved family took her the rest of the way home in a sealed coffin. She was the first of many of the DeMoss family to rest in the tiny cemetery on a sunny hillside overlooking the park. Elizabeth DeMoss had always been a deeply religious woman, and her last words to her children were, "Never forget to pray. You know I have always prayed."

The following year the little group headed east into Montana where they were witnesses to a most brutal crime. Much has been written, in story and song, of the so-called "code of the west," but not all men settled their differences by facing each other at twenty paces with six-guns! In his diary, Rev. DeMoss gives us this vivid account.

"There was one saloon in town and it was near, right across the street. All afternoon men were seen going in and out, and we could hear them yell from

(Continued on page 66)

Photos Courtesy Instituto Nacional Antropología e Historia

The Temple of Inscriptions at Palenque (Chiapas, Mexico) where a secret tomb was found recently with much jade treasure.

TREASURES SOUTH

By
FREDERICK A. PETERSON

Riches so great they sound like daydreams . . . but the few that have been unearthed have been solidly real and highly negotiable!

MILLIONS of dollars' and billions of pesos' worth of treasure are hidden in Mexico. Gold, silver, jade, pearls, emeralds—Indian, Spanish, pirate and Revolutionary treasures lie in sealed caves, forgotten mines, deep wells, the walls of houses, or perhaps in some pottery vessel buried only a foot or so underground. From time to time somebody finds a cache. Sometimes the papers carry the story And sometimes only the neighbors know that somebody who was poor is suddenly rich.

Mexico is one of the largest mineral producers in the world. From 450,000 to 500,000 fine ounces of gold are found here yearly, not to mention huge quantities of silver, lead, zinc, tin, sulfur, rutilium, zirconium and other minerals. Hundreds of years before the Spaniards entered, Mexico was already rich in mines and treasures therefrom. That, of course, is the very reason why the *conquistadors* dared anything and everything to reach the halls of Montezuma. And this brings us to the story of the most famous lost treasure.

Axayacatl, father of Montezuma, was the original possessor of this fortune, which was later sealed up in a room of the palace by his son. When Hernando Cortes, Bernal Diaz del Castillo and their crew dropped in, Montezuma unfortunately assigned them to rooms near the treasure chamber. The Spaniards' curiosity, aroused by the fresh mortar, led them to break open the door. They were stunned by what they saw—and the amount of gold, silver, jade and other precious objects.

On the night of their great defeat, before vacating their quarters, most of the Spanish soldiers helped themselves to their host's wealth. Bernal Diaz writes that the four pieces of jade he took were so valuable that they paid all the expenses of curing his wounds and recuperating for many months after. Some of the soldiers were so laden that they drowned in the canals that cut through the causeway leading out of the city. More than half of Cortes' band was killed or drowned in the canals. The Aztecs recovered much of the treasure from their bodies that night, but some remained in the ooze forever. Today, a paved avenue (Tacuba) covers the route.

When Cortes recaptured Tenochtitlan, the new Emperor, Cuauhtemoc, and several of his companions were immediately put to torture. Fire was applied to the soles of their feet to persuade them to tell where the treasure was. One of them, groaning, looked pleadingly at Cuauhtemoc for succor and was disdainfully told, "Do you think I am lying on a bed of roses?"

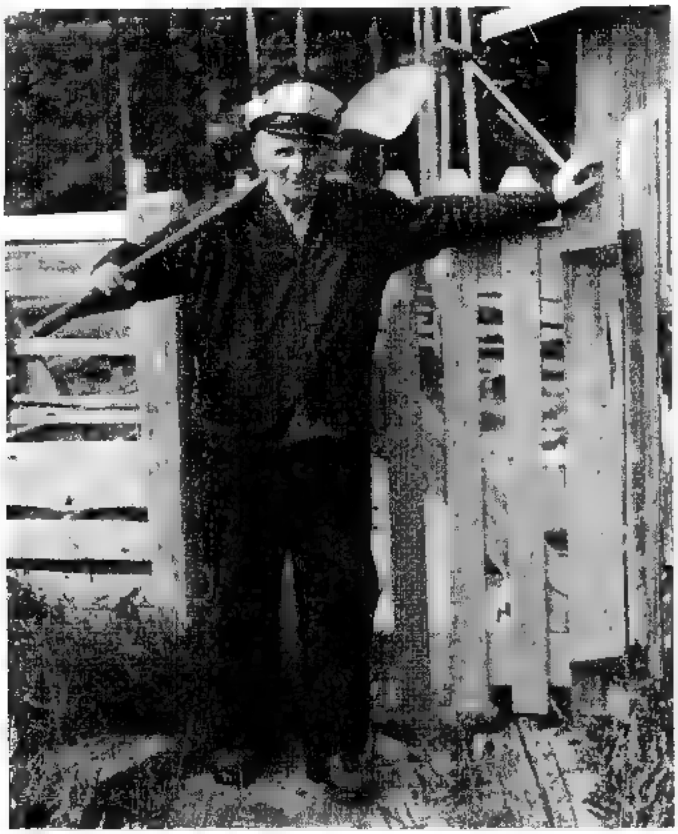
That famous retort put an end to the torture, but not to the search. It is fairly certain that the treasure was taken to some safe place whose secret has been well kept. The Hill of the Star is frequently mentioned as a possible hiding place because of its sacred associations and its many caves, some of them seemingly artificially sealed. One legend says it was taken to the Valley of Toluca and

(Continued on page 68)

Ghost Lake

By ERIC WAHLEEN

Photos Courtesy Author

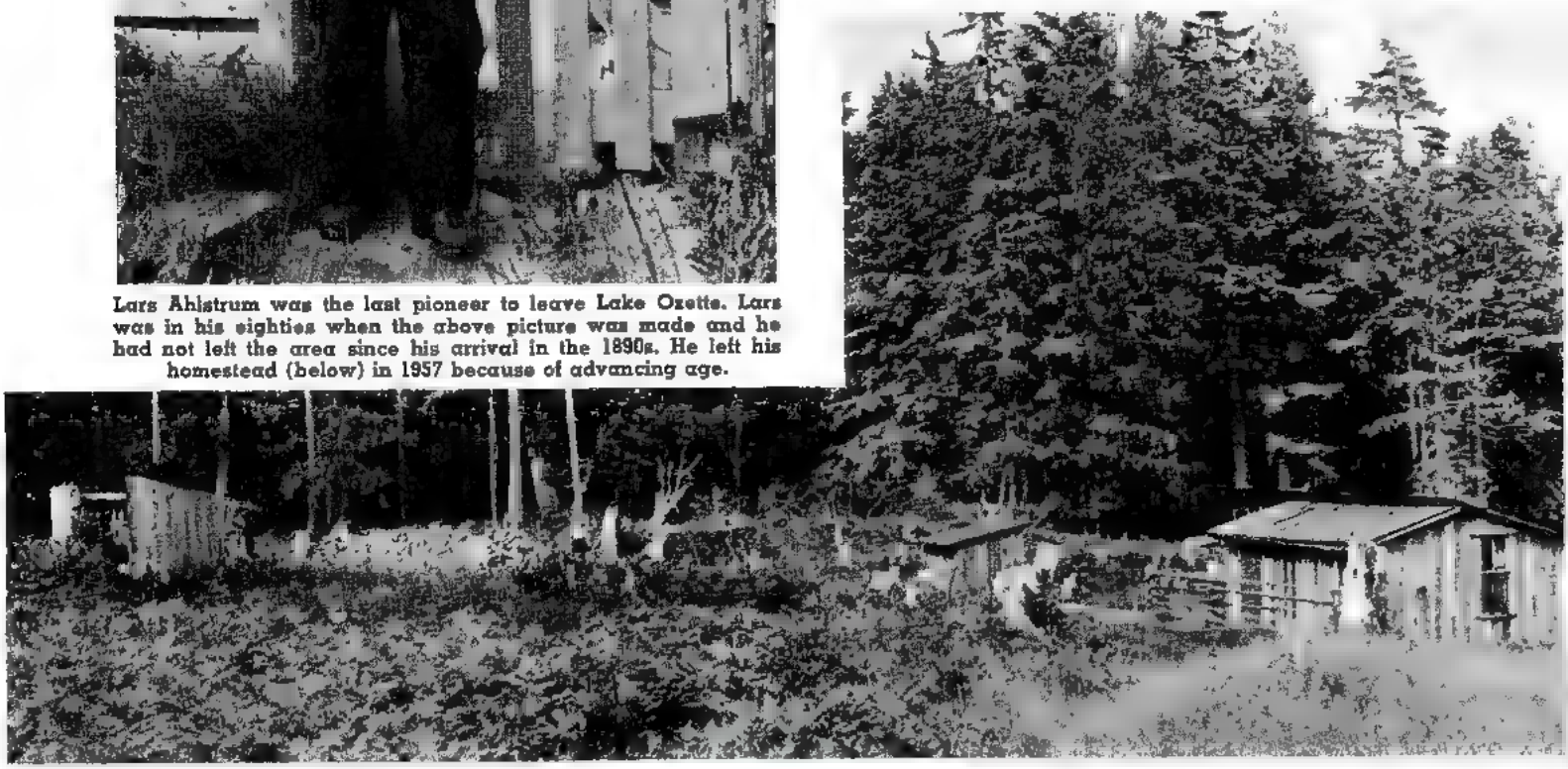


Lars Ahlstrum was the last pioneer to leave Lake Ozette. Lars was in his eighties when the above picture was made and he had not left the area since his arrival in the 1890s. He left his homestead (below) in 1957 because of advancing age.

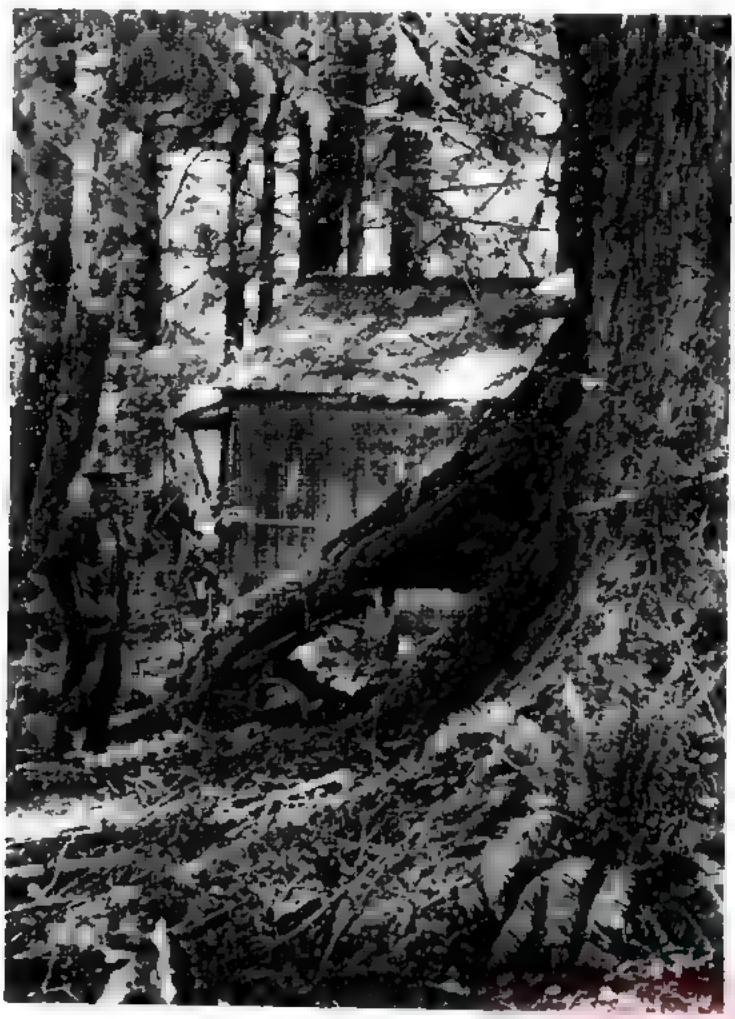
Author's note: The querulous cries of seagulls echo forlornly over the desolate waters. Cold winds shrill plaintively during wild winter storms. Summer breezes whisper softly among the hemlocks and alders, all asking the same questions—over and over. Where is everybody?

Time has forgotten Lake Ozette. Third largest body of fresh water in Washington State, it ranks first in wild abandonment. Sixty-five years ago, over 150 people had homes scattered around the forty-five-mile shoreline. Fenced clearings pushed back the towering spruce and cedar that completely covered the low hills around the lake.

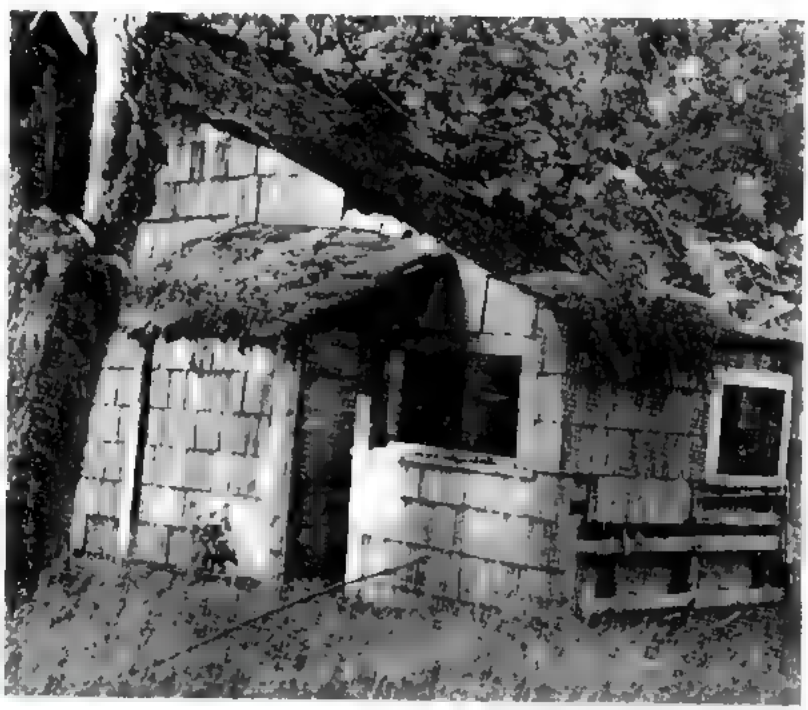
Today no one is left. The silvery leaves of white-barked alders smother moldering ruins under a dense blanket. The passing years are obscured by steadily growing underbrush. Ozette has remained a wilderness lake deep in the Olympic Peninsula lowlands.



Captain Sander Pederson, wife Gina, and their daughter, Esther, holding her pet kitten. Esther (now Mrs. Earl Pickering of Bellingham, Washington) was born here. Mrs. Pederson served as postmistress from 1894 to 1899. Note oar leaning against fence. Many pioneers had a burial plot on their property. The stone at right is inscribed, "Helen May Loveless, July 16, 1913-October 3, 1916." The grave is still cared for by family descendants.



The Soleburg brothers built a home on the east side of the lake. Notice the hitching rail on the side of the cabin. A visitor gazes at the stump of a huge fir that was cut down to make lumber. The Loveless home (below) is typical of many family homesteads. Rain-forest moss is slowly eating away at the building.

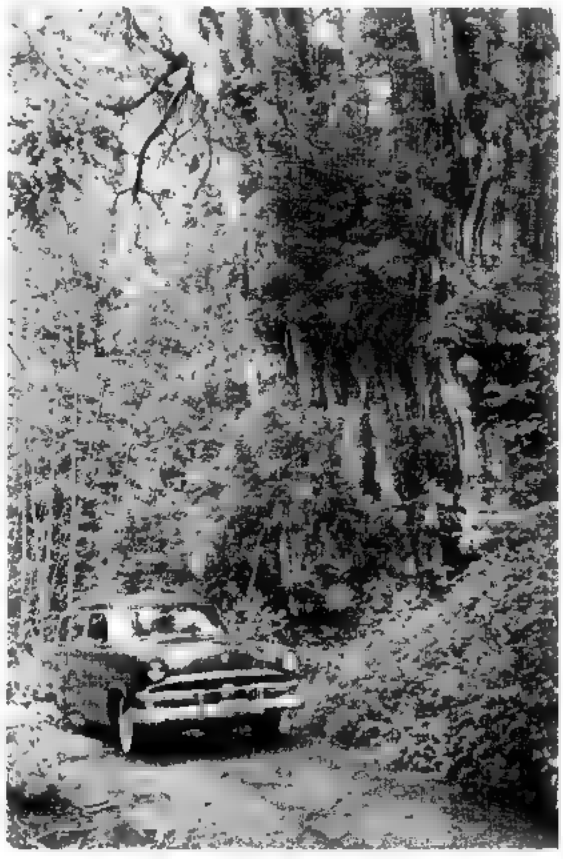


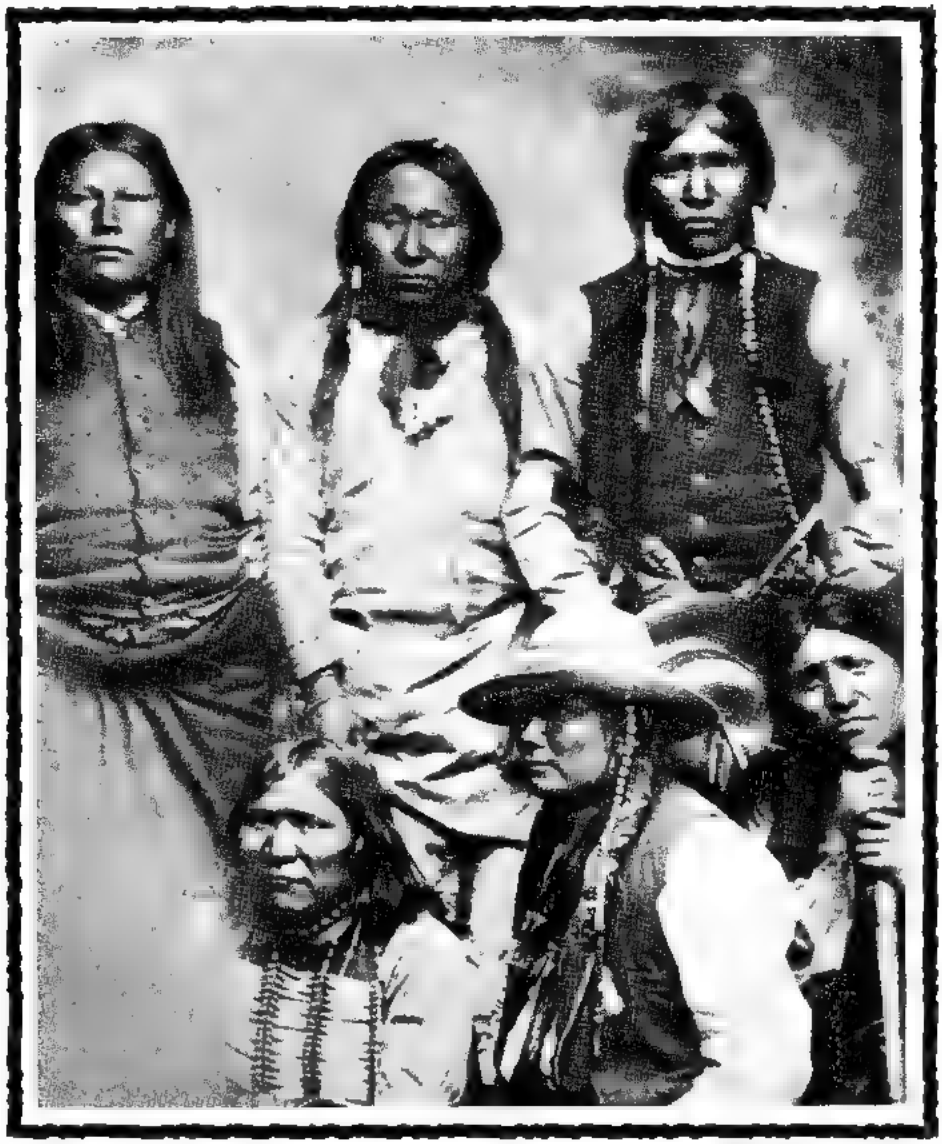
The Nylund home (above) was built in 1905. Mrs. Hilda Nylund Sullivan of Tacoma, Washington, stated that every board and shingle in the house was split and planed by hand. Hemlock trees were squared with a broadax for timber. The second story was built on the ground, then raised into the air and the lower floor built under it. Circular staircases like the one on the right were used in many homes to save space. Below, remnants of old newsprint, dating back to 1894, still cling to the walls of many old homes. A few advertisements (enlarged) give insight into the needs of the day.

Get Married
$10.00 TO $30.00
REDUCED TO $5.00
You C n Make Big Money
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (Inc.), Chicago, Ill.
IF SICK SEND A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR,
The Family Physician
By R. B. HOUSE, M.D.
Danger in Bolted Meals
PRICES

The storm-racked beach a mile west of Oxette was the graveyard of many a ship. This tackle block is from the "Prince Waldemar," wrecked in 1886 with the loss of all eight crew members. The Norwegian Monument bearing eighteen names (inset) marks the grave of the crew of the "Prince Arthur," which went down in 1903.

The church at Preacher Point on Lake Oxette was a community gathering place in early years. Built entirely without nails, mortise and tenon joints were used on doors and windows. Dovetailed joints (shown below) were used on the walls. The world's largest Western red cedar (sixty-four feet in circumference) is not far from Oxette. From trees such as this the pioneers could build houses and barns with lots of lumber left over.





Photos Courtesy Paul Blazer

Kedinchin, wearing hat, with a group of Mescaleros.

KEDINCHIN

By EVE BALL

An old Apache and a young greenhorn put a violent end to each other's lives. Under different circumstances they might have become friends

THE last killing of a white man by a Mescalero Apache occurred on their Reservation January 12, 1908. It was reported melodramatically and erroneously by the *Cloudcroft Silver Lining*, January 25.

For many years the ranchers adjacent to the Reservation had run cattle and sheep on its excellent grazing land without paying fees. A charge of a dollar a year for cattle and twenty-five cents for sheep was levied, but was evaded by many who made use of the range. It is not strange, then, that Apaches felt they were entitled to eat a beef when and if they could butcher one without being detected in the act.

Had it not been for the ignorance of a callow youth who knew almost nothing of the customs of the West, Kedinchin need not have died. This boy, the younger brother of Roy McLane, foreman of the Flying H, was totally unfamiliar with the range. As tenderfeet usually did, he seemed to think that the possession of the costume and accoutrements of a cowboy qualified him for the role.

Roy McLane lived in the ranch headquarters of the Flying H near the cabin in which John Tunstall had settled when he undertook to run cattle in Lincoln County. McLane knew the Apaches, paid his grazing fees, and was on good terms with them. When his younger brother came for a visit he attempted to explain the customs of the country but, unfortunately, the lad took the matter lightly.

The boy did what nobody familiar with conditions in New Mexico would risk even today. He rode up on a man in an isolated spot who was butchering a beef. Ted Sutherland, first Superintendent of Live Stock on the Mescalero Apache Reservation said, "I've ridden miles out of my way to avoid just such a situation many times. I knew very well no Apache was killing one of the tribal herd; and I knew, too, that if he was hungry he was going to eat. And if he ate beef belonging to some of the adjoining ranchers, I was for him."

Not so young McLane.

WHEN he did not return to the ranch on the Feliz, Roy was apprehensive. Next morning he took his brother's trail. Don's horse was shod and the tracks easily recognizable. At the village of Mescalero, he learned that his brother had stopped at the trading post and post office. He had been seen also by Percy Big Mouth, whose father, Old Big Mouth, was a famous scout and trailer. Don McLane had crossed the Tularosa and followed the road down the canyon. Paul Blazer had noticed him when he passed the famous mill. That was the last time he was seen alive.

Darkness having overtaken him, Roy McLane gave up the chase until morning. Then, with two experienced Apache trailers, he resumed his search. He observed the tracks of unshod mounts as well as that ridden by his brother. They led up the mountain and into thick brush. In it he came upon the horse upon which Don had ridden away from the Flying H. The horse was still saddled, its trailing reins entangled in a bush. Roy followed the other trail west until he came upon the frozen corpse of his brother. A bullet hole was in his head. Beside the body was a partially butchered beef.

To Roy McLane's discerning eye the explanation was plain. Roy had ridden up on a man who was butchering a beef far off the beaten path—which indicated

plainly that he knew the penalty for the act. Roy realized that his brother had ridden up to the culprit with no idea that he was acting foolishly. That no Indian would kill a white man without provocation, and great provocation, Roy knew, also. There must have been the element of surprise.

But how could an Apache have been surprised? There was one explanation—deafness. Had the Indian heard a horse approaching he would have faded into the underbrush and disappeared. This one had not. And who were the deaf Indians? Many of the older men were deficient in hearing and a few of the younger ones were so handicapped, also. A deaf man, suddenly aware of someone's presence, might have fired automatically. That, Roy McLane thought, was undoubtedly what had occurred.

If the Apache trailers suspected the killer's identity, true to their instincts, they protected him. The Indians helped place the frozen body upon a pack horse, and with it the three descended to the Agency. There McLane reported the death of his brother to James A. Carroll, one of the few wise and understanding Agents ever stationed at Mescalero. Six years of experience with the Apaches had taught him much of their habits and reactions. Only under unusual circumstances could this thing have happened, and the Agent felt that in all probability, Don had precipitated the shooting. In this his brother concurred.

If the officers at the county seat were permitted to handle the case, Carroll could count on serious trouble. An organized police force of Apaches was used for law enforcement on the Reservation, and the Agent permitted little interference from outside. This he explained to the dead youth's brother, who appreciated the wisdom of relying upon Indian police.

THE population of the Reservation was mixed. In addition to the Mescaleros there were Lipans. Magoosh, their chief, who as a boy had witnessed the fall of the Alamo, had brought the remnant of his people to the Mescalero Reservation and received refuge. He cooperated with Peso, leader of the Mescaleros, and with Sans Peur, chief of another band of Mescaleros. Carroll called in the three for conference. If he asked it, he knew they would apprehend and bring in the man who fired the shot.

The Mescalero Agency is seen in the foreground above, and Blazer's place is in the distance at the foot of the mountain.

The Agent inquired if any of their men were missing and was told that one man was—Kedinchin, a middle-aged man. His wife was absent from their tepee, also. Moreover, Kedinchin was deaf. In addition, he had lost an eye. He, the chiefs admitted, would butcher a beef if hungry—but kill a man without provocation, no. Young McLane had probably ridden up unheard and, if he approached Kedinchin from the blind side, unseen. The sudden realization of someone's spying on him might have brought an automatic act of defense.

As soon as the Indian realized the enormity of the almost involuntary action, he would have fled. Where? Nowhere until he got his wife. He must have gone to the tepee, but not until after dark. Don had passed the mill late in the afternoon.

Kedinchin had cut meat from the newly killed animal, they reasoned, and had taken it with him for emergency rations. He had ridden to his home, got his wife, and left. The Apache police took the trail. Sans Peur directed the search, and with him rode his brother, Crook Neck.

Others who went were Elmer Wilson, Comanche, and Sam Chino. Muchacho Negro and Dana Evans, who had years before killed Tobacco, were also members of the police force. And Caje, who had fled to Mexico with Victorio, went.

Caje had been hunting to supply meat for the Warm Springs Apaches when Victorio's band was practically exterminated at Tres Castillos. When the

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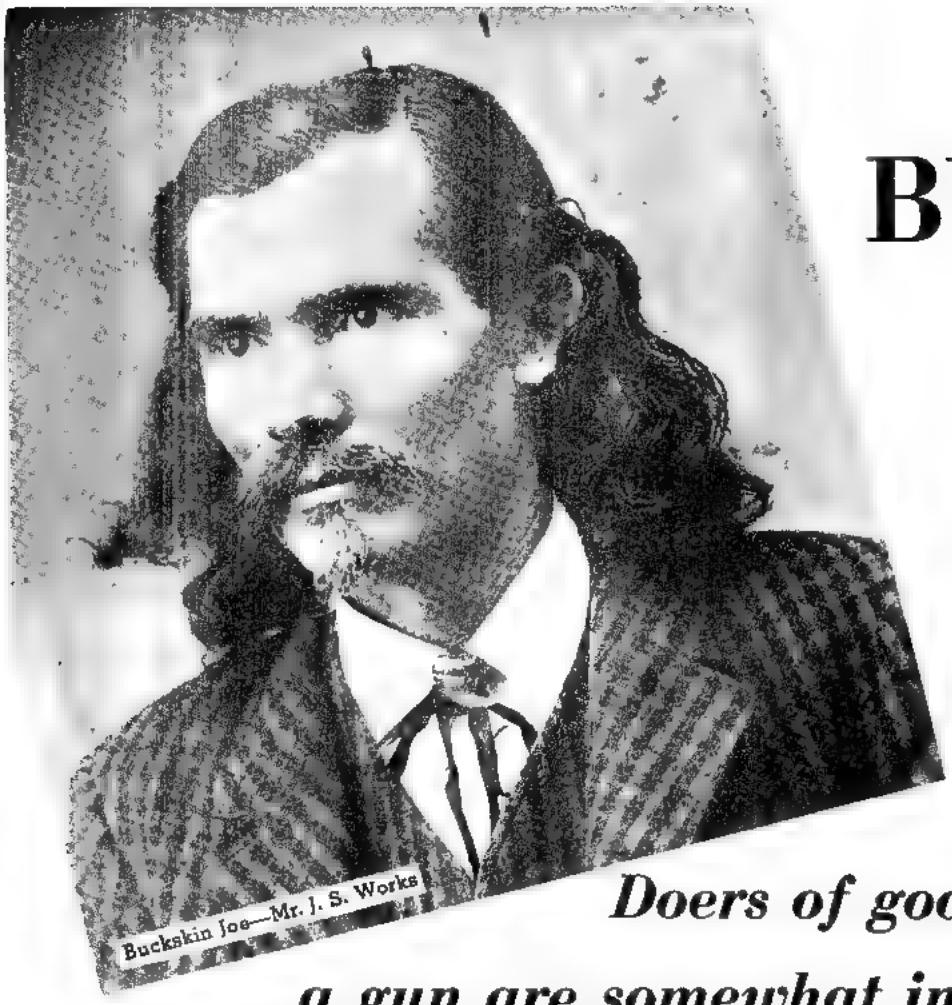
Kedinchin was pursued by this posse.



Buckskin Joe—Mr. J. S. Works

BUCKSKIN JOE

By N. CHEEK

Photos Courtesy Author

Doers of good who are fast with a gun are somewhat in the minority at any time. In Joe's day and age they were extremely rare

"GUN FIGHT! Gun fight!" The words spread like a prairie fire in a high wind. Tension was thicker than the dust from Main Street in the little town of Comanche, Indian Territory.

"That big barrel-bellied deputy and a two-gun squawman from Duncan are ridin' this way to kill Buckskin Joe! I just now got word to him!" A rider on a panting, sweaty horse pulled up in front of a few men standing in front of a grocery store.

As the grapevine spread the news over town, the crowd grew bigger and moved into the street under a big shade tree. "They're gonna lay a trap! One of them will get Joe to face him, then the other one will plug him in the back!"

For over a year it had been no secret that Joe Works' days were numbered if the tougher element in that part of the Territory ever caught him when the odds were right. Buckskin Joe, as he was commonly called, had been active in his fight for the underdog—the little men, the homesteaders—against the few who ruled with a gun.

The chips were down that day. Joe's hand had been called. The 1880s in that section of the country saw far too much authority placed in the hands of the wrong men. As word spread over town of the impending trouble, kids were herded inside and told to stay put. Some husbands and fathers stayed put with their offspring. More venturesome fellows hurried to the big shade tree.

After a few minutes' wait two horsemen were seen coming at a good gait. "It's them!" someone in the crowd yelled. "Wonder where Joe is?"

The two would-be killers pulled their mounts to a stop and looked over the crowd. The 250-pound deputy spoke. "Somebody tell that meddlin' devil to get his gun. We're waitin'."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when George Grider, a young man who later married Joe's daughter, Dixie, walked up to him. "If you're the men from Duncan gunning for Joe Works, I've got some word for you," Grider said. "Mr. Works is not looking for trouble, but he said tell you fellows that he is waiting down the street. That's him right by that well curb. He's holding a .44-40 Winchester that looks like it's ready. I just stepped it off—only seventy-five yards to him. He said come right on."

Joe, apparently unconcerned and unruffled, stood with his rifle balanced in his hands. Only a quick tilt would have the sights on the riders. He stared steadily at the two and they returned the stare for a few seconds, then looked at each other uncertainly.

There was a guffaw from the bystanders. Some of the more timid moved back behind the others, but the crowd held its ground and a few jeers broke out here and there. Dark frowns from the Duncan deputy and the squawman were intended to shut up the noise but the way Joe calmly stood there gave the townspeople extra assurance. "You're two to one," one man spoke out loudly. "What you waitin' on?"

Actually, to the two "badmen" that hole in the end of the .44-40 was looking bigger and they were feeling less tall by the second. With a curse the pair wheeled their horses and galloped back to Duncan.

IN later years those present recalled that incident as one fight Buckskin Joe won without firing a shot. While he was never classed as a gunslinger, Joe Works was a man without fear. Guns and gunfire were nothing new to him but a reputation as a gunman was something he did not want.

At age thirteen he had joined the Union Army in Iowa. It was during this time that he acquired the nickname, Buckskin Joe—one that stuck with him throughout his life. At the end of the Civil War he roamed over a large part of the country, landing in Texas in 1883. He soon became intensely interested in Indian Territory. His dream was to organize a large colony of settlers in Oklahoma. The soil was fertile and he knew the holdings of even one of the big cattlemen would furnish homesteads for hundreds of farmers. Some ranchers and, of course, exploiters of the Indians were opposed to the idea of homestead, towns, churches and schools.

In 1887 Joe founded the town of Navajoe at the foot of Navajo Mountain. The citizens added the "e" to Navajo in honor of the founder and his leadership in getting things rolling. The first year he helped settle 5,000 people on a strip of land lying between the north and south forks of Red River. At that time it was known as Greer County, Texas. It was a

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their home in Ederville, Texas, where Joe and his wife spent their last days.

fight every foot of the way. Once, while leading a wagontrain across the Red, many of the men balked at tackling a river which they knew was filled with quicksand. Joe quickly pulled off his boots and waded across to assure them the crossing was safe at that spot.

Greer County was claimed by both Texas and the Indian Territory. When Joe and his co-founders first met at Navajo Mountain, Quanah Parker and some of his Comanche braves showed up for the free feed. Joe Works and Quanah Parker shook hands and made a peace pact which was never broken.

During his years as a colonizer he published a small paper, *Buckskin Joe's Emigrant Guide,* which he distributed over the country. Railroad excursions were run from both north and south and at the end of the line wagontrains carried the settlers to their final destination. Joe's life was often in danger from those who were opposed to homesteading, and his wife endured untold hardships and constant fear. Their first home in Navajoe was a tent. Joe built the first hotel in town and helped build the first schoolhouse there.

After getting his colony settled in Greer County and arranging for their safety and future, Joe Works moved into the Comanche- Duncan- Ft. Sill country where his troubles increased and his fight grew harder. Here again were those who opposed statehood and the entry of homesteaders. Joe's home was in Comanche during his last years in Oklahoma, and the "Court" in Duncan proved to be the biggest thorn in his side.

Each move he made for the protection of the "little man" was blocked by the Duncan gang. Once he was charged with being the leader of an insurrection by a man who handled the tribal affairs of the Chickasaws. The Indian Commissioner was petitioned to send in troops to drive out Buckskin Joe and his followers, whom they called "intruders."

Joe immediately wrote to Washington, D.C., and explained conditions in his part of the Territory. Instead of sending troops, the Government sent a committee headed by Senator Dawes to investigate. Buckskin Joe Works was declared innocent of any wrongdoing and the Dawes Commission was given power to handle all land allotments.

Even then it was difficult to weed out some of the crooks. Among the Indians and squawmen Joe was known as "The Long Hair," as his shoulder-length black wavy hair was worn in the manner of a mountain scout. His enemies tried to stir up Indian hatred by telling them The Long Hair was trying to steal their land and give it to the White Eyes. As a matter of fact, Joe gave the Indians a fair deal at all times.

A MAN with less determination and courage would have given up and gone into something less dangerous and more profitable. But Joe Works kept trying to bring in more settlers. He had dreams of seeing the Territory become a state.

The big deputy that Joe had chased out of Comanche had immediately stirred up things in Duncan. The "lawman's" father was a judge there. With perjured testimony they finally managed to bring Joe to trial on various trumped-up charges. Refusing to pay a dime of the heavy fine levied against him meant spending ninety days in the Ardmore jail.

Friends tried to put up bail but Joe refused. Several church members and a young Indian testified in his behalf but their testimony was thrown out on a technicality. For his part in being on the "wrong side," the young Indian was given a thirty-day sentence in the same jail.

An officer took the two prisoners to Ardmore by train, arriving there in the dead of night. In the jail it was pitch dark

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The beginning of Navajoe. The tent is where Joe and his family first lived.

CLOSED DOORS AND OLD BOTTLES

By GRACE KENDRICK

Here's how to be a detective with a bit of glass and enjoy a new kind of treasure hunting to boot!

Photos Courtesy Author

The author discovered how long it had been since the occupant of this cabin closed the door and walked away for good.

AS you zip across the Nevada desert 100 miles an hour, anxious to leave the desolate wilderness for San Francisco or New York, you may notice wrinkles in the mountainsides. Wright Canyon, one such wrinkle, opens its mouth just two miles south of Highway 40. It is an unusually beautiful little canyon. The granite outcroppings on the hillsides look like giant building blocks stacked there by Paul Bunyan's children. Some formations have weird cavities smoothly carved into their faces by glacier action. Small plants grow in the crevices of the boulders, making lovely rock gardens to be envied by the trained landscape artist. All the vegetation seems unusually healthy and the scraggly juniper takes a lovely conical shape like a stately arborvitae.

Where the road crisscrosses the creek, you see sections of the terra cotta pipe which once carried the water out of the canyon, across the valley and to the water taps of Lovelock, twenty miles away.

In the bottom of the canyon the groves of quaking aspen trees are orangish-yellow. Springing from their feet are brilliant red blotches produced by dogwood leaves. Choke cherries cluster together and add large patches of purplish-red to the landscape.

After five miles of traveling up the canyon, the terrain gets more steep and rocky, and even the most skilled driver is forced to abandon the jeep and walk. You wind your way along the creekbed and notice the moss-covered rocks, watercress, fern, columbine and wild peonies.

Finally the canyon branches off into two forks leaving a little basin between. On this protected shelf, almost hidden among the bushes and willows, are the eleven log cabins which we came to see. They are made from poles of the quaking aspens which grow all around them. Most of them had flat sod roofs which have caved in from the weight of winter snows and become a green carpet in a roofless home. A wild rosebush grows up through the toilet hole and fills the doorway of one of the old outhouses. Native currant and gooseberry bushes had been dug and replanted beside the home of some ambitious housewife.

My guide who "discovered" this picturesque place while deer hunting, continued filling my ears with tales of old-timers concerning this settlement. The

story was related of the Mormons settling here "way back when—," and of their having dug a hole clear through the mountain in futile search of gold. It told of their closing the doors and walking away from the log cabins when Brigham Young issued his proclamation recalling all the wandering members of his tribe to Salt Lake in 1857.

I HAD gone there to collect old bottles. An old bottle is one thing that won't rot, decay, cave in or disintegrate with age. It also can tell a more accurate tale for history than an old-timer's memory.

The romantic Mormon adventure lost its claim to authenticity as we gathered up the bottles which had been left in an organized dumpsite beside a rocky cliff on the edge of the community. Some whiskey bottles which were from Roth and Company of San Franciso had a capping mechanism that works like a nut and bolt. The lip is threaded on the inside to accommodate a cap which screws into the mouth of the bottle. This innovation in capping was invented in 1902. (Besides that, Mormons don't drink.)

We found a Durkee Mayonnaise jar which had turned purple from being exposed to the violet rays of the sun. Glass which allows this phenomenon to take place was produced between 1880 and 1916, when it was a common practice to use manganese as a decolorizer.

Beside one of the cabins we found a pit where one neat household had buried its garbage. At the bottom of the hole, machine-made bottles were mixed with bottles which had been blown by the power of a man's lungs. This gave us the information that the vessels had been placed there in the early part of the 20th Century. In 1900 Michael J. Owens, an apprentice with Libby Glass Company, invented the bottle-making machine. It took about twenty years before the man-made bottle became a rarity in the American home.

I searched along the mountainside and up the canyon to the mine shaft, hoping to find some broken pieces of glass which would indicate Mormons had been here before 1860. A bottle of that period would probably have been produced of a very dark glass, deep brownish-green in color. Fragments of this old glass would contain air bubbles and might have tiny waves on its surface produced by the wooden molds. The lip of the bottle would be crudely formed without the use of a mold; the base would show a shallow depressed circle with sharp scratchy edges, called a "pontil mark." I found no such evidence.

As we left this cool 6,000-foot high Shangri-La, I felt confident of the information which the garbage dump had divulged: People lived there between 1900 and 1920, built those homes, drank coffee and strong whiskey, smoked tobacco, cured their ills with patent medicines, and raised little boys who played with toy trains.

Appendix

To quote Bill Nye, "The idea of an appendix to this work was suggested by a relative who promised to prepare it, but who has been detained now for over a year in one of the public buildings of Colorado on a trumped-up charge of horse-stealing."

In truth, it was my husband who had no faith in my archeological detective work and insisted upon what is described as "added matter which is not essential to its completeness."

Here are the facts diligently dug out of the historical records in the libraries and courthouses of the State of Nevada, and picked from the minds of several eyewitnesses who were there at the time:

It all began in 1902 when Jimmy Dunn, a judge from Winnemucca, found on the eastern slope of Indian Peak "the largest slab of silver ever found in one piece." This piqued the interest of Jack Wright who was a mining engineer working at that time for Pullman Car Company of Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Wright discovered that a gold and a silver vein crossed each other near the top of Indian Peak. He decided to dig a tunnel straight into the mountain below the apex of the two veins, so that the ore could be brought out and shipped down Wright Canyon to the Southern Pacific Railroad in the valley below.

To finance this venture, the La Toska Mining Company was formed. The entire capital stock of the La Toska Mining Company was owned by the Humboldt Consolidated Mining Company who had offices in Chicago, Illinois and Oreana, Nevada, and who recorded their capital as $1,500,000. Many of the stockholders were key men of the Pullman Car Company.

About 1910 the work began. Log cabins were built and hired help came from nearby mines such as Star Peak, Rye Patch and the Arizona.

It took six years to cut the 3,000-foot tunnel. According to Weed's *The Mines Handbook*, in extending the tunnel two veins were cut which showed gold-silver ore running $8.00 and $10.00 a ton. The main vein was cut in 1917 at a depth of 1,345 feet. Mining on it began in 1918, and the management announced plans to erect a mill. By 1918, $73,626 had been spent on the mine. No returns were recorded after that year.

"Scotty" Scott of Lovelock, who acted as mailman as well as assayer, describes it this way. "It was discovered that the veins had changed their courses. I don't know whether the gold vein ate up the silver vein, or the silver vein ate up the gold vein."

Concerning the Mormon story, Mormons were the pioneer settlers of the State of Nevada, and the fact that they were interested in prospecting is confirmed by the records that William

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The whiskey bottle (above) with threads on the inside of the lip was made in 1902 or a little later. A trash dump, like the one below, holds many clues to the history of a community.

Kitty Wilkins

Idaho Historical Society

THE GOLDEN QUEEN

By HARVEY ST. JOHN

WE had been riding north from Battle Mountain for several days. It was getting late in the summer, and we had figured that we might get on with some cow outfit for the fall roundup. We were not having very much luck, however, as most of the outfits were either full handed or we were about a month too early.

It was along in the afternoon and we had not had anything to eat since early morning. Ranches were far apart on the Idaho-Nevada line in those days. We knew we were getting in the vicinity of Jarbidge and that was all, as neither Davis nor I had ever been in that part of the country before.

It was horse country, we could tell, and we were beginning to wonder what kind of outfit we would find next when we came to a road leading toward some corrals and ranch houses a couple of miles away. The road took us down through a creek and up the other side.

When we were getting in close to the corrals, a rider came galloping toward us, and we could see that it was a woman —a beautiful, golden-haired, blue-eyed blonde. Her horse was the same color as her hair. The saddle was mounted in silver and gold, as was the bridle and all other trappings. She was, from all appearances, between thirty-five and forty years of age.

When she reached us, she gave us an inquiring look and I asked, "Can you tell us where we can find the boss?"

She looked at me steadily a moment. "I am the boss."

It left me speechless. We were not prepared to find a woman running a big spread of any kind. Then she asked, "Are you boys looking for a job? If

"If a man weren't a good rider when he went to work for Kit Wilkins he was a good rider when he left or he wasn't riding at all—unless in a hearse"

you are, ride in to the ranch and when I get back we will talk it over." With that the Palomino was off.

Davis seemed hesitant. "Do you think you would like to work for a woman?" he asked.

Then we talked it over and decided to ride on to the ranch and see what the outfit was like, anyway.

At the house we tied our horses to a hitchrack, and went to look for a drink of water. Through the open cookhouse door, we could see a man of about sixty-five sitting drinking a cup of coffee at a long table.

"Come on in, boys," he said, "Might as well have a cup of coffee while you wait for Kit."

He filled our cups, got out a plate of cookies, and asked, "Come far?"

We mentioned that we were from around Battle Mountain and he volunteered that his name was Jess Campbell and that he had worked for Kit for several years.

When we asked if Kit was the foreman, he snapped, "Foreman nothing! She is the boss. Haven't you ever heard of Kit Wilkins?"

We had heard of the Wilkins Company, all right—the Diamond outfit—but I had always thought that Kit Wilkins was a man. Frankly, I was not expecting one of the biggest names on the range to be a very good-looking female.

WHEN we went to work for Kit Wilkins in 1912, I was only seventeen years old; however, most people took me for around twenty. Davis was about eight years older than I, and we thought that riding for a big horse outfit would be fine.

After Kit came in we talked it over and she agreed to pay us the going wage of $40 a month and board. Most of her riders were working out of the other ranches so she thought it best for us to work there with Campbell for a while until we became familiar with the set-up.

We didn't know it at the time, but we had just hired out to the hardest-riding outfit west of the Mississippi River, because Kit Wilkins was the "Horse Queen of the West."

She was said to have had as many as 20,000 head of horses on the range, but I never knew her to have over 5,000 at any one time. She claimed every unbranded mustang, however, from the Humboldt River in Nevada to the Snake River in Idaho, and from the Goose Creek country in Idaho to the Owyhee River in Oregon.

If a man weren't a good rider when he went to work for her, he was a good rider when he left or he wasn't riding at all—unless in a hearse.

She had a contract with a firm of horse buyers in the East to furnish six carloads of broke horses every two weeks; and as a stock car held twenty-six horses, we had to break 156 for every shipment. That meant taking the rough off of them; consequently, we were riding broncs all the time.

This went on for several years, and many Wilkins riders became among the finest in the world. Some rode in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show; others took top money in rodeos all over the country.

Some of the better known riders, many of them before my time, were Walter Scott (better known as Death Valley Scotty) who, before he became famous in mining, rode for her and later for Buffalo Bill Cody; Jess Coates, who rode before the King and Queen of England at a command performance; and the famous Hugh Strickland, Champion of the World several times.

Lee Strickland, Hugh's brother; Jack Coates, the brother of Jess; and Harrison Davis, better known as "Jeff" Davis, were fine riders, too.

EVEN though I only actually worked for Kit Wilkins about one and one-half years, she was my friend the rest of her life. She encouraged me to get into better things, to get an education because, as she put it, "My boy, you will be here many years after the last mustang has trotted up the last chute."

Years later I spent the holidays with her several times, and she would be waiting as my train pulled into the station. Her greeting was always the same, "How is my youngest bronc rider?"

Kit was one of the most colorful and picturesque characters of early western history, and in her youth one of the most beautiful girls in the West. In the days when she took her horses to market in Chicago and Kansas City, mannish attire for women was unknown. The sight of a beautiful blonde, dressed in modish fashion, personally selling her stock and having a complete knowledge of each horse's good points, created a furor.

While in San Francisco sixty years ago, she was a guest of the city, and was accorded the Palm for Beauty. As the toast of San Francisco, she was given many titles—"The Horse Queen of the West," or "Queen of Diamonds," because she owned the Diamond Brand. But the one I always thought fitted her best was "The Golden Queen."

One of her regular customers was the United States Cavalry. Once I asked her how she got started in the horse business, and she told me the following story:

"When I was about fifteen years old, two friends of my father each gave him $20 to be invested for me. He bought a little filly for $40, and *from* the increase all of my bands have come." What she really meant was that the little filly got her interested in the horse business.

In those days the country between the Humboldt River in Nevada and the Snake River in Idaho was alive with wild horses. They belonged to whoever caught and branded them. Kit Wilkins was a good business woman and had the foresight to see the possibilities of future horse markets. So she had her brand registered, organized a group of riders, and went into business.

In due time she laid claim to all the unbranded horses on the Diamond Range. According to my calculations she must have made over $2,000,000 during her lifetime.

She hired the best riders to be found, and ruled them with an iron hand. Anytime a rider got out of line, he was run off the range and out of the country. Many were hard, rough characters. There are still old barber poles in Mountain Home and Glensferry, Idaho, and some of the Nevada towns where folks will point to bullet holes that were put there by Kit Wilkins' riders.

But they all respected her, and backed into a corner fast when she spoke her familiar, "What have you been up to, you

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Three Creek, Idaho in 1915 where Kit Wilkins often ranged horses.

Courtesy Author

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From left, Dolph Nevares, John Mills and Shoshone Johnny as they appeared years ago at the time of this interview.

Anyone who'd choose to live in a frying pan is bound to be a character.

Meet a trio of

DEATH VALLEY'S AUTHENTICS

By HARRIETT FARNSWORTH

Photos By Author

DEATH VALLEY—just the name evokes thoughts of Indians, the rugged '49ers struggling across its sun-scorched glistening wasteland, fabulous boom towns, echoes of the rumbling wheels of twenty-mule team wagons, its desert rats and prospectors.

The heat, the height, the depth, the fantastic beauty of Death Valley are there to stay but the unforgettable and colorful characters who called Death Valley home for fifty years or more, are fast passing. I found only three at the time of my visit: Shoshone Johnny, Patriarch of the Panamints; that venerable Castilian, Adolph Nevares; and charming Johnny Mills who said his hands had been pushed deep into the pockets of the Pacific Borax Company.

Stoic, white-haired Shoshone Johnny, eldest of these three, was born in the Death Valley country, and recalled seeing the '49ers. Hidden on a rock ledge above them, he wondered about the white people —what they wanted, where they were going, where they came from. "Valley no good for white man," he said, brushing the incident aside.

Johnny did not know his exact age. "Hund'ed—mebbe hund'ed twen'y, las' white man tell me." Then he turned his back muttering, "Tha's 'nough, now."

I learned that Johnny was once Medicine Man for his tribe. He was held in high esteem until he made a second mistake. Perhaps his chants, sing-sings or herbs failed to cure a sick patient. Anyway, Johnny suddenly disappeared from the Valley—because if a Medicine Man makes the *third* mistake, he can be dealt with harshly. Johnny didn't intend to take that chance.

When the Government granted the Indians an income, Johnny appeared on the scene to become the oracle of old. He would never speak to a "paleface" in front of the bucks and squaws at the Indian village. When I cornered him at Furnace Creek Ranch, holding out a silver coin and mumbling a few words in Spanish, he condescended to answer a few questions. For an extra coin he reluctantly posed for a picture, then abruptly turned his back, saying, "Tha's 'nough, now," and disappeared through the dappled shadows of the palm trees.

Shoshone Johnny had lived through the Valley's boom town history and, in 1905, had picked up the first gold at a spot later to become fabulous Rhyolite. Johnny had missed being a millionaire by selling his rights of discovery to Bob Montgomery for a pair of overalls and two shiny silver dollars.

Johnny might have been wise, after all. In five years the boom at Rhyolite was over. Picturesque miners and notorious gamblers moved on; buildings fell into decay. Rhyolite was dead—a ghost town.

Still in his prime, Johnny stalked back to his tribe carrying an ironic reminder of his lost wealth. The mine he discovered and lost was named the Montgomery-Shoshone. And the old Indian gained distinction in another way. He lived to be the oldest man in Death Valley. Johnny was proud of this and the fact that he had never taken part in any of the Indian raids on white settlers in the Valley. What was finding and losing a fortune?

Years had settled lightly on the broad shoulders of this Patriarch of the Panamints. When the summer heat clamped down, Johnny moved his tribe to cooler mountain areas. At the first hint of autumn Johnny, silent yet gregarious, returned to his Death Valley haunts—a striking example of an almost extinct way of life.

SEVENTY-FIVE-year-old Dolph Nevares, soft-spoken, slight of build and retiring in manner, was born in Ontario, California. His introduction to Death Valley was not a pleasure jaunt or a prospecting trip. He volunteered to go there on an errand of mercy.

Jimmy Dayton had left the old Greenland Ranch in Death Valley and had been gone for days. When word reached Daggett, California (a Death Valley supply stop), Frank Tilton and Dolph Nevares volunteered to lead a search. They set out on a blazing hot August day in 1898. Their quest ended near the Eagle Borax works. Death Valley's mighty triumvirate, heat, desolation and panic, had claimed another victim. The little dog that had led Dolph and Frank to his master's body slumped on the hot sand in the sparse shade of a mesquite tree, a pitiful bundle of bones.

There was no time for a fancy interment. Dolph and Frank returned to the Greenland Ranch and from boards pulled from a building, made a coffin and went back to bury Jimmy Dayton. A shallow grave was laboriously dug in the sun-baked, salt-soaked earth, and Jimmy Dayton was laid to rest. When the

Dolph Nevares and Frank Tilton buried Jimmy Dayton at this spot, August 14, 1898.

last rock was piled on his grave, the farewell service was: "Well, Jimmy, you lived in the heat, you died in the heat, and we reckon after what you've been through in Death Valley, you'll find hell a right comfortable place."

Regardless of this grim experience, Dolph Nevares felt a strange affinity for the desolate Valley. While resting up at the old Greenland Ranch, later known as Furnace Creek Ranch, Dolph was offered the job of overseer and accepted it. He scouted about and 1,000 feet above the Valley floor, in the brooding shadows of Funeral Mountains, found a place he wanted to call home. On the hillside hot water bubbled up shoulder-deep in several pools. It was still the Indian's favorite campground but Dolph eventually held a clear title to the only privately owned homestead in Death Valley Monument.

Boom towns, of course, began cropping up all around him. Dolph took little stock in them or the gamble of prospecting. Trails were needed to mining sites which would cut the long, hot hours of travel. So Dolph bought a team and wagon and, alone, blazed many of the trails leading over almost inaccessible mountain passes. One was to the Lee Mine up in the Funerals, a pick and shovel trail. Hard, back-breaking toil often was lost in an hour when flash floods roared down the Panamint or Funeral Ranges. Weeks and months of work went for nothing.

When the boom towns emptied their bulging pockets of gold, and the rough-and-ready miners, prospectors, girls and gamblers moved on, Dolph's energies centered on his homestead, Cowcreek Ranch.

Ditches, dug by hand, brought hot water from the pools on the hill. The cabin was built of lumber torn from an old boarding house up at the Lee Mine. In time hand-dug open ditches enclosed several acres around his cabin. Then he planted cottonwood sprouts, small palm trees, athols, and encouraged the abundance of desert growth already there—mesquites, arrowbush, desert holly and flowering water-loving plants that crept in. Later he ditched water around the only garden in Death Valley and planted apricot trees, fig bushes and several rows of grapes. Besides the usual vegetables, he cultivated melons. "But I discovered," Dolph said with a wry grin, "that coyotes also liked melons and always beat me to a ripe one. The birds loved fruit but, with them, I always managed to get my share."

As we strolled about this charming oasis in the Funerals, sun shadows played tricks with the shimmering salt beds down in the Valley. Birds sang and chirped in the bushes and trees about us—defying the hottest and lowest place in the Western Hemisphere. Timid desert creatures scurried in the bushes as we walked back up the hill to his cabin.

Cowcreek Ranch has since changed hands. Its abundance of water was needed down in the Valley, and Dolph, too old to live there alone, retired to a neat little cottage in San Bernardino. When he was past ninety years old he told me with a twinkle in his eyes, "You know I'm amazed at myself. Why, last year, I attended Death Valley Days and had a grand time!"

EIGHTY-TWO-year-old Johnny Mills laid claim to being the oldest old-timer, not Indian, within 150 miles of Death Valley. Slight of build, keen gray eyes dancing with humor, he hit a few of the highlights of his fifty-one years in the desert.

Born in a Grass Valley mining camp in 1865, Johnny Mills was a charming ornament at Furnace Creek Inn, living in luxurious surroundings at the expense of the Pacific Borax Company, because as he said, "My hands were deep in their pockets for forty-seven years."

Adventure was in his blood when he made his first prospecting trip into the Valley, searching for the lost Breyfogle Mine. "Of course I didn't locate it," he said, "but I stayed in and around the Valley and saw one historic boom town after another pop up like so many mushrooms: Tonopah, Randsburg, Goldfield, Ballarat, Skidoo and that wild Panamint City when it was known as Post Office Springs."

Johnny took little interest in gold digging. His shrewd eyes were searching out rich borax deposits. But he found that some of *his* big discoveries had already been patented. However, upon investigation, he found also that some of those *patented* discoveries didn't have a leg to stand on. They had been patented under the Placer Act, and that patent didn't hold under the Ledge Loder Vein.

When Mr. Mills brought these facts to the attention of the borax mine holders, it was then that he got on the payroll of the Pacific Borax Company. "I was on it steady all those years," he said. "On the job every day summer and winter—except when I decided to play a little up at Randsburg. Sometimes the likker and the heat didn't mix too good and—well, I'd forget to come back to the job on time. Made little difference. The Company always interfered with my fun, though. They'd send somebody up to see that I got back to work."

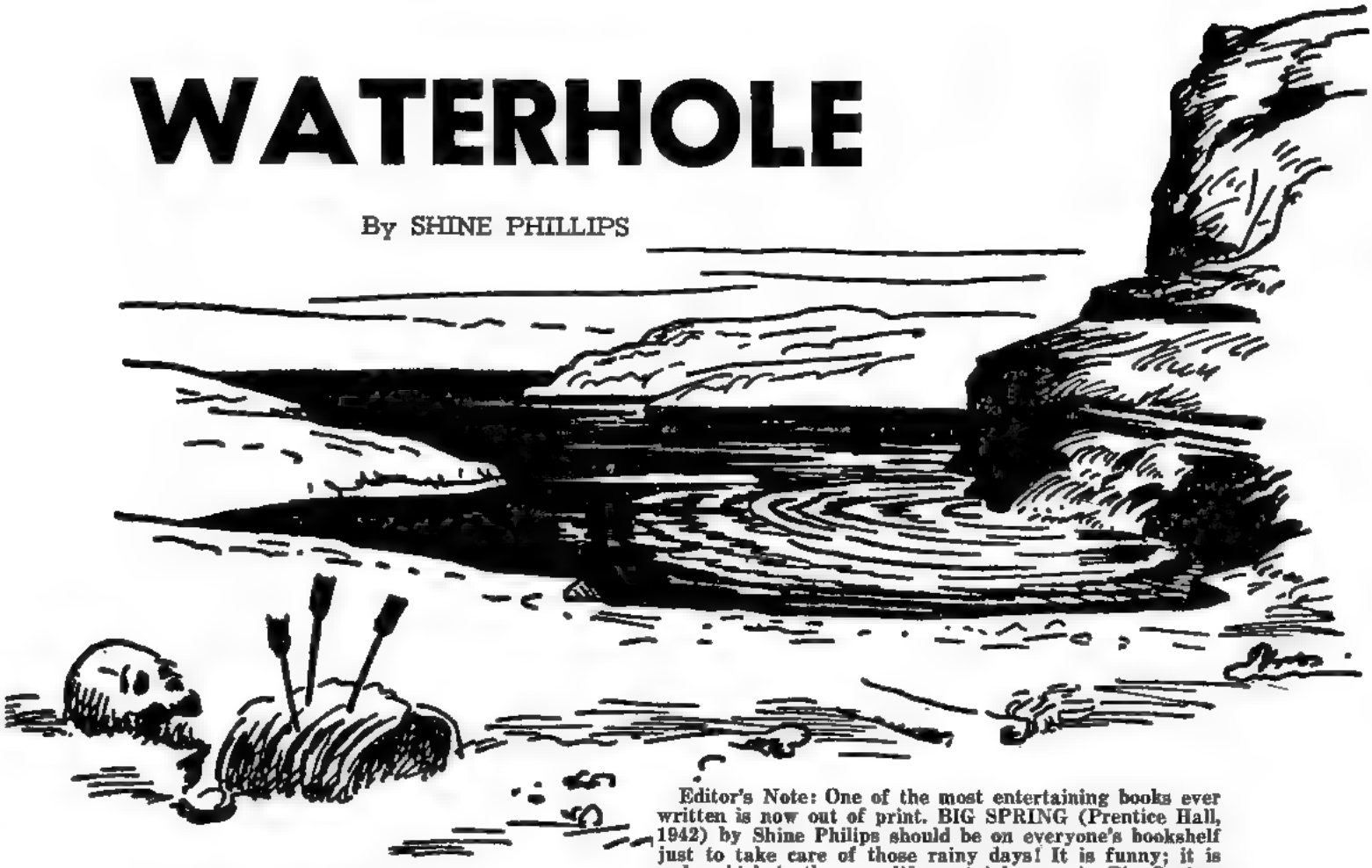
Apparently none the worse for these periodic binges, Johnny Mills located more than a half dozen rich borax deposits. Recalling the terrific heat of the summer of 1898, he said temperatures soared above 136 degrees in the shade—and there wasn't any shade.

(Continued on page 65)

The shimmering salt beds of Death Valley as viewed from the Panamint Mountains.

WATERHOLE

By SHINE PHILLIPS



Editor's Note: One of the most entertaining books ever written is now out of print. BIG SPRING (Prentice Hall, 1942) by Shine Philips should be on everyone's bookshelf just to take care of those rainy days! It is funny; it is sad—which is the way life certainly was in Big Spring, Texas in the days of long handles, pill rollers, saddlebag parsons, barbershop bathtubs and cherry phosphates.

Other excerpts will follow, but not necessarily in consecutive issues. Part will appear in TRUE WEST and part in FRONTIER TIMES (we couldn't decide which should be the lucky magazine if we confined it to one!).

A FELLER came moseying into my drugstore the other night—a stranger to these parts he was—looked like he'd been dumped out of an airplane that was grounded on account of the weather. We had right smart weather that day. At two o'clock in the afternoon it was 90 degrees in the *shade* and the shade *durn* hard to find. Long about dark a sandstorm roared in, a real humdinger. At ten o'clock sharp we had some free electrical fireworks, with sound effects in the sky like the world was coming to an end. Then we had a hailstorm with pellets as big as a hen's egg hitting the roof. This was followed by a waterspout that lasted maybe half an hour, and then I'll be John Brown if we didn't have a dry norther that would send you hunting for your long ones. And the sand began to blow again. Must have come from way over in New Mexico because the mud was ankle deep around here.

Somewhere along the line in this full house of meteorology, one of our most revered modern conveniences had to make a forced landing. Well, this feller—I reckon he was heading for California—was plumb disgusted.

"What kind of a so-and-so place is this?" he griped. "One minute I need air conditioning; the next I need an overcoat."

"You don't like our weather?" I asked him.

"I do not," he said, grim-like.

"Well, I'll tell you," I said. "You just hold your horses and wait a minute and it'll change."

He looked kind of miffed. "That doesn't answer my original question," he said. "Where am I?"

"You're in Big Spring, Texas," I told him. "The biggest little town in the U.S.A."

"It that so?" he said sarcastically. "Give me a chocolate ice cream soda. My mouth is full of grit."

"Maybe you ought to keep it shut," I told him, fizzing the carbonated water into the chocolate syrup. He made me tired, that feller. He looked kind of surprised, so I put two scoops of ice cream into the soda to make up for the crack.

"Here you are," I said. "We got no control over the weather, you know. Never did have. Don't reckon they do any better along that line where you come from."

"There's just one more thing I want to ask you," this feller said. "How did they ever happen to put the biggest little town in the U.S.A. in this particular Godforsaken spot?"

I'm telling you that got my dander up. When I thought what it had cost in working and slaving and living and dying to put Big Spring here, it made me mad to have anybody get flippant about it.

"That's a long story," I snapped. "A mighty long story."

"That's just what I need," said Smarty. "A very long story."

"Serve you right if I told you," I said to him, thinking that in the old days we would already be out in the street fighting it out. But I guess civilization has made us soft.

"I couldn't feel worse," he said, sucking on his straw.

So I told him.

IT looks like God kind of made it easy for Big Spring to be a town 300 miles each way from everything, and a natural jumpin' off place. If you don't know where Big Spring is, it's in West Texas in the foothills of the Caprock, where the Great Plains start running and rolling all the way north, clear through to Colorado. Nary a bush to interfere with your vision, and you can see as far as your eyes are good up there on the Baldies—rolling country, open-faced as a Waterbury watch, and monotonous as a nagging woman if you don't care for it, but it looks like you get to, in spite of yourself.

Sometimes I think it's something about the air—so clear and blue and kind of unpolluted and so durn much of it—and the space and the distance. Why, on a clear day you can stand on top of one of these little hills around Big Spring and see to hell and gone, way over to Lamesa, and that's forty-five miles.

But a town don't just up and come about. Like most things, there's always a reason for it. Out here it was water, just plain drinking water. In the early days water made or broke men in these parts and it made towns, too. Big Spring comes by its name honest. It was one of the few spots in this great sweep of country where water was available for man and beast from a spring which flowed thousands of barrels of crystal clear, cold water every hour, sort of like a miracle.

I don't reckon anybody knows how long this "Big Spring" has been attracting humans, but the spring itself is a right historic spot. A good while before the Texas and Pacific Railroad came along, it was a stopping place on the Comanche

War Trail. The Indian tribes scrapped over it. Yep, the Indians drank water too. Most folks never heard of an Indian doing anything but scalping a white man, but from what I've heard tell, the Indians were at all times in as much danger of the white man scalping them. Anyhow, the Indians were always scalping each other over Big Spring, and a few coyotes to boot. There were just a few waterholes in this whole country –Moss Spring and Big Spring being the only two in a radius of sixty miles—so it was easy to see why men and beasts fought for their rights when it came to a showdown about a waterhole.

The spring proper gushed out of a curious rock formation at the base of one of our bare mountains that towered over a "draw." In case you don't know what a draw is, it's an empty gulch, dry as a Methodist sermon 'till it rains and then it's liable to be a raging torrent that looks like the Mississippi River gone all out. Most of the time it don't rain. Well, this changeable piece of scenery was named Sulphur Draw, and the reason Big Spring got to be an honest-to-goodness town instead of a floating population around a waterhole was because in the Eighties the Texas and Pacific Railroad followed Sulphur Draw.

When the engineers surveyed the route between the hills, they ran the line along the space where it wouldn't cost too much and got a gravity flow from the Big Spring itself about two miles south of the railroad. It was just natural to follow the draw because the Indians and frontier folks had been using old Sulphur Draw for a ready-made highway long before the steel rails and concrete ribbons began to stray across the country. Sulphur Draw is the longest dry draw in the State of Texas, starting way up in New Mexico and meandering across four whole Texas counties.

Of course, there were already some people out here before the T & P started stringing its rails over this area of desolation and drouth in an effort to beat another railroad to the Pacific Ocean. People were out here for one reason and another—some of them ranching and some collecting buffalo bones and hunting and some for their health—lung trouble—and the fact that something was wrong with their records back home and they came out here because it was a longer distance between sheriffs. When the railroad came, a lot more people came to work on it, and a tent city which was mostly the hide huts of buffalo hunters got mighty full of life. Then pretty soon some of the more enterprising capitalists began to haul in lumber and build stores and houses and before you could say tumbleweed, Big Spring was a going concern.

WHEN Big Spring began to recognize itself as a municipality it had a business district that consisted of eight saloons, two general merchandise stores, one Chinese laundry, two efficient gambling houses (and the things that went with them), one drugstore with a full stock, and one kind of small drugstore, one bank, one wooden school building that was two stories high where the Masonic Lodge met upstairs, one white stone courthouse where the owls and the elected officers roosted and got to looking alike, three churches (never crowded much), and two wagonloads with equal accommodations for horses and men, only the horses were better taken care of. Each saloon had its pool hall but we had a couple of extras for fear there wouldn't be enough. We had one saddle shop that did a good business, two blacksmith shops where the horses were "re-tired," wagons repaired, and spurs sharpened.

Main Street ran kind of north and south —not too straight—down to the depot. Here there was a wooden hotel for drummers, and railroad men who made enough to stay there. The hotel was where the champion domino players hung out, and a game was always on somewhere in the hotel—but it mostly wasn't dominoes.

The business section was one block long. The lower end was in a sand pile. The upper end was topped off by the courthouse "lawn," so-called only by courtesy as it was as bare as the back of your hand, without a sprig of grass and surrounded by a wooden fence.

The buildings were all one-story affairs with plenty of space between them. The livery stables were back of the buildings, facing in the opposite direction from the business houses, for reasons of fresh air (not for the horses' benefit, but for the folks across the street who had to breathe). The water, when it rained, flowed towards the depot. The rains and the hogs were the only street cleaners we had. The main streets and the side roads were covered with horses and what goes with them.

Sidewalks were of wood, lined with hitchin' racks (long poles supported by two or three sturdy posts), and each home had a more or less ornate hitching post in front. At each end of the street we had water troughs, which were as necessary as water in a filling station is now. Mr. and Mrs. Horse had to drink too. The watering trough was the place where the population met. The estimates on the size of this population vary so much that I'll just split the difference and say that we had about 1,200, all of which knew each other.

The watering trough was one of the most sociable spots in town. Everybody got there who was out on the street, and you could drive up and pass the time of day with your neighbors while Old Dobbin filled up. Even the ladies who led a rather restricted social life due to the fact they couldn't walk on the same side of the street with a saloon—and saloons were vastly in the majority—and couldn't join in any conversations with the Hot Stove League at the drugstore, could talk about the weather and things at the watering trough. About the only other common meeting ground for the members of both sexes was at the depot

where everybody would drive to on Sunday and watch the train go through. But with the watering trough you didn't have to wait for the train.

"HOWDY do, Mrs. Perkins. Missed you at church last Sunday. Hope none of your folks was sick."

"The baby had the croup—and Zeb; my oldest—let that old piebald horse kick him. It's a good thing he's hardheaded like his Pa. Hardly scratched him. I put brown paper and vinegar on the knot, but I just couldn't get off."

"You shoulda been there. Mrs. Storey had on a new poplin with velvet ribbon on it. And a hat with feathers. I do believe she's making eyes at old man Caraway. These widows!"

"Well, he wore out two wives. Don't know what she could want of him."

"The Reverend preached a beautiful sermon. About brotherly love, it was."

"Oh yes. That is nice. I think I've heard that one."

"I heard Cass Tompkin's been drinking again. Poor Arah. She does have a cross to bear." *(Continued on next page)*

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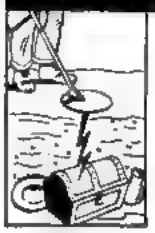

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"I don't know why she puts up with it. I know I wouldn't. His ranch is going to the dogs."

"And all those children!"

"They say the bank turned him down for a loan. I just don't know what'll become of them."

"Did you hear about Cora Fiddler? She's took to her bed."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Heard she was just a little bit off."

"No!"

"Said it was too lonesome out there on that claim. She couldn't seem to stand the wind and sand no longer."

"I could of told Arch Fiddler that schoolma'am was no wife for a rancher. She was born a city girl and raised in town. But there's no accounting what men will do for a pretty face."

Just like now, what most people talked about was each other but you wouldn't want to hear more about that. We talked about the weather, too, but it wasn't too interesting, although there was quite a lot of it. In the spring we had sandstorms mixed in with our frijole beans until we thought sand was part of the diet. The beans just didn't taste right without it. On some occasions you could not see across the street but it didn't make any difference because there wasn't much to see anyway. In the summer it was so hot and dry it would sunburn a horned frog, and we spent our time wondering how many cattle each ranch would lose through starvation before roundup time when they could start driving them or shipping them to market.

In the winter, we wondered when the next norther would hit. It wasn't so cold, actually, but when one of "them things" would come rolling off the Baldies to the north, blowing the freezing breath of the Rocky Mountains all over us, desolation would follow in its path and there would be a scarcity of coal or mesquite wood or cow chips to burn, according to what you were using for fuel in your particular circumstances. Dead cattle would cover the landscape, wherever they had drifted before the storm.

Thousands of cattle went west in these last roundups of blue northers, and when they did, they took some of our best citizens with them. The bodies of some of these men would be found in the drift with the cattle days afterward, when the storm had settled down and the skies had cleared. So you see, we always had something to talk about.

THE two large stores were really general. They carried everything that anybody could use except a good reputation and you had to make that. J. & W. Fisher's, which was founded in 1882, had its motto: "The Store That Handles Everything." Fisher's was more than a firm, it was an institution and played a great part in the development of this country. Joe Fisher was an Austrian Jew, born in the Old Country, who came to America and started to California. For no reason that anybody can remember, Joe Fisher stopped off at this waterhole and started a business, and a couple of years later his brother Will joined him. They took a long chance, and they made it, and for many years when anybody wanted to know anything or get anything, the stock answer was "See Fisher's."

The Fishers did more than furnish everything in the way of merchandise. They provided help and encouragement to the people, financed them through drouth and hard times, helped poor farmers take up the cheap land and found homes, and extended credit and financial aid to the ranching interests, though they sometimes had to carry them for years. The Fishers never demanded any mortgage except the best one there is: the word of a good man. They were the instigators of most civic moves and the leaders in charitable ones. No place was too difficult for them to ship goods to, and their merchandise was sent all over West Texas and New Mexico. One shipment of salt was sent by ox train to some far-off destination. The salt was valued at $12.50 and the freight cost $40.

Seems like in every migration since time began there have been good Jewish men whom the Lord seemed to send along to kinda finance the venture and hold it together. I think it started in the United States when George Washington got his tail in a crack and a Jew came forward and put up the money to finish the Revolution.

Nobody made more concrete contributions to this community than Uncle Joe and Uncle Bill Fisher, and they have their counterparts all over our country—good Americans who always come forward when the time is ripe and give everything they've got to save the country.

The delivery wagon from one of the stores was used for a hearse until the latter part of 1906. The undertaker was a local furniture dealer who handled everything for the home except "Mother." The graves were dug by the hometown boys. Volunteer service to everyone. We had few flowers. If weeds wouldn't grow, you know what it would be with flowers. Anyhow we tried to give to folks while they were alive.

The Corner Saloon was usually the tough one. It had a high mortality rate. The Klondyke was holding a good second until it closed. It was the village hot spot and had larger mirrors and bigger hanging kerosene lamps to amuse the cowhands when they got frisky enough to use their guns playfully. The man who owned the Klondyke bought his hanging lamps in large quantities and bought lamp chimneys by the barrel.

The wooden "awnings" were supported above the boardwalks by wooden posts until they were whittled down by loafing cowhands. Every cowhand had a good knife and every time he sat down he took it out and engraved his initials or a heart with somebody else's initials, or maybe the brand of his ranch. Main Street presented quite an art gallery of these wood carvings. Sometimes they whittled the post right in two and it fell down and the awning caved in. Then after the dust cleared away, we had iron posts, but then a bronc pitched a cowhand against the iron post and beat them up and him too.

Bronc bustin' took place right on Main Street in front of the drugstore, and since the boardwalk in front of the store was sort of low, we sometimes had to run inside and shut the door to keep a visiting bucking bronc from making the rounds.

The boardwalks with their holes and patched places were the worst place in the world for high heels, but women just had to have them, even then. Every once in a while a cowboy would get a boot heel tethered in a hole and there would be hell to pay. However, most people walked careful-like. There never was any reason to hurry in those days unless it was from a shootin' or for similar personal reasons. The streets had no lights and anybody that ventured out at night carried a lantern, but there wasn't any special reason to venture out. Law-abid-

(Continued on page 42)

MAIL TRAILS

By Dave Hopkins

IN 1884 a request for mail service was made, immediately granted, and a contract was let to one Ashton Nebeker to carry the mail on horseback from Camp Verde to Payson, Arizona. The terrain over which he and other carriers had to travel was Indian-infested mountains, canyons and forest.

Three round trips a week kept these brave men in the saddle as long as sixteen to eighteen hours daily to make the fifty-mile trip between these two settlements. Unlike the pioneer government-contract woodchopper, their callouses were not on their hands! Let it not be overlooked that they had to possess the proper mettle and stamina to hold the job.

Most times a single mail sack thrown across the saddle horn in front of the carrier was his load for the day, but ofttimes a pack horse was required, especially when the mail-order houses sent out new Spring catalogs.

After a cable became useless that had been used to cross the mail over the Verde River in flood time, Jake Weber, the village blacksmith, would take the mail across in a handmade boat. At times he appeared to be a mere dot among the black muddy waves as the current swept him down the stream.

Aside from carrying the mail, these carriers supplied emergency needs to families and ranchers along the way, such as medicine for the sick. And it wasn't unknown for the carrier to deliver a bottle of whiskey to his cowboy friends in some lonely camp in the mountains along his trail.

The contract was awarded as often as it expired until June 30, 1914, when C. C. "Tuffy" Peach of Camp Verde was distinguished by making the last trip with the mail, as was Ashton Nebeker by making the first back in 1884.

With the assistance of many senior citizens about the state and several of the old carriers, I have compiled for the Ft. Verde Museum the dates of contracts, names of contractors to 1900, and list of carriers (probably incomplete). The carriers are not listed in the order that they served.

C. C. "Tuffy" Peach

Photo by Fred W. Croxen, Sr.

OLD WEST*

FOLLOWING are the contractors from 1884 to 1900: Ashton Nebeker—1884 to 1888; W. D. Fuller—1888 to 1890; W. G. Wingfield—1890 to 1894; Alfred Fuller—1894 to 1896; Hyrum Williams—1896 to 1900.

FOLLOWING are the carriers for the period 1884-1914: Ashton Nebeker and Wiley Nebreker (brothers), Pret Gillispie, Newt Tipton, Walter Cox, Pete Davis, Clarence Hann and Ora Hann (brothers), Charles Morris, William E. Johnson, Mart Sullivan, William Goswick, Bill Lowthian, Willis D. Fuller, Hunter Wright and Burl Wright and Mick Wright (brothers).

Dock Lay, Hyrum Williams, Nott Hopkins and Dick Hopkins (brothers), Norman Palmer, Garfield Farrell and Jim Farrell and Milt Farrell (brothers), Arthur Heath and Ab Heath and John Health and Frank Heath and Will Heath (brothers), Tom Hunt, Hank Wingfield, Gene Holder, Alf Fuller, Pete Lazear, Juan Portillo.

Robert Gaddis, Dick Woods, Henry Hough, Trav Hough and Len Hough (brothers), Ross Fuller and Hugh Fuller and Hal Fuller (brothers), Joe Leavitt, Bud Miller, Hank Peach and C. C. "Tuffy" Peach (brothers), Jess Earl, Ab Greer, Ben Nail, Jim Cash, Charles Chilson and John Chilson (brothers), Dick Clark, Jim Lowthian and Dave Johnson (half-brothers), Charles Ryall, George Blodgett, Jr., and Lee Patterson.

SARAH WINNEMUCCA

By Mrs. John Cerveri

MUCH has been written about the valor, the wisdom and the farsightedness of various Indian chiefs who were a credit to their race. Very little has been said or written about their women, who either by training, natural ability, or design were equally important in the development of their tribal affairs and in furthering the cause of their people.

Sarah Winnemucca was the daughter of Chief Winnemucca of the Paiutes, familiarly known as the Peace Makers. She was born about 1844, and was called Thocmetony (shell flowers). Later the whites called her the Paiute Indian Princess.

Having a father who was noted for his respect for the white man and love of peace, it was only natural that she showed an early interest in the affairs of the whites as they related to her people.

She says in her book published in 1883, "I was a very small child when the white men first came into our country about 1845." Her father was chief of the entire Paiute Nation, which was camped near the Humboldt and Pyramid Lakes. When Captain Fremont came, he met Chief Winnemucca and the chief's father just where the railroad crosses the Truckee River, a place now called Wadsworth. Fremont became very friendly with the two venerable Paiutes and named the grandfather Captain Truckee, and also called the river after him. (Truckee is an Indian word which means "all right.")

Fremont and Chief Winnemucca accompanied an exploring party across the mountains to California. Winnemucca liked the white man's country along the coast so much that when he returned to the Pyramid Lake area he resolved to have his daughter educated in the California schools.

At this time Thocmetony was living in Genoa with Major Ormsby's family. As soon as she learned to speak English, she changed her name to Sarah Winnemucca. Before the chief died in 1859 he made arrangements to have Sarah taken to the Mission school in San Jose, but after being there only three weeks, they went home. Wealthy parents had complained to school authorities that they didn't want their children going to school with Indians.

The Paiutes were docile, friendly and inclined toward a lazy way of life. Chief Winnemucca had instilled the love of peace in them, but on occasions they fought to the death. Such an occasion happened after the two Indian girls returned to their family. They went into the hills to search for roots and when they did not return for several days searching parties were sent out to look for them. Tracks led to the house of two traders named Williams. These men had tied up

(Continued on page 58)

Sarah Winnemucca in her princess regalia

Photo Courtesy Author

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Waterhole

(Continued from page 40)

ing people stayed home and the rest of them just slept where they happened to be. All buggies had kerosene lamps, which didn't help much because the horse had enough sense to know where there was a hole in the road and he walked right around it.

HOUSES were made out of wood and the style was somewhat limited by the lack of lumber. Most of them were kind of low on the ground and had a gallery in front with posts holding it up. There wasn't any use in painting them because if you did they got sandpapered overnight. The finest ones had a parlor but most of them just had a bed or two in every room except the kitchen. Whenever the family overflowed the size of the house, we built on a lean-to. The roof of this usually leaked when it rained, but as you know, it didn't rain much.

The center of culture in town was the opera house which we thought was the last word. It had three drop curtains. One was a parlor scene, one was a street scene, and one was a woodland scene. This last was the most popular. Since none of us had ever seen any woods, it was worth the price of admission just to get a good look at a green woodland.

We didn't have any hospitals—don't suppose anyone had heard of one. The sick had to stay at a wagonyard or the hotel if they were strangers. But folks in town from the churches and the lodges didn't seem to know there was any such thing as a stranger, and they took turns "sitting up" with sick people they had just made the acquaintance of, sometimes for weeks at the time. Many of them had to buy the sick man's medicine and pay for his horse feed at the same time. Of course, this was in the days before we found a substitute for "my brother's keeper."

There were three churches in town—wooden buildings, too, like everything else, except the churches were always in bad shape. No paint on 'em and kind of rundown looking. Seems like we were so hard put to make a living we hardly ever got around to fixing up the meeting-house. The good people went to church the year round, but in the summer we built brush arbors out east of town and then everybody went to church. Everyone looked forward to the revivals when they could bust their lungs singing hymns, eat up a lot of good home-cooking and repent of their wickedness all in one fell sweep. This didn't seem to have much to do with church, which turned out to be mighty long-winded and pious in the wintertime.

Early cowhands had a sense of direction that was uncanny. When the country around here was opened up, these boys cut out across the country and hit the mark just as well as they can now by air. In fact I was talking to a pilot on one of the airlines not so long ago and he said that the old trails were still visible from above 5,000 feet. He said when he passed them he noted how direct and straight they were from one waterhole to another. They were always following in the general direction of Colorado and Abilene, Texas, or going towards Kansas. Just kind of looks like when a man really made up his mind to go West that he went regardless of the odds against him, and God only knows that these men who started across the country had many odds against them.

EAST of Big Spring is the "Old Road" that led to Colorado (Texas) where most of the lumber came from. It was shipped to Colorado by train and then on out here by ox trains with long wagons coupled together. It had to come over hills that it would be hard to make in even a modern car and then when they got the wagon on top, the hard part of it was to get the durn oxen out of the way and let the wagon roll. One hill in particular is terribly steep and the old wagon ruts show that it must have been a dilly to try to steer some dumb oxen over, pulling a string of big-wheeled wagons. Often as many as sixteen yoke to two to four wagons, loaded with lumber, moved at the speed of from three to ten miles a day. The weather had a lot to do with it and if you haven't seen any West Texas steers, I'll tell you they are mighty temperamental. Cowhands and wagon hosses carried the difference in the long whips they toted and their aim was accurate. They could hit the rear of a steer twenty feet away and where it hurt most. These long whips were great "persuaders," but a steer has only two gear shifts—one low and the other backward.

After hearing all this you probably cannot imagine just how, when, and where this country got started and it has been a mystery to everyone living in it as to why anybody ever stopped here in the first place. It has also been a mystery to all of us who have lived here so long why we have done it.

But in the many years that I have hung out in Big Spring, I have never seen one single solitary person who ever left this country that did not want to come back as soon as he could. We haven't got any trees, we have got constant wind, very little rain, lots of prairie dogs, rattlesnakes, sagebrush and sand, and plenty of doing without things that people have in other places. The local Chamber of Commerce used to offer rewards to those who wanted to go back East after having lived here one year and, so far as I've ever known, none of the prize money was ever taken up.

Still, I've never seen a single day since I've been here, that I didn't hear somebody say, "What in the hell does anybody ever live in a country like this for?" In most cases the ones who say that are the ones who have lived here the longest, and you couldn't pry 'em loose with a Gatling gun. I'm wondering why someone does not explain this to me, and have wondered about this so many years that I've nearly worn my wonderer out. I feel the same way and don't understand myself.

It may be the altitude; it may be the wide, open spaces; it may be that our fathers were lonesome and got together more often and developed a fellowship that has lasted down the years. Or it may be that the ones who came here first got together and lied to each other so much about the splendid possibilities of this, their chosen land, they were too proud to leave it. Anyway, something caused folks to like it out here, and here we are.

Big Spring in the Nineties looked like the place the Lord had forgot, where the Devil had cleared out a new range to take care of the overflow from Hell. You can't say it had a consarned thing to recommend it in the way of natural gifts, except maybe people, but I liked it then and I like it now.

When I look off toward Signal Mountain or out to the prairies and remember how it used to be—how the bald, open stretches reached for mile on mile, and the herds of antelope and wild burros and the coyotes and rattlesnakes

(Continued on page 69)

Illustrated by John R. Jones

SET FASTS AND SADDLE SORES

By LEO D. FRANKLIN

"To the dude, one saddle might not look much different to the next one... but to the guy who spends 12 to 14 hours a day in one there's a great deal of difference

PERHAPS the old-time cowboy wasn't the World's Champ where arguments were concerned, but he certainly was well up among the top ten. For unless he was verbally engaged in a difference of opinion he just didn't have much to say. He wasn't particular about the subject matter, so long as it furnished a good, hot discussion, but a favorite topic of dispute around lonely cow camps had to do with saddles.

A phenomenal feature about these saddles was that every man in camp owned the best one ever built. Even though one might be casting secret covetous glances at the newer, more elaborate, or more expensive rig of his friend, he would have died before he'd 'fess up to it in an argument.

The cowboy was a dedicated and loyal supporter of brand-names and trademarks. When he found a saddle he especially liked, its maker usually had an unswerving drumbeater for life. And during the latter days of the open range there were about as many different brands of saddles as there were saddlemakers. Collins, Porter, Clay, Welder, Meyers, Seigler, Hyer, Keystone, Cogshell, Mann, Bacon, Houston—all had their followers.

Enthusiasts often became so embroiled in praising the virtues of their respective equipment that they, themselves, were saddled with its brand as a nickname. As a result most cow outfits had at least one "Ol' Hyer," "Ol' Cogshell," "Ol' Porter," etc. Usually these nicknames lasted only as long as the puncher stayed with the same outfit. But if he gained such a nickname in an area where his brand of saddle wasn't popular, he might wear it for life.

Most saddles came in a wide range of tree styles, but all used one of three different types of rigging—centerfire, three-quarter, or double-rig. These designations were determined by the position in which the cinch was anchored to the tree.

The centerfire was rigged by two straps of equal length, with a cinch-ring between them, attached to either end of each side panel. This draped the cinch back around the soft barrel of the horse instead of forward around the more solid section of the rib-cage. Unless it was tied on with both a breast-strap and breeching (usually called britchin') one could never be sure, when roping, whether the saddle would remain upright or turn under the horse's belly.

The double-rig hung two cinches. The front cinch was moved forward on each side panel and a flank-cinch, buckled to hang loose, was attached farther back. This is the most popular type of rig in use today. The three-quarter rig swung the cinch about half way between the positions used by the centerfire and the double-rig and could be used either with or without a flank cinch.

Most cowboys hated to ride a saddle with a britchin', probably because it made their pony look like a plowhorse with the harness still on him. On the other hand, most of them liked a breast-strap. It seemed to "dress up" a saddle and, at the same time, prevented it from working back in rough mountain riding.

The breast-strap was adopted from the European riding rig which included the martingale. But as far as the cowboy was concerned the martingale might well have stayed in Europe or in the eastern United States. After crossing the Mississippi its use was relegated mainly to public shows, rodeos, parades or fairs. In actual range work it kept all the hair popped out of a horse's tail by catching on brush and flipping him head over heels. And who likes to ride a bald-tailed horse?

TO the uninitiated (that's town-talk for "dude") one saddle might look much like any other saddle. To the men who spend twelve hours, or more, each day in one there is a great deal of difference. Three principal factors determined a cowboy's like or dislike for a saddle.

One was the way it sat a horse. Some seemed to anchor themselves firmly with-

(Continued on page 57)

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Old Three Tush

(Continued from page 15)

I proceeded to unhook the chains but soon saw that Billy Boy was not in the mood for horsing around—too many people had him riled up. He was pacing back and forth and bawling in a low, ominous tone, his gray-green eyes glittering. Dad noticed it, too, and ordered me to keep him in the cage. The President nodded, whopped my shoulder, shook hands with Chee, and as he turned to go, he took one more look up at the raging silvertip.

"Mighty fine," he said again, then grinned at me and remarked pointedly, "And that silver-coated hide would look even better on your folks' living room floor!"

On February 14, 1912 the Territory became a State. I wanted to take Billy Boy down to Phoenix for the celebration but Dad wouldn't let me.

Some months later the rutting season arrived and the grizzly became exceptionally unruly. I made my regular daily check of the pen at daybreak one morning and was just in time to prevent him from escaping through a hole he had burrowed under the heavy log pen during the night. I yelled for Dad and Chee and our wranglers, and between us we beat the raging bear back away from the hole. To keep him from attacking us we overpowered the brute with cedar poles and a big tarpaulin, then tied him down with a twenty-foot trace chain. We all got hurt in the scuffle.

His savage struggling and bestial bawling put all the livestock on the ranch in a sweat of fear. Only my pleading kept Dad from shooting the grizzly full of holes. Finally the hole was plugged with a wagonload of pumpkin-shaped rocks and the pen reinforced to our satisfaction. Then we proceeded to retrieve the heavy chain. We had just worked it loose when Billy Boy gave a terrific lunge, freed himself, and leaped at Chee who was closest at the time.

The handiest weapon I could seize on the spur of the moment was a cedar pole about five feet long and four inches thick. I swung it full force against Billy Boy's head, hitting his lower jaw. He staggered, twisting his head, and Dad and Chee whopped him across the forepaws, his most vulnerable spot. To hit a grizzly across the top of its forepaws is numbing—like a ruler across the back of an obstinate schoolboy's hand. A hard blow there can even break the long-clawed prehensile bones and render ineffectual the entire front foot.

In a fight a grizzly is usually up on his haunches like a man, and he flails those long forearms all around. The trick is to strike the top of his paws as he draws them back for another blow; when he strikes out and down, the movement is too swift to be parried. The underside, or palm, of a grizzly's front paw is so well padded with leather-like gristle that it is impervious to a blow and is the beast's most powerful and deadly weapon. A single swipe from a full grown grizzly's forepaw can drop a horse, and virtually "knock a man's head off."

We all knew this, so we concentrated on hitting the top of the front paws of my silvertip. Blood and hair and slobber flew as we beat him down, half senseless with pain. We had to do it. A grizzly will fight anything and eat anything except rocks and porcupine quills; he weighs 800 pounds at full growth, is unpredictable, and frequently turns vicious in captivity even when not in a concupiscent frame of mind. I never claimed to have trained this one to be a family pet, but (especially when well-fed) he was quite trustworthy when alone with me.

During the melee I noticed one of us had knocked out his lower left tush, a tooth two inches long of which a prime grizzly has four. I sadly picked up the tush when things quieted down and we climbed out of the pen.

Several days passed before Billy Boy would touch even the best food I had to offer. I figured his lower jaw was broken. Dad had a fresh batch of homebrew going and when he wasn't around I'd skim off some of the wort and feed it to the grizzly. That perked him up some. I repeated this medicine several days before Dad caught on and booted my britches.

A week passed before the grizzly and I were pals again. The rutting season had passed, but so far as Chee was concerned, whenever he came near the pen, the grizzly immediately reared up in rage. I changed Billy Boy's name to "Old Three Tush" and warded off all advice from others to "Shoot the damn thing."

"One of these days," they said, "that grizzly will cause serious trouble."

I had ideas of my own. I was entertaining the notion that "one of these days" I would make some real "scratch" with that big grizzly brute, and my long-haired Apache friend, Chee-Rosanto, would fit right into the scheme of things.

HORSE raising had never been so good. Mexican revolutionists were raiding along the border and the U.S. Army, our biggest customer, was expanding. Horses for the cavalry and field artillery were in great demand.

I had grown to where I was doing a man's work in all phases of ranch life. I was self-reliant, proud, stubborn, and called "ornery" by some folks.

The Phoenix newspapers were our main source of news and rumors. When war broke out in Europe, people got all riled up. Quartermaster Remount Officers began coming to us, prices went up, and ranchers were making money for a change. Fast cavalry horses were urgently needed in the European armies as well as our own.

Our outfit and others pooled men and equipment and went on a wild-horse hunt that lasted five months. Every week or so, we'd cull the broomtails from the accumulated herds. We'd shoot and skin them and send the hides to the tanneries and the carcasses to other dealers. Prime broncos would be ridden till they could be tagged saddlebroke, after which the Army would buy them.

Everybody was cussing the Kaiser. The Mexican Border situation got worse, and General Pershing rode into Mexico after Pancho Villa. Our Government wanted more and more horses and most any ornery bronc would do as the demand increased. We worked from dawn to dark and Old Three Tush languished in his reinforced pen, forlorn but not neglected.

Suddenly it dawned on me that I was plumb fed up with horses—horses, twenty-four hours a day, year in and year out. I told my folks that I would enlist. Mom began to cry, but dad "allowed" they could make out somehow with me gone. Then he added, "But before you go, you shoot that damn grizzly bear!"

Chee said, "I'll enlist with you—if they'll take me."

We had a lengthy family discussion,

(Continued on page 46)

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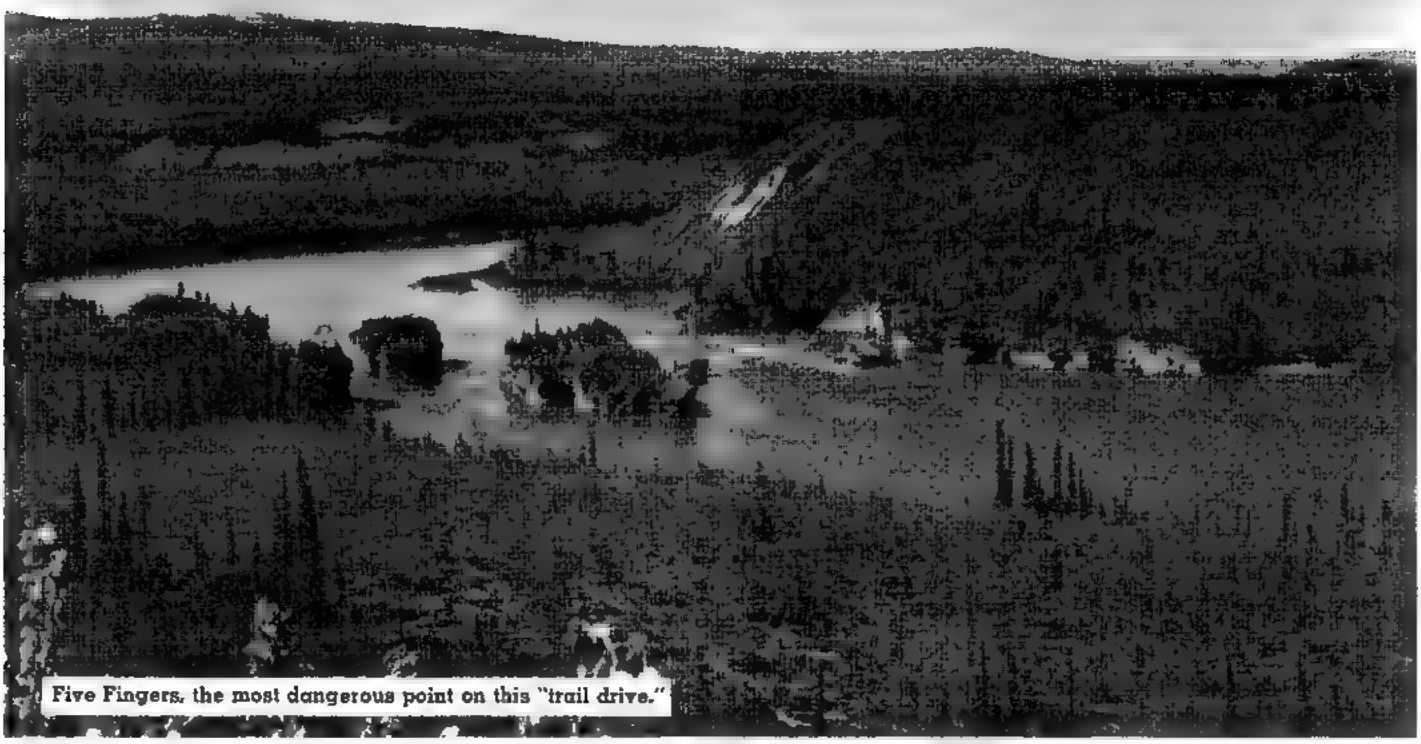

Five Fingers, the most dangerous point on this "trail drive."

There's nothing like a bunch of seasick steers and a "pilot" who can't find his own hat to make a man wish he'd never started a

YUKON CATTLE DRIVE

By ERNEST J. SHAW as told to C. V. TENCH

NOT all fortunes made in the Yukon during the Klondike rush were made by digging or washing raw gold. For those not afraid to take chances there were scores of ways of making money fast, though the odds were heavy against a man's getting through with a whole skin. I made a worthwhile stake myself by taking fifty head of beef steers overland from Bennett to White Horse, and thence by scow down the Yukon to Dawson. In those days two and three-year-old beef steers could be purchased in southern Alberta, western Canada, for an average price of $22.

In 1902, at age twenty-four, I inherited $3,000. The money released me from a job I detested, for in those days hours were long and wages extremely small. Working for the other man was a miserable business.

The White Pass Railroad had been completed as far as Bennett, and I had brought the cattle that far, traveling over 700 miles by steamer and a half-day's journey by train. With a helper, I drove the steers over the mountains to White Horse in two days. The weather was good but the traveling was not, for the young steers, frisky after long days of confinement, would keep scattering.

Monday morning found us down at the river's edge bargaining for a scow on which we loaded the animals. I hired a pilot who swore he knew every inch of the Yukon River—which later was to prove a lie—and another man to help with the sweeps.

First we had to build an enclosure five feet high around the hold where the cattle were, then put up a covering at one end to protect the baled hay, and one at the other as a shelter for ourselves.

I soon learned to use the sweeps as well as my helpers, and also learned what a tough job it is to steer a heavily-laden barge down the turbulent waters of the Yukon. We were swept along at a fast clip, and obstacles were plentiful. Making a sharp turn we would come upon a great rock thrusting itself out of the water, or a fallen tree whose branches were spread out just under the surface like a net to catch the unwary boatman.

But I looked upon the risks as a challenge, being thrilled at being on my way to Dawson, where men made fortunes between sunrise and sunset. I'd heard men were so careless with their gold dust that many dollars' worth was salvaged from the sawdust swept off the saloon floors.

Late that night we ran out of the river into a broad lake. La Barge was noted for its furious storms which would spring up unexpectedly, but I had no idea it was so large. It was three to four miles wide and thirty miles long.

WE tied up that night because we could not find the channel. I fretted over the delay, for I was in a hurry to get my stock to Dawson. Ours was not the only cattle-scow on the way downriver, and the earlier we arrived the better price our steers would bring. I began then to have doubts as to Manley's ability as a pilot. The next day and the next, we found our course only to be driven back by a terrific headwind. The third day we were joined by another scow with a cargo of hay and, favored by a fair breeze, raised our sail at noon and left the mouth of the river far behind.

Soon the breeze began to freshen and the sky became overcast. A riverboat coming toward us with full steam up, panted hard against the wind and current. As she passed, a crewman megaphoned, "Better try and make shore! A big storm coming!"

I did not fully appreciate the treacherous nature of the lake and as Manley, the pilot, agreed with me, we continued straight ahead, although the hay-laden barge began to tack. Then I saw my mistake. The wind increased rapidly, piling water into heavy waves which smashed against our boat. We were soon drenched. Too late, we endeavored to make the shore.

THE worst of all craft to handle in a storm is a sixty-foot scow, with thirty feet of almost unmanageable canvas and a hold full of frightened, stamping cattle. Neither did I like the way Manley was

(Continued on page 55)

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Old Three Tush

(Continued from page 44)

and compromised by rebuilding and reinforcing the bear pen with ten-foot high cedar poles and flooring it with more pumpkin-size rocks. Oddly enough a grizzly can't manage those round eroded rocks, but one with irregular sides he can throw fifty feet. The twelve-by-fourteen enclosure was covered with sheet metal and loaded down with stone and gravel. That would hold four or five grizzlies, we figured.

Chee and I then headed for Phoenix to sign up. I had gone several years without a haircut and my hair hung to my shoulders. The Army cut it for me and I looked like a peeled potato. Chee, whose hair was much longer, took one look and started to "go over the hill." An old time captain, formerly stationed at Fort Apache, recognized Chee and intervened. The ultimate outcome was that Chee-Rosanto became one of the few Indians in the Armed Forces permitted to wear his hair its natural length.

Then came the crowning irony of it all. We—Arizona horse ranch boys—were assigned to the cavalry and the drill sergeants tried to teach us how to ride!

We wound up in the AEF, and eventually returned to our native land, both somewhat the worse for wear. The TB bug had caught up with us. That French weather was no good for us Arizona boys.

OLD THREE TUSH, now thirteen years old, was still in his pen, bigger, fatter, ornerier and more silvery than ever. His shoulders stood up to my belt. He nuzzled me, reared up and tried to hug me, licked my face and neck; but for Chee he had nothing but a ferocious bawl.

I proceeded to revive our close companionship of former years. I'd whistle a certain way when I approached. Entering his pen several times daily, I'd talk to him—use the same commands, over and over. I fed and watered him, horsed him around, brushed and curried him as I would my favorite saddle horse.

He was as clean as could be expected after being penned up so long, but soon I stank like he did. The habit of changing to the same clothes before entering the pen was resumed, and I would not allow smoking in his immediate vicinity.

I taught him some new tricks—even to roll over and play dead. Soon I was riding him again, guiding him with my feet; he seemed to enjoy this the most.

For several months, there wasn't much else for me to do. The war was over and the demand for horses had hit zero. Only ranchers raising thoroughbreds and cross-breed stock were still living in clover. I was restless.

The former notion I had to make some scratch with Billy Boy, now Old Three Tush, revived. With Barnum & Bailey Circus, or Ringling Brothers, or the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, we and my long-haired "wild" Apache friend Chee, playing the villain, could put on a great act and travel all over the world.

I talked my idea over with Edd Haught, the game warden for the Gila-Coconino district. He in turn contacted Zane Grey, the author, who contacted a Mr. Underwood of the San Francisco Zoo. Mr. Underwood brought a Barnum & Bailey scout named Scotty to see me.

It was a big day at the old S/R ranch when the four men arrived to find out if my big silvertip would perform as claimed. My parents set up a prime beef barbecue and plenty of homebrew, and neighbors were invited.

The time had come for me to put up or shut up. I cautioned the people against smoking, then I opened the feeding chute which was about six feet above ground level. The door was barred, and I crawled into the pen as I usually did.

Old Three Tush was in a foul frame of mind and I reasoned this was due to the many people outside the pen, peering through its cracks and joking and laughing. I talked to the grizzly and he minded me well enough.

The chute gate swung inward to open and back to close, which was always the big risk I had to take, as neither the grizzly nor I could escape very easily if something went haywire. I started to show the bear off.

He responded to my commands, but seemed somewhat hesitant and leery, as if trying to make up his mind. What I failed to notice was that the B & B scout, a stinking cigar stuck in his face, had pushed the chute open from the outside and he and Chee had leaned in through the opening—an idiotic act stimulated by homebrew.

But Old Three Tush did not take that into consideration. He saw only an opening and two faces he did not like. With a terrifying bawl, he made a prodigious leap, knocked me for a loop, and made for that open chute. Chee and the B & B man were slammed to the ground and people scattered in all directions. Several shots were fired and missed as he headed for the hills.

There followed a flurry of hectic riding in fruitless pursuit, then when the brew was all gone everybody went home. "Good riddance," was the general opinion.

OLD THREE TUSH had reverted to the wild, but during the following weeks he was heard from with alarming frequency. One of my dad's prize Copper-bottom-mustang colts was found dead and partly eaten in a pasture only a few hundred yards from the old bear pen. The mother mare was severely mauled. A neighbor lost some pigs. Over in Star Valley the Jorgensons lost a calf every night for a week, even with a rifleman staked out on guard. Cattlemen in Pleasant Valley threatened to sue somebody. Sheepherders along the Rim above Beaver Valley twenty miles away complained about losses.

Old Three Tush was like a gray ghost—besides, *he knew people.* He may have had a one-track mind but he used it in the right direction. Invading scattered ranches and farms at night, he killed and ate and disappeared. Trappers with their big Number 9 doublesets, tried for him and failed. Then came the news that he had killed a solo trapper up in Long Valley, and "that Griffith boy" got the blame for it all. I had been popular; I was now notorious.

Chee-Rosanto, who had been spending much of his time with Indian veterans' affairs, moved back on our ranch. Both of us had the TB bug arrested, so we took two saddle horses and three pack horses and went hunting for the grizzly. Once we joined up with three other hunters with dogs. A week was spent combing the rugged Cibicu Canyon country and we ranged the remote Mogollon Rim country from Kinnikinick to the Cooley Ranch at Show Low. The nearest we ever came to Old Three Tush was the day we found a colt he had killed that morning. Fifty yards away we couldn't even find his tracks.

That big silvertip was already a legend and yet still in his prime. To the best of

(Continued on page 48)

William (Billy) Pickens — Harry Pearson — Courtesy Author

BOGUS GOLD RUSH

By DELMAS PICKENS

Bad advice department: If you can't find gold—manufacture some! These kids found out it spends just as easy, but the troublesome part is the getaway

MANY articles have been written and published about Gold Rush stampedes, but there was one that never got into the history books.

Two men were responsible for it. One of them was my paternal grandfather, Billy Pickens, and the other was his half-brother, Harry Pearson. Grandfather, who died a long time ago, told the story many times and had a lot of hearty chuckles over it.

In the years 1865 and '66, the gold pan and pick still held sway, and the yellow rock was king. Virginia City, Alder Gulch, Helena and Last Chance were still mining camps, but there had been no new strikes for some time and all the good claims had been staked. Newcomers combed the hills as long as their grubstakes lasted, and then either found jobs or went back East much wiser and sadder.

The Vigilantes had been formed and had cleaned out the lawless element to their satisfaction. The road agents had all been hanged or banished and Montana had been made safe for the law-abiding and more peaceable citizens.

Harry Pearson was almost a mountain man. When hardly more than a boy, he had left Iowa with a party of trappers, and had made it as far as Oregon. On his return home, two years later, he ran into a wagontrain also headed for Oregon, and was prevailed upon to guide it across. His knowledge of the country and understanding of the Indians brought him great luck in this venture, and several more times he acted as guide and wagonmaster.

The last train in which he acted in this capacity held more interest than the others, as his mother, stepfather and two half-brothers, Billy and Charley, had "wagoned up" and were heading west. On reaching Fort Laramie, there was much talk of the gold fields up north around Bannack and Alder Gulch. Most of the party decided to go there, keeping Harry as guide. The other wagons were to lay over until another train came along.

The family arrived in Virginia City during the big Vigilante clean-up. After trying their luck at mining with small success, they had split up. Harry and Billy stayed in the camp and the rest moved on to Deer Lodge Valley to try farming.

After a season of freighting from Salt Lake City, the two boys sold out and were prospecting the various creeks and bars in an ever-widening circle from Alder Gulch. An early snow and hard freeze caught them low on supplies and miles from town. The cold had driven them out of their blankets, and they were shivering over their breakfast when Harry, the older of the two, told Billy that they had better pull out, as their luck had been bad all season and they stood a good chance of getting snowed in. He sent Billy out to look for the team of oxen while he broke camp.

They had kept one wagon and a span of oxen from their freight outfit, with the idea that if they were unlucky at placering, they could, as Harry put it, "get a job of hauling." It was rather a clumsy outfit for prospecting, but they had clung faithfully to it. Now it was going to be difficult to get out. Billy, returning late in the afternoon with the oxen, found Harry in a vile mood, cursing the early snow, their bad run of luck, and winding up with a blistering oath for the country in general.

Billy noticed that the crucible was sitting over the fire and that Harry was busy with his sheath knife. On coming closer, he observed that their pitiful collection of gold dust had been emptied onto tin dinner plates and the leather pouch that held their rifle bullets had been dumped in a pile. It was on these that Harry was working.

He would pick up a lead bullet, lay it on a block of wood, place his knife on top of it, and drive it through the bullet with a hammer. Some of the bullets were left in halves; others he would cut up quite small and in different shapes, laying them aside and never letting up on his cussing. Billy knew better than to ask questions, so he hunched down by the fire to dry his wet clothes and watch the proceedings.

AFTER Harry had all the bullets cut to his satisfaction, he spilled part of the gold dust into the hot crucible, where it melted to a liquid. Then he carefully dumped in some of the chopped-up bullets and quickly poured the whole thing out to cool before the lead could melt. He kept this up until the gold dust was gone and most of the bullets had been used up. When he finished dipping and cooking, there was a sizable pile of gleaming gold nuggets. Next he scraped aside the campfire and carefully removed all the ashes down to the bare ground. Stirring up an inch or so of soil into a mulch, he then rolled his "nuggets" around in this dirt to dull the color a bit. When this was done, he had two imposing-looking pokes.

They broke camp early the next morning. What should have been a short and easy trip turned into a regular nightmare. The snow kept piling up, and the oxen could hardly wallow through. The boys took turns going ahead to break trail. One day, while crossing a partially frozen creek, one of the oxen fell and broke a leg. They abandoned the wagon and made a crude pack, which they placed on the remaining ox. One led the animal while the other plowed along behind. After several more days, they reached Last Chance, hungry, weary, and half-frozen.

Due to the early snow, most of the miners were in town whooping it up, and were on hand when Harry and Billy arrived. The ox was led down the street to a feed lot, amidst hoots and jeers of the onlookers. Harry's temper was beginning to wear thin, but he managed to keep outwardly calm. Speaking to Billy in an undertone, he said, "Damn 'em, they think they're purty smart, but you just wait! I'll make 'em feel so cheap they'll wish they'd never been born."

Harry led the way back from the feed lot to the first saloon, where he stepped inside and ordered drinks for the house. Then he tossed one of his pokes across the bar, saying, "Take it out of that."

When the bartender poured out a few nuggets onto the scales, the place suddenly went quiet, and just as suddenly broke into a uproar. Everyone present tried to elbow his way up to the gold scales. They began to shout and ask questions, such as; "Hey, fellers, look at that gold!" "Did you ever see any like that before?" "By Gawd, do you know what that is? It's new gold, that's what it is!" Another

(Continued on page 52)

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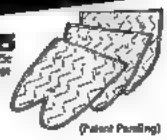

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Old Three Tush

(Continued from page 46)

my knowledge his toll was ninety head of stock killed and one, possibly two, people. One man might have died of a heart attack, and twenty of the stock kills attributed to him I believe were made by other grizzlies or cougars. All we had to do was ride over to Babe Haught's ranch, or to Lou Kohl's, for a visit, and we'd get all the latest reports about the old predator.

One morning, just as we were starting another hunting trip, we got lucky. Old Three Tush was spotted in a big patch of scrub-oak and sumac on the hillside not over a mile from our home ranch.

Chee's Winchester fairly leaped out of his saddle boot.

"No! Wait!" I yelled.

Sticking a finger between my teeth, I let go a shrill whistle which I knew the grizzly would recognize, wild or not. He reared up to full height in the brush and looked toward us. He remained that way, idly waving his arms, as we rode at a walk toward him. The wind was in our favor; he had not scented us, nor could he clearly see us. We then saw another grizzly slink through the brush and scattered pines, and disappear—undoubtedly a sow with whom he had been mating.

As we advanced I began a cheerful chatter of words and commands to hold Old Three Tush's attention. Chee had promised that he'd help me try to take the big grizzly alive.

When our horses began to snort and shy, we knew we were close enough. We dismounted and tied them to the brush. I took my lariat and hog-tie, checked the claw-hatchet looped to my belt; Chee took his ropes and kept the carbine in hand, plus a skinning knife in his belt. We cautiously spread out about twenty paces and advanced, flanking the bear. When within roping distance, down he dropped on all fours and stood his ground, bawling threats and pawing the earth. He wasn't acting natural. There was a malevolent gleam in his deep-set eyes that I didn't like.

"You're a better roper than I am," I said to Chee. "I'll horse him into rearing up again. Then you try and get him around at least one front leg, and I'll try to rope him around the neck."

"Yeah, hobble him, then stretch out and tie him up to trees. This could get *stosco*."

If our first throws were true, we stood a good chance of strangling him into submission. We could then hog-tie him. If one or both of us missed, we'd have to "play it by ear." I made an underhand toss of my Barlow pocketknife and it glanced off the grizzly's neck. He froze for a moment. He had my scent then and reared up quickly, but let forth a slow bawl as if still uncertain. We spun our loops carefully, threw simultaneously, and were successful.

IMMEDIATELY there followed the wildest flurry of action ever kicked up in the Tonto Basin. That grizzly exploded into a whirlwind, and his bawls could be heard over half of Gila County. We couldn't get him tied to a tree. We hung on to the rawhide ropes and got jerked and thrown right and left. He had us licked but we didn't dare let go. Root hog or die. This was suddenly no mere lark but a desperate fight for survival.

I tried half-loops at his legs, and always missed or got tangled up in the brush. I swung my hatchet, trying to chop his head or forepaws. It was hard to tell how much damage I was doing, but blood and stuff flew; after the hatchet handle broke, I threw rocks and sometimes scored. Chee broke his carbine and the barrel was wrenched out of his hands. He used his knife but soon lost it.

I finally got a hind leg snubbed up to the opposite front leg. Chee grabbed up his rifle barrel and swung a terrific wallop on the brute's big skull. The spasm response was horrible, but the grizzly flattened out, quivering and moaning.

How long the struggle lasted we've never agreed on, but when we finally had that bear beaten down into bloody submission, we were a gory mess and in a daze. Our hats were gone; our shirts were gone; the right leg of my leather chaps and levis were half ripped off at the crotch; and I had five bleeding claw marks from groin to knee, plus lesser scratches and bruises all over my body.

Chee had a bleeding scalp and a large tuft of his long hair lay under the grizzly's paws; his arms and shoulders were bleeding and his left hand was badly bitten. We were both exhausted, and frankly scared. I found a large part of my shirt in the brush and used it for a bandage around my leg. Chee wrapped his bandana around his head. We fixed a tourniquet above his crushed hand, and then tied it up to his shoulder to clot the bleeding.

Our horses, spooked by the melee, had broken loose and disappeared. In spite of a leg wound I was in the best shape to walk, so I limped down to the ranch barn while Chee remained with the grizzly, the barrel of his carbine held ready in case it revived.

I kept out of sight of the house so my mother wouldn't see me. The old handyman helped harness the big mule we kept around the ranch for heavy hauling and packed up a wagon tarp, a twenty-foot chain and some more rope. I crawled on top; the old-timer saddled a horse for himself, and we headed back up the hill.

Chee was rested up some, but the grizzly was still moaning. I felt sorry for Old Three Tush. We chained him up, then spread the tarp alongside and rolled the brute into the middle. We had him in the bag.

With the big mule pulling valiantly—not scared like a horse would be—and Chee riding double with the handyman, we dragged the silvertip down to the bear pen out back of the house. There was a block-and-tackle in the barn and, pressing two wranglers into service, we worked the bear through the door into the pen.

Once out of the tarp and untied, he groggily started to get up. Then Chee and I both saw for the first time that this big grizzly had all four of his tushes!

REACTION set in. We were plumb scared all over again. Old Three Tush hadn't been captured at all. That predator was still roaming the hills. The one we had so foolishly risked our hides for was a wild one—maybe his brother.

Well, we went into the bunkhouse, stripped off what was left of our clothes, and took a shower which hurt like hell. Mom and the Indian woman came and applied Sloan's Liniment, Dakin's Solution for the Sterilization of Wounds, Analgesic Balm, and bandages. We then tanked up on Dad's homebrew and rested for a while.

What to do with that blankety-blank wild grizzly was the problem. Having gone this far, neither of us felt like quitting so we sent a rider over to Zane Grey's cabin where Edd Haught usually

(Continued on page 64)

LICENSED TO [illegible]
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Photos by Author

Destructive results of the flood are well evident in the picture above. The building below was probably mayor's office. Ghostly chickens roost on roof of small shack.

Graves were fenced and recently have been planted with new trees in the family plot below.

THE FATE of OLD McCABE

Third in a series about little known ghost towns

By TOM BARKDULL

TWO STRANGE, coincidental events—one created by man, the other a caprice of Nature—marked the demise of McCabe, Arizona. The old Gladstone Mine, later the McCabe, was first discovered by John H. Marion in the 1860s. After Marion was routed by the Indians, the mine lay idle for several years until Frank McCabe began operating it in 1883.

The town was flourishing by 1897 when a post office was established. Old newspapers and magazines display advertisements indicate that McCabe and Chaparral were regular stage stops on the Prescott-Phoenix run. There were stores and saloons, and the town was wide open. By this time John Marion had become part owner and editor of the Prescott *Miner*, a fact which goes far in establishing many of the tales regarding the life and death of McCabe.

There were no reports of the mine's production during the '70s and '80s, but from 1898 to 1913 the reported yield amounted to $3,000,000. Life was full, business was good; but as the residents went busily about their daily work, Fate was already plotting the end of an era for this lusty camp.

One afternoon thunderheads began building up like enraged giants. They moved northerly over the Bradshaws until they hovered tall and ominous above Chaparral Gulch and the villages clinging to its sides. Darkness came earlier than usual due to the approaching storm.

At the same time, under the sandy channel of the Gulch, either a foreman or a level boss was stoping dangerously close to the surface. Suddenly 1,000 yards of ore and river-bottom sand let go and collapsed into the workings below, leaving a gaping hole 80 feet across. Fortunately, no lives were lost in the mine, but rain had begun falling in torrents higher up in the mountains and a flood was already roaring down the canyons.

All night the downpour continued. As the relentless head of water persisted, the cave-in became a huge catch basin. Men were evacuated from the mine swiftly, racing against the rising tide in the tunnels and stopes below. There was no time to salvage the expensive equipment which had to be abandoned under hundreds of feet of water. After the storm passed on to the north, McCabe's people came out of their houses to stare with dismay at the disastrous results below. All mining camps were one-economy towns—and this one had run its course.

In 1917 the post office was discontinued and closed forever. From that time forward McCabe was to take its place

(Continued on page 63)

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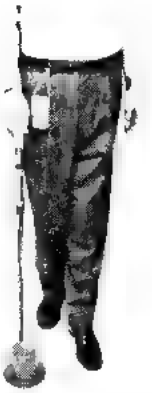

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September FRONTIER TIMES
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Ellison Photo

Indianola, looking east on Main Street toward Powder Horn Bayou.

Ghost Town by the Sea

(Continued from page 9)

Survivors were evacuated to Port Lavaca and Victoria and few ever returned. They had had enough. Feeble attempts were made to rebuild the city once more but there was no heart in the effort. The railroad was never rebuilt and Port Lavaca became the county seat.

The vast expanse of the Gulf of Mexico still rolls and tosses, restlessly and endlessly, off her coast, but no ships head in that way, for Indianola is a ghost town and has been for better than half a century. In all probability she is the most historic ghost town in Texas. A landmark in the steadfast thrust of an empire, through here once passed a flamboyant parade of cowboys, drovers, seamen, pioneers and immigrants.

Descendants of the storm's survivors hold annual meetings at the old townsite on Matagorda Bay. It has been said that of all the state's early settlements, "none lived longer, none thrived better, none died as tragic a death as Indianola."

Bogus Gold Rush

(Continued from page 47)

was heard to shout, "They struck the Mother Lode! There must be millions to look like that!"

The whole shebang wanted some of the new gold, and offered to trade their dust for the nuggets. The bartender acted as banker and carefully weighed out the gold until Harry's poke was filled with real dust, and the miners who had been "lucky" enough were now the proud owners of the nuggets.

THE NEWS quickly spread the length and breadth of the gulch, and the boys were wined and dined in the hope that they would tell the location of their fabulous strike. The next morning Harry told Billy to go to the feed lot and try to pick up a couple of horses and a pack mule, because, as he put it, "We're gonna have to get out of here and get fast if they ever find out the truth."

Billy took a circuitous way to the feed lot, while Harry openly went back to the saloons. Billy bought two riding horses and another to use as a pack animal. The two boys met in the general store to get more supplies, but in spite of their caution, the news went out that Harry and Billy were trying to pull a sneak.

Soon all the men in town began to show up with stampede packs, which they set behind bars, on top of pianos, or anyplace else that offered a chance of speedy recovery. There weren't too many animals in camp, but the ones that were there were tied in handy places all along the gulch.

"Hell," Harry said to Bill, "it looks like the whole damn camp is gonna follow once we start out of here. But we've got to leave. Maybe we can give 'em the slip."

The next morning, long before daylight, the boys quietly saddled up and started out, staying in the back of the buildings and riding at a slow walk. They hadn't traveled more than half the length of the gulch when lights began to appear and shadowy figures began to fall in behind them.

The weather had turned warm and the snow had turned to slush, which made traveling hard. Daylight revealed a long line of men, some mounted, but most on foot with packs on their backs, plodding along their trail.

The boys made camp early, in the mouth of a draw, tying their horses in a small thicket. Billy built up a fire and cooked a leisurely meal, going about the business of setting up camp as if they intended to stay several days. Their followers had all stopped a short way from them and proceeded to set up their various camps.

Shortly after midnight, Harry roused Grandfather and they cautiously gathered up part of their belongings and led the horses up the draw, where they saddled up and packed the extra horse. They swung in a wide circle around the camp and cut back toward Last Chance. After getting out of hearing distance, they set heels to their mounts and kept up a fast pace until after daylight. The boys rode wide of the gulch and cut the trail that led up to the pass and over to Deer Lodge Valley.

At the top of the pass, they pulled up and looked back to the east. Harry smiled

for the first time in days and said, "I told 'em I'd made damn fools out of 'em. You can bet that's one stampede they won't brag about."

With their folks they wintered at Deer Lodge, then the next spring all of them pulled out and settled on Lolo Creek in the lower Bitterroot Valley.

Buckskin Joe's Trail

(Continued from page 31)

and freezing cold. Joe felt his way around in the bull pen and moved slowly to avoid stepping on the inmates who were scattered about over the floor. Finally he found an unused spot near the bars and sank to his knees. As he did so his hand touched a blanket which covered a sleeping man.

Thinking he might get the benefit of an edge of the blanket to keep from freezing, he tried to slide under the edge Immediately there came a growl from a second man of whom he had not been aware.

"You've got a lot of gall trying to swipe a man's cover!" the fellow spat out. He jerked the blanket his way and Joe shivered the rest of the night. Without knowing it at the time, Joe had tried to share a blanket belonging to Al and Frank Jennings!

WORKS soon became "Uncle Joe" to the inmates and they were staunch in their friendship and respect for him. Al and Frank Jennings, as well as the O'Malley brothers, were especially considerate and took care to warn any young and tough arrival that Uncle Joe was not to be pestered in any way.

One big punk who had worked overtime to establish himself as a badman decided not to be impressed by this warning. His first night in jail he stole Joe's smoking tobacco. That jail had its "Kangaroo Court" as many others did. Morris O'Malley did the talking when it was in session.

He called all the prisoners together and announced that someone had stolen Uncle Joe's smoking tobacco. Turning to Al and Frank Jennings, he asked what they thought of such a thief. What they said could not be printed, but their meaning was clear.

"Uncle Joe has helped every man in this jail in more ways than one," O'Malley said. "Anybody that would steal from him is a dirty s-o-b." O'Malley did not use the abbreviation. "We'll give the thief a chance to make good. If he don't come across—" O'Malley looked around the room and drew his finger across his throat.

Just then the jailer appeared and shouted, "All out." The prisoners filed out into the courtyard where they were counted, inspected, and returned to the bull pen. By some hocus-pocus Joe's tobacco was returned to his pocket while they were in the yard. He reported this to O'Malley. The latter quickly announced to all present that such a trick would be mighty unhealthy if pulled a second time.

Soon after her husband's imprisonment in Ardmore, Mrs. Works sent a large box of food. This Joe divided with the other inmates. As only two meals a day were served to prisoners, the food boxes became the biggest event in their dreary life. Joe also helped with letters for those unable to write.

As the time drew near for his release, the Jennings brothers composed and signed a letter of recommendation and praise. They then told Joe he was not obligated to accept the letter since they were not considered top society by most law enforcement officers.

Joe thanked them for it, saying that he valued it highly. He went on to say that he realized some of those present had broken many laws, but in his opinion there was more justice and consideration among the inmates than there was among the men who sent them there. He added that he felt certain there was more than one man in prison far less guilty of crime than those who had pronounced sentence. Uncle Joe was given a rousing farewell the day he was released. He remembered that farewell as long as he lived.

THE CURTIS BILL was passed while Joe was in prison. Among other things it gave the town of Comanche the right to incorporate and establish local government. In the heated election which followed, the peaceful element won over the toughs two to one. Joe Works wrote the platform. This at once made him the prime target for the vindictive and dangerous losers.

His friends warned him constantly to be on the lookout, to take no chances. Joe was said to have told them that life was nothing but a big chance anyway and that he had been taking chances all of his life. He would not turn back now. One friend accused him of being just plain hardheaded. Joe agreed, saying, "I've been that way a long time. Having a hard head may have saved my life once or twice. My hard head helped me get 5,000 colonists settled in Greer County, in the face of threats. I'm going to try to stop this claim-jumping by squawmen and this business of scaring decent homesteaders out of the Territory. I hope to see justice done here before I die."

At that time no one was certain just when that might be, so the men who wanted him out of the way planned to make their big try while court was in session. This was a few months after Joe returned from his unpleasant stay in Ardmore.

A couple of tough characters facing serious charges were being tried in Comanche. A lawyer from Duncan was there to defend the two men, accompanied by a U.S. Deputy Marshal who was very friendly to Joe's enemies. When the case was given to the jury and they retired for deliberation, all those attending the trial immediately left the courthouse for lunch and other matters.

Buckskin Joe had just reached the sidewalk when a man stepped out of an alley between two buildings and slugged him in the back of the head. He then dragged Joe into the alley where he and two other assailants stomped their victim into unconsciousness. Joe's scalp was laid open and his ribs crushed.

George Grider rushed in and knocked one of the men down but was immediately grabbed from behind and his arms pinned to his sides. The Marshal drew his pistol and ordered everyone to stand back while the savage stomping continued. Suddenly John Montgomery, a big fighting Irishman, waded in with dynamite in both fists. Ignoring the drawn pistols he slugged the attackers, using fists and boot heels until two or three of them were stretched alongside Joe.

He and George Grider then carried the battered man to the nearest drugstore. Grider hurried to bring a doctor. After having eight wounds sewed up, Joe was carried in a buggy to his home. He was accompanied by the mayor and some

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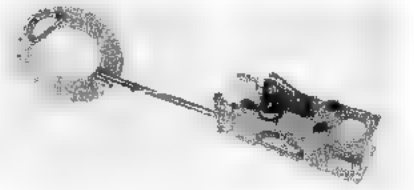

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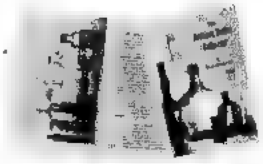

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neighbors who gathered to protect him against a possible return of the men determined to kill him.

Badly injured and extremely weak, Joe insisted that his .44-40 rifle be placed near the head of his bed within easy reach. He told those present that nothing in the world would please him more than to have some "visitors." He asked his friends to pass that word around. The fire in his eyes convinced everyone there that he would furnish the undertaker with a job if any attempt was made to further molest him.

THE U.S. Deputy Marshal had quickly arrested the would-be killers in order to keep them under his protection and away from Comanche's officers. He tried to get the mayor to agree to accept a fine from each of the men on nothing more than a charge of fighting. The mayor refused, reminding him that murder, or attempted murder, could not be settled with a mere fine. The Marshal then rushed his prisoners out of Comanche, all of them doing some wild shooting as they raced away.

Buckskin Joe's convalescence was slow and he never fully recovered from the vicious beating he had received. After many weary weeks he was able to go to town. His spirit was undaunted but his strength to carry on his fight was gone. The task was turned over to younger, more vigorous men.

Before leaving Comanche, Joe saw most of his dreams come true. Greer County was declared by the Federal Government to be a part of Oklahoma; Oklahoma became a state; and many of the grafters who had dealt him so much misery were given their just deserts. He lived to see the day when that horde of horsemen, and homeseekers in wagons and buggies, made the mad rush across the line to stake out a homestead.

Although he helped thousands to win a home in the Territory, especially Greer County, he drew no allotment for himself. During the years he put in opening up the Territory all of his income was spent on his project and he remained a poor man to the end of his days.

Joe S. Works was born in Wisconsin, February 14, 1847 and died in Ederville, Texas, October 24, 1928. He was one of the original Oklahoma Boomers. In an era when lawlessness was riding high, Buckskin Joe chose initiative, courage and determination over blood and burnt powder. The descendants of thousands of homesteaders can be grateful for his decision.

Trail of the Broken Dagger

(Continued from page 18)

and in the trunk of the tree. A few feet from the tree, like two gravestones, were two small rocks set in the ground—Dagger Dan O'Malley's grave. The landmarks Tex Taylor had told me about were cropping up one by one in Handcart Gulch.

A few days later, my nephew, Ray Snedeker of Denver, and I dug down between the stones. About four feet underground, we uncovered some old rotten poles underneath which was the skeleton of a man who had been buried with his boots on. There was a bullet hole in the forehead, and the back of the skull was shattered. Tex's story checked again.

THE WAY everything had fallen in place sort of boosted my enthusiasm again. I laid off for a few days and went into the basin where I had found the

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dagger to do a bit of treasure hunting. It was like looking for a flyspeck in a barrel of pepper.

I didn't know the right direction or how many feet from the tree to look. Also, directly across a small branch of the creek about one hundred feet from the marker tree and directly in line with the point of the dagger, the top of a ledge was sticking out of a large rock slide. At the time Jim Reynolds was there, the ledge could have been out in the open and he might have buried the loot at its foot. If that were the case, several hundreds of tons of rock had hidden it for good.

Presuming the treasure is still there, it's somewhere near this tree—but where? You could dig blindly for years, and what would it get you but a backache?

A detector is no good, as the whole country is heavily mineralized and gives the equipment fits. There is so much iron in the ground that a magnetic compass goes crazy. Anyone can dig there, however, who cares to; it's public area in the Pike National Forest. For my part, I gave up the whole idea several years ago.

Even if a man had Tex Taylor's map, giving the direction in feet and inches, he still might find an empty hole. Joe Walker, who grew up in the Platte River country and was a small boy when the Reynolds gang was operating, told me there was a rumor about a Texas sheriff, who treated a prisoner well while he was waiting to be hanged. The doomed man, who claimed to be a former member of the Reynolds bunch, drew a map and told the sheriff where to dig.

According to Walker's story, the Texan appeared in the Platte River country, stayed but a short time, then returned home. He never admitted finding the treasure, but the story goes that shortly after returning to Texas from Colorado, he retired to a life of ease. The ex-sheriff never revealed the source of his wealth, and the secret died with him.

People in the Platte River country have been hunting for Jim Reynolds' gold for the past ninety-nine years, and ninety-nine years from now they will probably still be looking for it.

Yukon Cattle Drive

(Continued from page 45)

acting. All color drained from his face and he gave so many contradictory orders that Jones and Simmons, the other two men, did not know what to do. Finding it impossible to make land, I ordered the barge to be turned about. Letting the wind fill the sail to bursting point we scudded along through great waves that threatened to engulf us.

Presently, through the storm, we saw another steamer approaching. She passed very close. The glass in her pilot-house was broken and even as we watched, the wind swept her deck clean of several chairs and a bucket. Trying to recover them, a deckhand was blown violently against the brass railing of the stairway leading to the upper deck, and collapsed. Simultaneously a huge wave boiled full across our own deck, knocking down Simmons in the bow and crashing against the enclosure about the hold.

The cattle were lowing pitifully so I crawled along the deck and looked into the pen. They were being flung about from side to side and many were seasick but none had suffered broken legs.

Then Manley shouted, "Oh hell! Look behind!"

We looked. Far in our rear and nearer

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the land we saw the hay-laden scow, her sail in ribbons. Then down into the trough of a wave we plunged, rising in time to see the other barge being smashed against the rocky shore and a few dark, struggling specks in the water.

The little steamer turned from her course and fought her way slowly toward the wreck. After that, everything was swallowed up in the darkness of the storm. It was raining hard, a rain that was half sleet and chilled us to the bone. Water continued pouring in through the enclosure to the hold.

Looking at the white, set faces of Manley, Simmons and Jones, I knew they shared my thought that it was only a question of minutes before a huge wave would swamp us and end everything. We clung desperately to our sweeps, for all that, and waited grimly for the inevitable.

The shoreline had vanished and we were scudding wildly along in almost utter darkness when the rain abruptly ceased and the wind lessened. I heard breakers beating hard against something ahead.

"We're heading straight for wreck!" I shouted.

"Hard-a-port!" Manley ordered. "Hard-a-port!"

With everything we had we bent to the heavy sweeps. Suddenly the clouds blew away from the moon and we saw that we were entering the channel of Thirty Mile River, the banks protectingly high on either side. That night we tied up near a wood camp.

AT BREAKFAST the men cutting cord wood fuel for the river steamers tried to dissuade us from going farther. "Better wait for the next boat sailing for Dawson and transfer your stock," the foreman told me. "Even at that you'll get a small fortune for your beef. But you'll never make Dawson in your scow. Almost a dozen barges have smashed up on Thirty Mile alone this spring."

I could see that my helpers were none too anxious to continue the journey, but I had no intention of paying half the worth of my cattle to a steamboat company after what we had already come through. It was sobering, however, as we set off down the foaming river, to come upon scow after scow stranded on a rock or a sand bar, smashed and the cargoes sunk or else floating around in the water.

Manley began to talk about Five Fingers, he being the only one of us who had been down the river. Two or three times a day he would tell us that we were taking our lives in our hands if we attempted to shoot the rapids. I was disgusted with the man. He had lost what little nerve he had ever possessed and was scaring Simmons and Jones.

"What other boats have done we can do," I told him angrily. "Why did you undertake this job if you didn't mean to see it through?"

He had no excuse to offer, but whenever he had an opportunity he would talk with Jones and Simmons, taking good care that he was not overheard by me. Just before we left Thirty Mile, Manley came within an inch of losing his life.

It was always difficult to tie up close to the shore because of rocks and uprooted trees. This particular night we had steered to the bank. Jones had leaped ashore and I had tossed the rope to him. After slipping the noose about a stout stump, he turned away to hunt for firewood. At the same time a swift current caught us and the scow commenced to swing around. Manley jumped forward to lay hold of the line and slipped on the rapidly uncoiling length of rope.

His booted leg was caught in a knotted loop and, in a flash, he was being dragged across the deck and overside, screaming in pain and fright. Simmons reached the pilot as he was half suspended over the water and caught him under the arms. For a few moments Manley endured real agony. It was worse than useless to cut the rope and we expected to see his leg torn off. I pushed with my sweep to bring the scow around and slacken the line. Fortunately, the high boot was wrenched off by the rope and Manley hauled himself back aboard.

THERE were no more close calls until the morning we came in sight of Five Fingers, the most dangerous point on the whole river. Here five huge rocks block the turbulent waters, the widest point between any two barely permitting a small river steamer to pass.

It has been the scene of many a wreck and many a drowning. Manley had done his best to frighten us and, when half a mile away I stared through the rainbow-mist of that morning on what seemed a solid wall of rock, I realized that the slightest miscalculation would finish us. My heart sank.

"The opening to the right looks widest," I called to Manley as we rapidly approached the falls.

"No, to the left," he shouted back.

The water was sucking us along at a tremendous rate and its dark, oily surface looked menacing. Then we were plunging down that hill of foam and, in spite of all our strength upon the sweeps our barge was flung like a piece of driftwood against the jutting teeth of the rock on our right. The deck rail splintered and the force of the blow sent me flying over my sweep. Ironically, by the time I could sit up, we were out in the wide stream again, the danger over, and the rapids thundering far behind us.

A great hole above the water line had to be mended and the fence rail pieced together, but for a day and a half after that I thoroughly enjoyed the trip. The weather was fine and daylight lasted until quite late. We met a steamer whose crew gave me the cheering assurance that the price of meat animals was sky-high in Dawson.

My cattle were well fed and in top shape again, but there was more trouble and danger waiting.

Where the Stewart River joins the Yukon there are several channels, all broad and misleading to an inexperienced navigator. Trusting Manley, we took what we supposed was the right one. It wasn't. When I later angrily asked where we were, he told me we were in a blind slough.

"Well, you are certainly one hell of a pilot!" I blasted him.

Dropping his sweep, Manley came up to me.

"I'm through with this job," he scowled. "I won't work for you any longer. This blasted barge is about finished, anyhow." Simmons and Jones were standing behind him.

"Are you supporting Manley?" I asked them.

They both nodded, and Manley said, "Now pay us what you owe us and we'll go ashore as soon as we can land!"

The pilot and Simmons were both wearing revolvers. I had considerable cash on me. I could easily become the victim of one more of Yukon's many tragedies, for probably nowhere else in the world at that time, could you encounter as many hard and utterly unscrupulous men as in and around Dawson.

"The main channel is there on the other side?" I asked.

Manley nodded. I then suddenly drew my revolver.

"You two toss your weapons overboard," I ordered sharply. There was a moment of hesitation, then they complied.

"Manley, return to your station at the bow, and you two others to the stern. You'll see this job through or you'll never leave this slough alive."

To the other men I made clear, "You'll take no orders from him. I'm in charge and we're going to get this boat out of here and have the cattle in Dawson within three days. If we do, you'll each get an extra $100."

At that Jones and Simmons bent to their tasks willingly. I went forward with Manley and working together we soon had the scow out into the main channel again.

That evening we were overtaken by another steamer. A crewman shouted that there was a double barge not far behind us loaded with livestock. If we wanted top prices, we had to beat them so we traveled that night to lose no more time.

"We should reach Dawson in about six hours," Manley told me the next day. There was a fresh breeze blowing, the sun was bright and warm, so we raised our sail and made good time. His whole manner had changed since I had disarmed him –and had told him he also would get an extra $100 if our cattle sold well.

Things could hardly have been going better when we felt a sudden shock and heard a grinding, tearing noise under us.

"Oh, hell, we've struck!" Manley shouted. We were on top of a sand bar, and the barge was listing heavily to starboard.

"Water is pouring into the hold," Simmons called out. He had run to the cattle and I climbed down beside him.

There was a hole in the port side of the boat, but, listed as she was, the water was only creeping in. She must have struck a rock and slid off again, I decided. Only six hours from Dawson and then to be stuck like this! My heart dropped to my boots.

We hurriedly patched up the damage, but it was not a good job and I realized it would not hold for long. Then for three hours we sweated and swore. When she at last floated free, water began pouring into the hold.

Leaving the other two at the sweeps, Simmons and I went down into the cattle pen. For almost four hours we stood knee deep in water bailing for dear life. Manley and Jones, relieved us but the boat started leaking even worse. It was dark, too, for the moon had gone.

An hour later, while Simmons and I bent all our strength to the sweeps, Jones called strainedly, "We're about swimming down here. It's no use. We're all going to drown."

"Keep bailing," I shouted back, and a moment later added, "I see lights!"

"Why, it's Dawson!" yelled Simmons, "Dawson!"

"Bail like hell for a few more minutes," I urged them.

Simmons and I swung the barge to the right and glided along close to the bank. Then leaning on the sweeps with all we had, we made a sharp turn just in time, and nosed onto the beach. Within a few minutes the scow would have foundered.

I sold my cattle the next morning. They brought me $500 a head and the profit over and above all expenses amounted to a little over $20,000. I earned it.

Guns of the Old West

(Continued from page 13)

valueless, and generally never intended to be kept. We have already relied too much on these promises."

The Russian Model S and W successfully wangled by Cimmarron Beach referred to a slightly different Model Three, of which approximately 150,000 were sold to the Russian Imperial Government from 1871 to 1878. In 1874, Smith and Wesson named its regular Model Three "The American" to distinguish it from this Russian Model. (As the latter weapon was the subject of a recent *True West* article, there is no point in describing here its statistics and specifications.)

Eventually Smith and Wesson turned to manufacturing double-action revolvers, but collectors of Old West weaponry will always cherish Smith and Wesson's famous Number Three revolver as the first truly modern six-shooter in use on the frontier.

The amateur can quickly check out a new find's chances of being a coveted S and W Number Three by observing barrel length (eight inches) and weight (two and three-fourths pounds). The center-fire cartridges contain a 218-grain bullet backed by twenty-five grains of black powder.

Set Fasts and Saddle Sores

(Continued from page 43)

out benefit of too much cinching. Then, of course, there was the matter of personal comfort. But of even greater importance was the comfort of his mount. Any good cowboy would rather sport a saddle sore himself than ride a sore-backed horse. Some saddles had a ruinous reputation for eating a horse's back.

There were also minor points of personal preference such as style of tree and looks. Actually the latter was not so minor for the cowboy was very fastidious and finicky about the appearance of his equipment. Real fancy embossing on a saddle could override a great many other shortcomings.

Man has been using saddles of one type or another almost since he first discovered he had a leg for each side of a horse. The leather-covered wood tree we know today came into being with the cattle industry. Earlier models sported a high, flat back (or cantle) and a high fork (or pommel) with almost no swell.

Later makers started shaping saddles to fit the contour of the human body, higher in the center toward the front, sloping toward the back. The cantle was dished and curved to fit the hips and more and more swell was added to each side of the fork. Some candid cowpoke once said swells were designed solely as a place to rest the hands when not busy. Others maintain a solid swell jammed against the legs has a mighty comforting feel when a hammer-headed bronc decides he'd rather not have your company.

Like everything else, the saddle industry didn't stop at the sensible. It went right on to the extreme—the extreme being an outsized monstrosity called a Form-Fitter.

The Form-Fitter was exactly what the name implied—only too much so. The cantle was exceptionally high and dished, making almost a half-circle around the hips. The pommel, if met head-on, looked like something Hans Christian Andersen might have dreamed up. The horn reared to a level with the third shirt button (from the top) and massive swells extended out over each leg, tilted a little back, and cupped underneath.

(Continued on next page)

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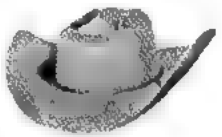

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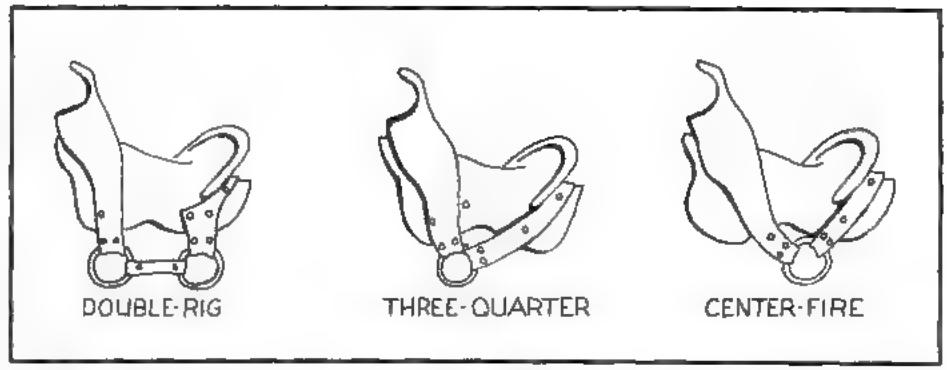


These contraptions, of course, were designed to give the bronc-stomper a big advantage over the "bad ones." And in this they more than succeeded. When a rider slid down into one of these man-traps, nothing short of a crowbar could get him out. Just a little leg pressure under those guard-rails and, if he could stand the beating the high cantle gave the small of his back, his seat was assured to the end of the line.

Like the bricklayer without a plan, however, the designers failed to leave an exit in case the rider needed to get out fast. They forgot there are times when it is even more necessary to leave a saddle than it is to stay in it. If a horse should fall or rear over backward a saddle horn in a man's belly, with a half-ton of falling horse driving it down, is hardly conducive to proper digestion.

Even in ordinary range work the Form-Fitter was worthless. The contraption weighed in the neighborhood of ninety pounds, almost a double load for a hard working pony.

So the Form-Fitter flopped and the recession in saddle contour began, speeded by demands from the rodeo cowboy. He was, after all, the man with the money and the best market for fancy equipment. He was the boy the saddlemakers wanted most to please.

Working against the clock as they did, rodeo hands (especially the ropers and bulldoggers) wanted a saddle they could leave in a hurry. The once proudly upright pommel dropped almost to a level with the horse's withers.

The cantle went all the way down to two inches; then some added a wide roll at the top. This cantle-roll was a very necessary innovation for, with today's quick moving rodeo ponies and only a two-inch roll of leather to stabilize the hip pockets, almost as much time is spent on top of the cantle as on the seat of the saddle.

The next step should be a saddle with a rumble-seat. 'Twould save a lot of clawing and scooting after the first jump.

Old West

(Continued from page 41)

the girls and hidden them under a trapdoor in their cabin. When the Indians found the children they immediately killed the two brothers and set fire to their house. Three days after, word was sent to California for some soldiers to apprehend the murderers of the Williamses, but none were available at the time. Major Ormsby then collected 160 volunteers and attacked the Indians without asking for an explanation. This caused a war which lasted for three months, and at least 100 white men and many Indians were killed.

DURING this period the flow of migration to the Pacific Coast continued, and it marked the beginning of Sarah's career as a peacemaker between the Paiutes and white men. Many of the Indian bands escaped conflict with the whites through her skillful efforts. Her brothers, Lee and Natchez Winnemucca, lacked the qualities of leadership that old Chief Winnemucca had possessed and they had considerable trouble keeping the restless warriors from going on the warpath. This factor also strengthened Sarah's determination to help her people adjust to their changing environment.

Since she was able to speak both English and Paiute she became an interpreter, and served in this capacity for most officials who visited Nevada Indians. At this time she was an interpreter at Fort McDermitt, and while there she married a Lieutenant Bartlett. Later he was dismissed from the service and went back East.

Sarah won the friendship of Governor Nye of Nevada, who was one of the few who helped her tribe improve their living conditions.

Although the Paiutes had been given the Pyramid Lake Reservation in 1860, they were moved to the Malheur Reservation in Oregon. This was brought about by pressure from the miners around Virginia City and various settlers and officials of the overland stage companies. Sarah served as an interpreter at this agency and taught school there for $420 a year.

Sarah Winnemucca, when necessary, traveled hundreds of miles to help her people. While at Camp Lyon, Idaho, she received news that the Paiute band had left the Malheur Agency to join the Bannocks led by Buffalo Horn. They were trying to run the settlers out of southern Idaho. Sarah realized that her people were doomed to destruction as soon as the soldiers mustered their forces, and knowing that the Paiutes did not really wish to fight, she persuaded the captain in charge to hold off fighting the Bannocks until she could get her tribesmen out of Buffalo Horn's camp.

Under cover of darkness she crept into the hostile camp, and by chance met one of her brothers, Lee. He was in agreement with her that the Paiutes should withdraw from the alliance. Together they found their father and led most of the Paiute warriors away before the Bannocks were aware of what was happening. During the remainder of the Bannock war, the Paiutes stayed at the Fort McDermitt Reservation while Sarah remained with General Howard's command rendering valuable service as scout, guide and interpreter.

After the Bannock War in 1878 she worked as interpreter near the Vancouver Barracks, Washington. Later she and her father traveled all through the East where she lectured about the injustices rendered her people by various government officials and unscrupulous Indian agents.

Courtesy Author

The grave of Calamity Jane and George Leeman (inset).

It was on tour in 1882 that Sarah married for the second time. Happiness did not seem to be a part of Sarah's destiny, however, for just four short years later, her husband, Lieutenant Hopkins, died. Sarah was so filled with despair that the rest of her life was spent in poverty near the village of Monida, Montana—a poor reward for a lifetime of service.

CALAMITY JANE'S LAST DAY

By Cliff V. Abrams

WHERE was her birthplace? Wyoming? Missouri? Iowa? Utah? or Illinois? Perhaps only God alone really knows. But we do know she followed the Trail of Men west, drank her whiskey straight, had the vocabulary of a muleskinner, the amorality of a streetwalker, a troubled soul, a heart of gold, and that she died at the age of fifty-three.

A wanderer all her life, her last trip was in the end car of an ore train bound for Terry, a small mining village a few miles from Deadwood, South Dakota. It was in Terry, in the Calloway Hotel, on August 1, 1903 that she passed away.

Although she had been cared for by a doctor, neighbors and friends, if anyone was at her bedside at the time of her death, his name is not known. Her body was returned to Deadwood by F. X. Smith and Charlie Robinson, the undertaker, where it was prepared for burial. Many persons assisted in this.

The ladies made her dress; the Society Of Black Hills Pioneers made the funeral arrangements at the Methodist Church where Reverend C. B. Clark delivered the sermon.

On August 4, the day of the funeral, when the casket was to be taken from the horse-drawn hearse and carried to the church, a rather unusual incident occurred. Of the six pallbearers appointed, only five had arrived. Then George Leeman, a man who was never mentioned in story or newspaper, stepped in.

"I was standing in front of the church," George says. "The funeral was ready to begin. The boys were ready to take Calamity out of the hearse, but there were only five of them. One—I think maybe it was F. X. Smith—was sick.

"So I was asked to be pallbearer at Calamity's funeral. She had a nice coffin and a new black dress. There was a good crowd and a lot of them followed up to the cemetery."

The other five men who carried Calamity Jane to her grave on Mount Moriah, the high hill overlooking Deadwood, have been dead many years. George Leeman is living. He came to Deadwood in 1879 at the age of three. He was in the bar business for sixty-three years and a Deadwood resident most of his life.

Although now eighty-eight, he is still hale, hearty and as friendly as the West is big. He and his wife live in Spearfish, just fifteen miles northwest of Deadwood.

As for the woman he carried that August day, the stone urn marker of her grave is gone—literally picked away by souvenir hunters and vandals. But native stone set in concrete protects the grave, and a plain marble plaque carries the name of a colorful character who will rest forever in the shade of a Black Hills pine.

JACK OF ALL TRADES

By M. R. Krythe

THE old pueblo of Los Angeles during the 1850s and 1860s really had its full share of eccentrics. One of the most popular was a Negro, Peter Biggs. He was familiarly known, especially to the *gringos*, as "Pete"; the dignified California Dons, however, usually spoke of him as "Don Pedro."

He had been born a slave in Virginia and taken to Missouri by his owner. There, for some time, Peter acted as bodyguard for the Governor. He was intelligent, composed, and liked things done correctly. In 1846 Biggs went with his master, an officer in the Dragoons, to California. At the close of the Mexican War, the Negro stayed in Los Angeles, married a Spanish-Californian, and his freedom from slavery was recognized.

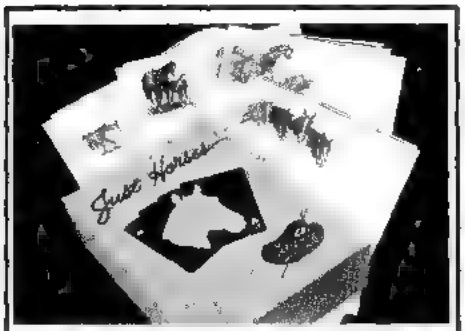
Back in Liberty, Missouri, he had known Judge Ben Hayes, and when the lawyer reached Los Angeles in 1850, he was delighted to see Peter again. The latter helped Hayes find a place to live and to get settled. Later, when Emily Hayes, the judge's wife, arrived at San Pedro after a long journey via Panama, Don Pedro drove her up from San Pedro Bay to rejoin her husband.

Close to that well-known hotel, the Bella Union, on North Main (just across from the present City Hall), Peter Biggs, an expert barber, had his "tonsorial parlor."

In 1862, he advertised shaves at fifty cents and haircuts at $1.00. A year later, he cut prices 50%. Then, when the second barber, a newcomer, Felix Signoret, reached the pueblo, Biggs announced reduced prices at his New Orleans Shaving Saloon, "to keep up with the times." A shave became 12½ cents, and a haircut or a shampoo, 25 cents. In addition, Don Pedro was available for "bootblacking, window cleaning, waiting and attending on parties and balls, and other like services."

As Peter was a born gossip, his shop was the rendezvous for those eager to catch up on the latest local happenings.

(Continued on next page)



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He especially catered to the Americans and was quite popular with them. When he finished a job, he applied some bear's grease to his customer's hair, along with a sprinkle of Florida Water. It's true that he often used the same dingy towel on several patrons, but in those days most people weren't too fussy.

Since Peter was liked by various classes, and was "up" on etiquette, he often was asked to serve as *El Bastonero*, or Master of Ceremonies, at social affairs staged by the less cultured *gringos*.

He sometimes became a bit too brash, and thought the pueblo couldn't get along without him. Once, at a fandango, where several hard characters, including Captain Aleck Bell, were present, Don Pedro asked Dona Ramona for the opening dance. She promised him the second, saying she was engaged for the first one. Captain Bell was furious when he saw Peter (all dressed up in a white vest and long-tailed blue coat with big brass buttons) lead the dark-eyed senorita out on the dance floor.

Bell went up to her and asked, "Do you prefer to dance with him?"

Don Pedro was Master of Ceremonies, Dona Ramona said, and she considered it an honor to be chosen for the first number. At once Aleck took a shot in Peter's direction. The barber ran for the door and a general fight followed.

Next morning the barber didn't appear at his shop, and some Angelenos thought he had been shot. Then from San Pedro came messages of apology to Captain Bell and the other *gringos* and he promised to behave properly if they'd let him return. So all was forgiven and Peter was soon back doing business at the shop.

MANY Southern Californians were of Southern extraction and when the Civil War started, several slipped over the border by night and joined the Confederates. Those of Secessionist sympathies who remained in the pueblo used to meet at the Bella Union and "whoop it up" whenever the Southerners won a victory. They had quite a celebration the night they heard that Fort Sumter had been fired on.

It seems strange that Peter Biggs, a former slave, was such a firm Southern adherent and strong for secession. During the war he often loudly expressed his views in public. As a result, one day in 1864, some Union soldiers, quartered at Drum Barracks in Wilmington, rode up to the pueblo and arrested the barber. They fastened a ball and chain to his ankle, and while they rode their horses that warm August day, Peter had to walk the twenty or more miles to the post.

This didn't seem to exhaust his enthusiasm, for when the cavalcade passed some acquaintances, Don Pedro threw his hat into the air and gave three loud cheers for the Confederacy and Jeff Davis. After a few days' stay at the barracks, Pete was released and returned to his tonsorial parlor.

One day, Biggs, always ready to make money in any possible way, got a fresh idea. He had heard that San Francisco was overrun with rats, and that cats were scarce there. Why not supply them with cats? Pete decided here was a chance to make his fortune. Los Angeles had more cats than it needed, so he gathered all the strays, put them in cages, and took passage on a northbound steamer.

News of the unusual shipment had reached the city, and when the ship docked, many San Franciscans were on hand to buy the animals. They sold for sums ranging from $16 to $100 apiece. Elated over his success, Pete made the rounds of the stores, and after buying new clothes, strutted about town. Unfortunately, he couldn't resist the temptations offered by the gaming parlors and quickly lost the rest of his lately acquired cash.

On the northward trip, two cages of cats had been left on deck by the crew, and died from exposure. In San Francisco, Biggs had a lawyer force the Captain to pay damages, and with these funds he got back to Los Angeles.

Like many other Angelenos, Don Pedro met a violent death. In May, 1869, at a Main Street cafe, he objected to the waiter's service and lack of etiquette, and hurled dishes at him. The waiter grabbed a knife and stabbed Biggs, who died soon after the attack.

Almost everyone in town went to his funeral, for Peter had been "a local institution" for about twenty-five years, and this well-liked "Jack-of-all-trades" was long remembered by inhabitants of the sleepy pueblo.

WILD WEST TRAVEL RULES

By Agnes M. Pharo

IN the early days, it took courage to board a stagecoach and travel "out West." It was a thing not to be entered into lightly or without thought. You could usually spot a man who was about to make the journey. He had a worn and worried look on his face. And, from the way he said goodbye, his family and friends knew that he really never expected to see them again.

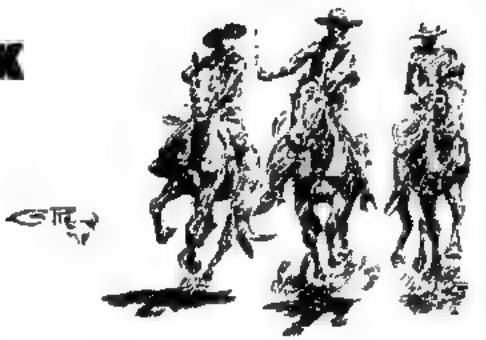
Magazines and newspapers of the time tried to be helpful by printing these rules for the traveler:

1. Allow at least five days each way for a distance of 100 miles, provided the road is good.
2. Take a gun.
3. Make out a last will and testament.
4. It is recommended that you shave your head. Indians have no interest in hairless scalps.
5. If the stage teams run away or are pursued by Indians, stay in the coach and take your chances. Don't jump out, for you will be either injured or scalped.
6. In cold weather, abstain from liquor, for you are subject to freezing quicker if under the influence than if you are cold sober. But if you are drinking from a bottle, pass it around. It is the only polite thing to do. Be sure to procure all stimulants before leaving the station, for ranch whiskey is not nectar.
7. Don't smoke a strong cigar or pipe on the stage, especially when women and children are present. If chewing tobacco, spit to the leeward side.
8. Don't swear, snore or lop over on neighbors when sleeping. Let others share the buffalo robes provided in cold weather.
9. Don't shoot firearms for pleasure while en route, as it scares the horses.
10. While at stations don't lag at wash basins or in privies. Don't grease hair with bear grease or buffalo tallow, as travel is very dusty.
11. Don't discuss politics or religion. Don't point out sites where robberies or Indian attacks have taken place.
12. Don't imagine you are going on a picnic, for stage travel is inconvenient.

What an understatement! Those were the days when nobody but a fool or a mad adventurer might dream that travel was a pleasure.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroo



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RANGE AND TRAIL

The Trail Drivers of Texas (Argosy-Antiquarian, ($37.50) is a handsome two-volume reprint of a cow country classic. J. Frank Dobie tells the story of its genesis this way: "George W. Saunders, founder of the Old Time Trail Drivers Association and for many years president, prevailed on hundreds of old-time range and trail men to write autobiographic sketches—he had a passion for the history of his people. The chronicles, though chaotic in arrangement, comprise basic source material." The late J. Marvin Hunter, then publisher of *Frontier Times*, served as compiler and editor. This reviewer has observed with interest the growing scarcity of the Trail Driver books, all long OP and in the last few years quite expensive. It is good to have these down-to-earth narratives back in print in an attractive format. In addition to the facsimile reprint of the text, this set contains an introduction by Harry Sinclair Drago, long-time western novelist turned historian. An alphabetical index, that boon to the student and researcher, has been added to Volume 2. A sturdy cardboard slip-case is provided with each of the 750 sets.

TRIGGERNOMETRY

Some Western Gun Fighters (Frontier, $4.50) was compiled by publisher Ed Bartholomew and is limited to 225 copies. The four biographies included *Clay Allison* by O. S. Clark; *Cherokee Bill* and *Belle Starr* by S. W. Harman and *Robert McKimis* by J. W. Bridwell. Each was issued as a separate booklet in 1954 and 1955 by Ed's Frontier Press. It is good to have these classic narratives in a more permanent format. Ed has added a number of photos of gunmen and peace officers from the famous Noah Rose Collection.

FOLKLORE OF OIL

Folklorist Mody C. Boatright was a good choice to write the *Folklore of the Oil Industry* (SMU Press, $5). Most readers will be amazed at such an animated story about life in an oil field, which usually has been considered a drab monotonous existence. However, we are entertained with numerous tales about pranks and frauds in locating and spudding in paying wells and dry holes, and there are newsy stories about other phases of the business.

The well witchers, the long-haired geologists, the brawling drillers and the promoters with their well-salting and cunning dodges for selling worthless oil stock all come in for lively description. Finally, there are songs, poems and tall tales written about the young industry. *The Dying Toolie* emerged as one of the folk songs and yards of vigorous poetry have been unfurled. This book adds much to a neglected phase of Americana. It is fun to read.

LOCAL HISTORY

Denver Dwellings and Descendants (Sage Books, $5) by Sally Davis and Betty Baldwin, two professional photographers, presents a vivid account of how living and styles changed in three generations. The authors have written about fifteen families who lived for at least three generations in or near Denver, with each generation building a home of distinction.

Included are the homes of Dr. Charles Denison, John Evans, Platt Rogers, Henry Swan and Charles Spaulding Thomas. The authors also have told of the great achievements these people made toward business, architectural, cultural and industrial developments of Colorado and the West. Two hundred sharp photographs illustrate this excellent album, including, besides the pictures of houses of the fifteen families, a featured section of photos of Denver homes with especially fascinating differences in architectural design.

San Antonio: A History for Tomorrow (Naylor, $4) is the first book printing of five Sunday supplements that appeared in the *San Antonio Light* as edited by Sam Woolford. This book packs a lot of history in the 176 pages of three-column text despite the fact that much of the space (perhaps 50%) is occupied with advertising. The small size of the type will deter many readers and the illustrations have not reproduced well in this offset job. But if your tired old eyes can take it, the facts are there.

The facsimile reprint of A. J. Sowell's *History of Fort Bend County* (W. M. Morrison, P. O. 3277, Waco, Texas, $10) makes it available to many readers and collectors for the first time. The first edition was issued in Houston in 1904 and according to Wright Howes in *U. S. IANA* (New York, 1962) consisted of less than 100 copies. It is one of the real rare Texas county histories and is much sought by collectors. In addition to the usual material included in a county history, the author briefs many events in Texas history and the participation of

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Fort Bend residents in them. There are numerous biographical sketches of the pioneer settlers. If you have been denied access to this good Sowell book in the past, do not delay your order too long—this attractive reprint is limited to 600 copies.

Whispers from "Old Genesee" in Idaho and Echoes of the Salmon River (Privately printed by the author, 407 Delsol Lane, Lewiston, Idaho, $4.50) is by John A. (Pop) Platt who had a hand in just about everything set down in this book. There is much on Idaho ranching, lumbering and transportation problems but Pop is at his best on the family and social life in the communities where the Platts lived. The recollections of the old-timer may not be precise but they are usually true to the times and entertaining. There are some family and community photos. We liked Pop's memoirs.

GREAT ON THE HOPI

Book of the Hopi (The Viking Press, $10) by talented Frank Waters, author of *The Colorado* and *The Man Who Killed the Deer*, is a book of revelations on Hopi Indian life. This sensational volume is by far the most comprehensive ever written about Hopis. Classic stories revealed for the first time are unique because they come direct from elder tribal spokesmen who decided it was time that their closely guarded history, legends and ceremonies were recorded for new generations of Hopis.

Waters reveals that Hopi existence always has been patterned upon the universal plan of world creation and maintenance. The purpose of their religious ceremonialism is to help maintain the harmony of the universe. It is a mytho-religious system of continuous ceremonies, dances, chants and prayers as complex as any in the world. Easy to read, the book also is lavishly illustrated with handsome sacred Hopi drawings and sharp photographs of Hopi ceremonies, people and desert scenes.

THE FIGHTING CHEYENNES

The Cheyenne Indian Wars (Monarch Books, 40¢) by Joseph Millard has the punch of a dramatically stirring novel. We certainly can agree with the author that Cheyennes, as well as other redmen, were brutally subdued, humiliated and forced to become beggars on an inadequate dole. Whites regularly broke treaties with them and the carpetbaggers hired to represent them often swindled, lied to and abused them.

However, we disagree with Millard's thesis that Cheyennes were all good and whites generally were all bad. Many of the mountain men and white emigrants and settlers were people of integrity and befriended Indians who often repaid kindness by killing benefactors like Whitman, Jed Smith, Meeker and many others.

Looking back 75 to 100 years, it is easy to name the horrible atrocities which red and white enemies inflicted upon each other, Each was fighting to the death for supremacy. Warriors like Dull Knife, the Bent boys, Little Wolf, Red Cloud, Gall, Custer, Phil Sheridan, Crook, Chivington and Sherman were trained in the art of annihilation. In conflict, all were equally brutal; all were equally lethal. Cheyennes, the losers, suffered most. While we disagree with many of the author's viewpoints, we found the book immensely interesting.

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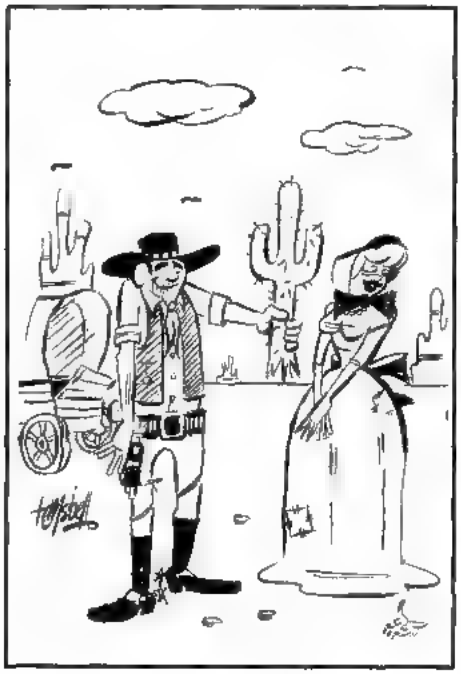

The Fate of Old McCabe

(Continued from page 49)

among the Southwest's ghost towns. A not too vigorous attempt was made to reactivate the old workings in 1934, but it was short-lived and today the town lies baking in the sun along both slopes of Chaparral Gulch.

What's left of McCabe lies six miles west of Humboldt. A few houses and office buildings still put up a stubborn fight against the relentless destruction of summer and winter storms but when you arrive, you will be greeted mostly by sagging roofs, crazy-angle walls and the bleached skeletons of ancient headframes. Cottonwood trees alleviate the desolation of the Gulch and, during certain seasons, the stream rambles along the sand and rocks, creating several tiny waterfalls. Then it suddenly disappears into the drowned-out stope, which is still wide open.

The trip from Highway 69 at Humboldt to old McCabe is a rugged and treacherous one. Even with a back-country vehicle, proceed with great caution. Any conventional car can reach the old cemetery with ease, however. Stop there and read part of the history on the old headstones. On one trip in 1963 I was pleasantly surprised to find wax tulips on each of four graves in a family plot, giving testimony that while McCabe is gone forever, the people who lived there are not forgotten.

Closed Doors and Old Bottles

(Continued from page 33)

Prouse, who first discovered gold in Gold Canyon, Nevada (below Virginia City), was a Mormon on his way to California in 1848. Near the mouth of Wright Canyon lies Big Meadows, where all early travelers stopped to recoup their livestock before beginning the dreaded trek across the forty-mile desert. It is very probable that these early Mormons ventured up Wright Canyon and prospected on Indian Peak long, long before the men of La Toska Mine Company drilled that hole in the mountain and built those picturesque log cabins.

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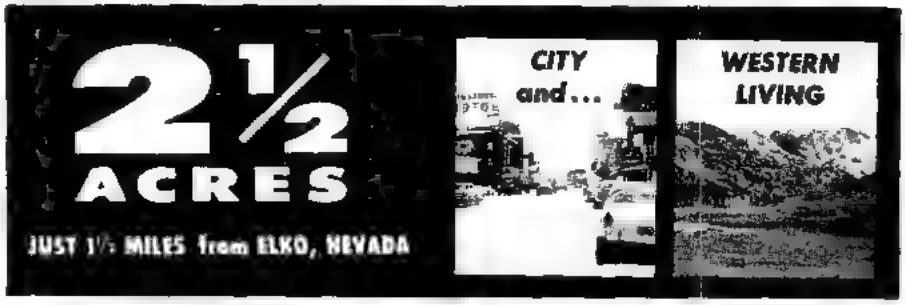

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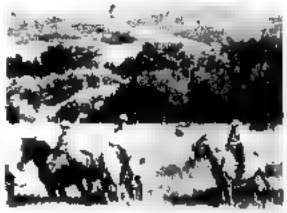

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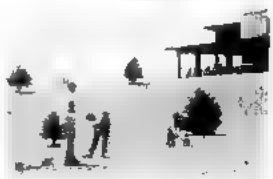

GOLF: A mere one mile from MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS is the Ruby View Golf Course. No rush for starting times on this city owned and maintained golf course, but golfing as it should be enjoyed. Play a leisurely 9-18 or 36 holes surrounded by breathtaking scenery, minutes from your rancho.

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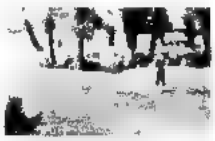

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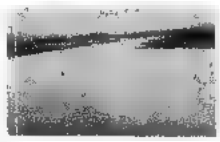

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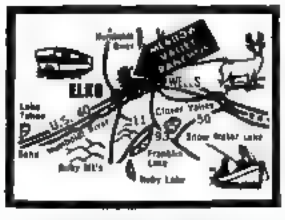

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The Golden Queen

(Continued from page 55)

rotten scrub of the country!" The way that she said it made the toughest of them wither in their boots.

She never loved but one man; he was her top foreman and superintendent for several years. They were engaged to be married when he was shot in a range dispute over a waterhole. She lived true to his memory the rest of her life.

THE WILKINS COMPANY was Kit and her two younger brothers, who were both married and had families, but she was undisputedly "the Boss" at all times. They never questioned her authority, and very seldom rode on the horse outfit at all. They handled the cattle.

When the First World War was over, so was the horse business; the large bands were gone from the ranges of the West. Big irrigation projects were being built where we had once run fleet-footed wild horses.

In the meantime Kit had sold all of her ranches and retired to her beautiful home in Glensferry. She was always interested in the development of the country, and tried to keep pace with progress.

During the winter of 1934, I went back to that country to take charge of the survey of a 670,000-acre, proposed irrigation project on the Bruneau Desert, where we had run wild horses twenty-three years before.

Several times I dropped in for a cup of coffee with Kit, and she was always interested in the progress that we were making with the surveys on the south side of the Snake River. Once she asked me if I had a fellow by the name of Van Curren working for me. He was a local man who had been employed because he was a friend of the Governor, and his only excuse for being on the payroll at all was his meager knowledge of the country.

"Yes," I told her, "Van is our official guide." She had a good laugh, and then said, "Can anybody imagine that tenderfoot guiding a man who was at one time a Wilkins rider?"

Two years later on October 8, 1936, she died following a heart attack. Although she was seventy-nine years old at the time of her death, no one had ever considered her an old lady. She always looked at least fifteen years younger than she really was, and her beauty actually never faded.

When I stood looking at that lovely lady in her casket, with very few gray hairs among the gold, it seemed that through the mist before my eyes, I could again see a golden-haired rider on a golden Palomino horse, galloping toward us as she had that day, twenty-five years before. I could hear her say, "I am the boss."

She was in death, the same as in life. "The Golden Queen."

Old Three Tush

(Continued from page 48)

hung out. Maybe we'd work out a deal with Barnum & Bailey yet.

Bud Young returned at midnight with the information that Grey and Haught were on a pack-trip up into the Wild Horse Mesa country of the Navajo Reservation to gather material for another book.

The wild grizzly in the meanwhile had recovered some from our recent fracas and was raising the roof in the pen. All our stock around the ranch were riled up on account of it. Dad, back from a trip to Globe, delivered an ultimatum. "Shoot that damned thing now! Or I will!"

When daylight came Chee borrowed a carbine and I checked the shells in mine and side by side we pushed the chute door open. Each of us pumped two shots into that big brute's ugly skull. That fixed his feet.

We skinned out the hide, stretched it flat, salted it thoroughly, rolled it up and sent it by fast buckboard to Payson and from there by Reo auto to Ace's Tannery in Phoenix.

Several months passed and Old Three Tush continued to be heard from—a colt here, a calf there, or some sheep sometimes thirty miles away.

The Autumnal Equinox came and with the first week in October there was snow up on the Mogollon Rim. The prime mule deer bucks and bull elk would soon be getting cold feet up in the high country. Frost had tinted the sumac red and the scrub oak brown along the rimrock. The quaking aspen turned bare.

GORDON YOUNG, Editor of *The Los Angeles Times*, and two of his reporter cronies, arrived in a surrey rented in Payson. They hired saddle horses and pack horses and a wrangler from us for their annual deer and elk hunting trip into the rim country.

By then the wild silvertip grizzly hide had been tanned and was stretched out on the puncheon floor of our front room. The guests walked over it—as everyone else did—and Young stopped, eyed the rug, and remarked, "Hey! Is that Old Three Tush? Must be all of nine feet long! Want to sell it?"

"No," I replied, figuring that answered both questions.

"I've got two double eagles ($20.00 gold pieces) I'll give you for it."

"Four," I replied, firmly. I'd already collected the bounty on it, and Chee and I had split it, but I wanted all I could get.

"Three," Mr. Young grunted.

I nodded. He frowned and counted out three dougle eagles.

In due time he and his companions got fine trophies of both elk and deer, and he took the hide back home. No telling what floor it landed on or what stories went with it.

The hunting season was then in full swing, and Chee had been made a deputy game warden for the season. Men from a dozen states hunted the hills from Clay Springs to the Kaibab; deer, elk, antelope, cougar, one young grizzly and several black bear were taken but nary a shot at Old Three Tush.

The crafty old predator just kept circulating around. Reports drifted in of stock killed here and there—five, ten miles apart, some as far as forty miles away, but for some reason he never invaded the Fort Apache or San Carlos Indian Reservations. Hunting parties, mostly greenhorns and amateurs but some well-organized professionals, failed to find more than spoor and tracks of the wily silvertip Chee and I had captured and raised from a honey-eating cub.

At last the weather got so cold and the snow so deep we knew Old Three Tush had hibernated for the winter. For some perverse reason, I had begun to hope the grizzly would live to a ripe old age and create a reputation for himself that would live forever in Tonto Basin folklore.

The first sign that Old Three Tush was "up and at 'em again" appeared right in our own foaling corrals. The first colt dropped that spring of 1922 was by one

Grizzly Bear . . . Photo courtesy San Diego, California, Zoo.

of Dad's prize Copperbottoms, and the hungry silvertip ate darn near all of it.

Dad was infuriated. We tracked that grizzly day and night for four days and although his hibernating den was found right on our own property, we saw neither hide nor hair of the brute.

Former Governor George W. P. Hunt, campaigning for re-election, got into the picture, and the State offered a reward. All together, Old Three Tush had become worth around $800 to some sharpshooter. Soon hunting parties from as far away as Chicago were prowling the hills. They came but neither saw nor conquered; some got a cougar, a wolf, a black bear; most got nothing but saddle sores and blistered feet.

In August a well-organized outfit arrived at our ranch headed by Sheriff John J. Montgomery of Maricopa County, his Chief Deputy Jerry Sullivan, and four professional hunters. They had engaged Edd Haught as guide. We fed their horses and their hounds and, after having dinner with us, they rode off with a snide remark that "these Gila County brush-poppers can't see the woods for the trees."

Maybe they were right. Maybe they were just lucky. Chee-Rosanto, the age-old Apache manhunter instinct still within him, trailed behind without their knowing it. Chee saw the hunters pick up Old Three Tush's trail only five miles from our ranch. He watched them trail from the Upper East Fork of the Tonto, over to the headwaters of the Chevlon, back down to Horton Creek, then way over to Bill Williams Mountain.

They had Old Three Tush on the run all right, and after a week they cornered him in a box canyon along the Tonto Rim near Baker Butte. Chee, too, was within range when they pumped twenty-one rifle shots into the most famous grizzly of the Tonto Basin.

Chee rode in on them as they started to skin the big silvertip. The hunters, evidently tired and soured on the whole shebang, were quarreling among themselves. He suggested they also skin the horse their own men had accidently shot in the excitement! But they claimed Old Three Tush had killed it.

With the barrage of bullet holes and so many cuts by the inept skinners, what could have been a Boone and Crockett grizzly trophy record hide—it stretched ten feet from nose to tail—turned out to be a worthless mess. They packed the hide down to Kohl's ranch and nailed it to the side of the barn. It hung there several weeks, drying in the sun, untanned, unsalted, its silvery hair falling out in patches, an object of awe to passers-by and an object for feasting for squirrels and other rodents.

One morning it was gone. It disappeared one weekend night. A few days later some "valiant trophy hunter" brought the mangy hide into Ace's in Phoenix and wanted it made into a rug. Ace shrewdly figured out what had happened, saw there was no chance to restore it, then gave the stranger a lecture and some advice about sportsmanship. The "hunter" sheepishly disappeared. The hide was turned over to the Mission Indian School drill team, and they managed to salvage a piece large enough to cover a first-class kettle drum. Old Three Tush was finished.

Death Valley's Authentics

(Continued from page 37)

"But I worked right straight through it. By taking plenty of salt and drinking gallons of water and wearing long-handled wool underwear to keep my body from cooking. I got along fairly well. After I learned to stick a wet rag or handkerchief in the top of my hat to keep from fryin' my brains, I went about my business as usual. Folks here had to learn to take the summer heat or get out. Lot of us old-timers stuck. We may be dryin' up but we ain't dead," he said, between puffs on his pipe.

"The hot weather was pretty tough on the horses, though. We made wide blinders to put on their heads so's to keep the sun from cooking their eyeballs. But with plenty of water and frequent rest stops the horses and mules stood the heat pretty good. Some of the teams lasted here as long as eight years, but the alkali water finally got 'em—affected their kidneys."

(Continued on next page)

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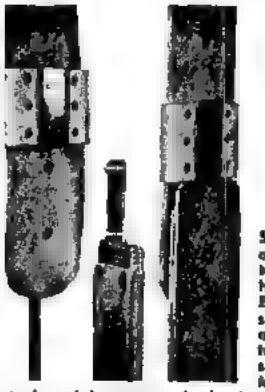

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Not a cove or a canyon in Death Valley was unfamiliar to chipper little Johnny Mills. At one time or another he had walked, climbed or ridden burro-back through them all. Often he carried only a handful of jerky and a canteen of water, trusting to find a waterhole. When he found none, he kept a pebble under his tongue and sucked on it to keep his mouth moist. This, and taking the trip easy, he said often saved him from a slow and terrible death.

Johnny Mills was sworn in as Death Valley's first deputy-coroner. This honor was bestowed upon him after he had found and buried four dead men whose death, he explained simply, was due to the fact that heat and likker don't mix.

"On one of my jaunts through the Valley I came across two dead prospectors. So to keep the coyotes from gnawing their bones, I buried 'em the easy way. I just set 'em down against the banks of a deep wash, then pushed the loose sand down on 'em—and left 'em in peace, I hope. Never did find out who those fellows were. Nobody ever did. Of course I had no right buryin' anybody without first notifying the proper authorities. Who in the devil was going to notify 'the proper authorities' in them days of slow travel—in the summer down here?"

Johnny Mills had provided some historic facts and incidents recorded by Chalfant in his books on Death Valley. "This writer," Johnny said with a glint in his eyes, "walks up to me here one day and says he's just finished my life story. That was all right, but he hadn't asked me a damned word about it!"

The chief interest in Johnny's life was "what nature does to rocks; how they get full of minerals and stuff; how many ages it takes for them to get that way—and why?"

Here in this paradoxical desert land filled with threats, promises and disappointments, these rugged old-timers lived on in mellowed memories. With their passing many unrecorded sagas of Death Valley's days of high adventure is gone forever.

Lyric Bards of the West

(Continued from page 22)

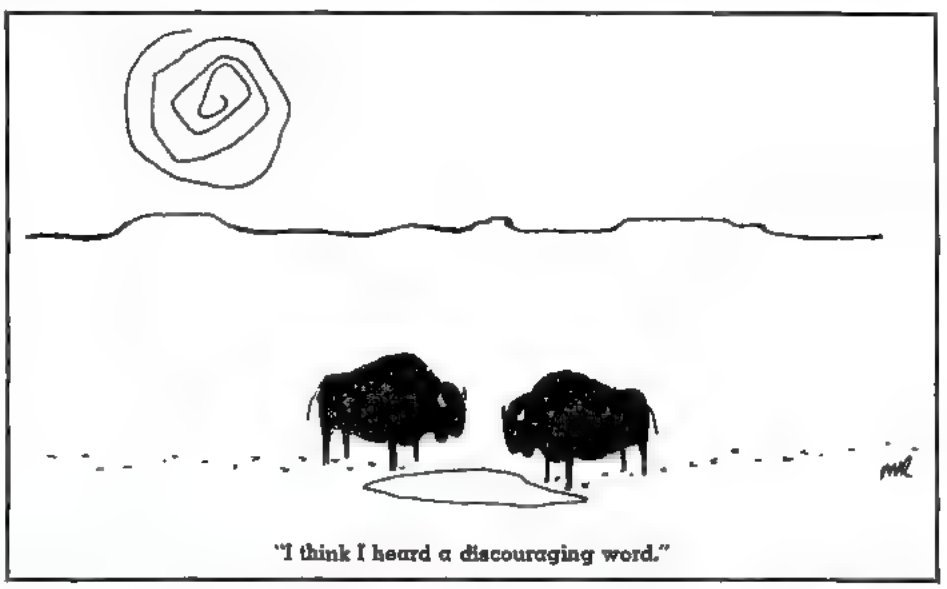
our hotel rooms. At length a man named Pete Nelson and the saloon proprietor got into a quarrel. . . . The saloon man knocked Pete down and kicked him in the face and head. Then they carried him out and dumped him in a manger in an open stable to die, and there he lay groaning. At a late hour in the night the moans ceased.

"I went to sleep, and awakened the next morning to hear that Pete Nelson was dead. A doctor was sent for, and a coroner's jury called. The verdict was that Pete died of pressure on the brain! I learned that Pete had come into an inheritance from his mother, some $1,500. He had been treating the boys and gambling, and some of the bystanders had heard enough to cause them to think that the saloon man had gotten most of the dead man's money. I, with others at the hotel, did not dare to interfere, as it was considered a dangerous place to be, on the wrong side of the street!"

This was not an unusual case in those days. Many of the "cowtowns" had one street that was the dividing line between the saloon district and the "nice" part of town. The nice people did not cross the street or interfere in things on the other side; and the cowboys and saloon workers could not cross over to the nice side without first checking their guns with the sheriff and getting permission!

Because of the tension in town that night, there had been very few at the concert, but those who did come were pleased. "The saloon proprietor sent me word," Rev. DeMoss wrote, "that if we would stay another day he would not open the saloon at all, and that he and his wife and all would come. We had a full house and took in over $100 that night. When my girls were singing a sacred song I noticed the saloon man's head drop into his hands. I asked Minnie to recite the temperance poem she had written the night before as she listened to the dying man's groans from her room at the hotel!"

Winter caught up with them in the Montana badlands, and it was very nearly the last trip for the family. "The distance from our hotel to the next town was twenty miles. As we left the hotel it began to snow, and it snowed all day. Frank and John Cook, two brothers from Texas, traveled with us, breaking trail for our light rigs with their heavy wagons. It was a regular storm, and soon the snow was over two feet deep. "The weight of the wet snow caused many large branches and small trees to fall, and Henry and George were forced to walk ahead with their axes to cut the



"I think I heard a discouraging word."

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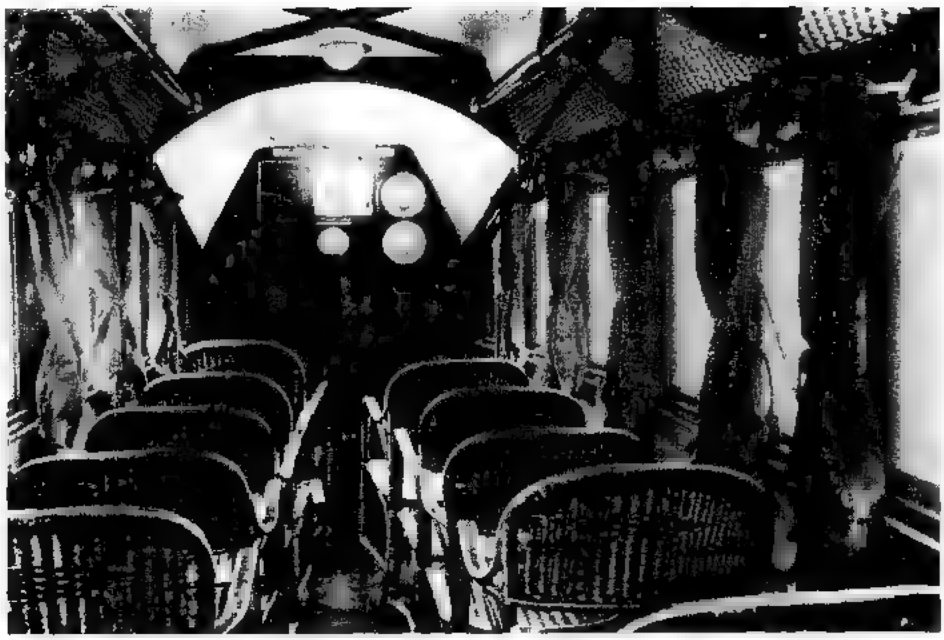

Interior of the plane on which the DeMoss family flew from London to Paris during their 1926 tour.

fallen trees out of the trail. The mountainside was so slick that the girls were afraid, and walked behind the hack. It turned over once, but we managed to get it upright and continue. I was standing on the step, driving with one hand, weighting down the upper side of the hack, and one of the men had to hold down the rear upper wheel. It was 3 a.m. when we arrived at the village and warmed ourselves and went to bed. By that time, the snow was four feet deep, and we were the last party to cross the mountains that winter!"

YEAR after year the concerts grew more successful, and in 1889 the family troupe headed down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. By 1893 they had been in every state in the Union. In the summer of that year they decided to go to Chicago to see the Exposition and to vacation. George R. Davis, Director General of the Fair, invited them to give a concert for the Exposition directors. It was so well received that they were offered a contract for daily concerts for the remainder of the summer and Mr. Davis commissioned them to write a song for each state.

At the Chicago Exposition the DeMoss family entertained the Governors of each state, the President, and many groups of visiting European royalty. This led to their invitation to come to London to study at the Royal Academy. As it was necessary to fulfill advance bookings and to prepare for the trip, it was the spring of 1895 before they were ready to leave.

After their stay at the Royal Academy, the DeMosses performed in England and Wales, then crossed the channel and toured France, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland. They were an immediate hit, and the newspapers were soon calling them "Our American Cousins." Even the English critics relaxed their traditional aloofness and hailed them as "fabulous," "extremely talented," and "beyond all expectations"!

While programs consisted mainly of sacred, classical and patriotic music, the DeMosses were tremendous showmen, and embellished their concerts with occasional touches of humor. On numerous occasions, Henry brought down the house by playing *Old Hundred* on the organ with one hand, *Yankee Doodle* on the piano with the other hand, and singing *Home, Sweet Home*, all at the same time. George was noted for his ability to play two cornets, an alto and a soprano, simultaneously and in perfect harmony! He had another act that the crowds loved—a combination of music and acrobatics. He played a guitar and banjo alternately while swinging them over his shoulders by means of leather straps. Among the forty-one different instruments played by the group was a set of Chinese stringed lutes, and their Oriental numbers were always favorites of their listeners.

THE winter of 1896 brought further tragedy and, again, it happened in California. Minnie, the lovely young contralto of the quartette and a bride of three months, contracted blood poisoning. A few short days later, she was gone. The *San Francisco Examiner* of December 2 carried the news of her death in an eight-inch column, with headlines half an inch high—"Death Stills the Voice of Song." For many years newspaper critics had been calling her "Minnie of the Golden Voice," and her death was a crushing blow to the group. They canceled the remainder of the tour and took Minnie home to DeMoss Springs to rest beside her mother.

The following year, they found a contralto to take Minnie's place, Mamie Aurelia Davis, and once more started off with high hopes for a successful season. En route to Antelope, about forty miles south of their home, their coach struck a deep hole in the road. A loaded shotgun on the driver's seat fell to the floor, and it was Lizzie's misfortune to be seated beside the driver! The gun discharged the full force of both barrels into her left thigh, tearing a gaping hole and ripping the flesh on her left hand. Some of the pellets entered her chest just below the heart.

While her brothers worked desperately to staunch the flow of blood, the coach made a mad run for the nearest doctor at Condon, some thirty-five miles away. Lizzie survived the agonizing ride over the rough roads, but the beleagured family was forced, once more, to cancel the remainder of the season.

George and Mamie Davis were married

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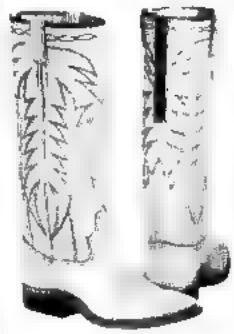

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in 1898, and concert tours were resumed. Success followed success, and every major city and every province in Canada hosted the DeMoss Lyric Bards. For fifty-five years they lived with the dust of two continents clinging to their shoes. They traveled more miles, made more personal appearances, and wrote more music than any other family group, before or since.

In 1912, The Rev. James DeMoss joined his wife and daughter in the little cemetery, but his last request to his children was that they continue the work he had started, and "make the people happy." This they did, and even the children joined in. Elbert, George's son, made his debut on the violin at the age of five and in succeeding years was hailed as a "virtuoso with faultless technique." The other children were equally talented.

In 1926, the family made its last tour of Europe, and in 1927 their trunks were closed for the last time. Some of the group went into teaching; other retired to private life. Occasionally, on the Fourth of July or some other special occasion, they would give a concert. But the days of the big tours were gone forever. Fifty years' accumulation of souvenirs and mementoes were carefully packed away in the attic of the old home. People began to forget.

Now that the old house has given up its memories and the faded notes once more pour forth from the keys of a modern piano, perhaps a new generation will remember. Here in Sherman County they will, for the old songs of the Lyric Bards are being sung again, and the words of *Sweet Oregon* are dear to native hearts.

I'm thinking tonight of a beautiful land,
Oregon—Oregon!
With rivers and valleys and mountains grand,
Oregon—Sweet Oregon!
From the mountains high peaks, all covered with snow,
A sweet, limpid streamlet doth flow
Past the home of my youth, which I ever adore,
O, Oregon, my home!

"WHAAAT! No raspberry?"

Treasures South

(Continued from page 23)

thrown into one of the two lakes in the crater of the snow-capped Nevado de Toluca. Wherever it is, whoever finds it will be rich beyond his wildest dreams.

STORIES of treasures, buried and hidden, go back beyond history into legendary times. Probably the greatest of all Indian treasures belonged to Ce Acatl Topiltzin, also called Quetzalcoatl, the famous Plumed Serpent who ruled the gold-expert Toltecs. An Indian chronicle, *Los Anales de Quauhtitlan*, written shortly after the conquest, relates:

"And Quetzalcoatl said, 'I must leave this town (Tula). Make a stone coffer for me.' And when the coffer was carved, Quetzalcoatl laid himself down in it. He stayed there four days and began to feel ill, so he told his courtiers, 'This is sufficient. Let us leave. Close up everything and let us hide all of the riches that we have found and all of the goods that we have accumulated.' And his courtiers did as he commanded. They hid all of the treasure in the bath which belonged to Quetzalcoatl in the place called Atecpanamochco."

So, all you have to do is find a place called Atecpanamochco. Quetzalcoatl's wealth can be estimated from historical references, which also say that his palaces had one room of wood mosaic, one of coral, another of colored shells and a fourth of precious feathers. A fortune in jade, fine turquoise, gold, silver, rock crystal and various precious materials was used to make ornaments and other luxuries. Several years of archeological excavation at Tula have not yet uncovered any of it, which only means that Tula and Atecpanamochco are not one and the same.

In Oaxaca, around the mountains of Zempoaltepeque near the town of Atitlan, there is a huge cave where the Indians used to bury their dead. According to Bishop Burgoa's history, the powerful chief, Condoy, had all of his tribal treasures brought into this cave during a major battle with the Zapotecs, which he was losing. Wanting to die undefeated, he retreated into the cave and sealed himself in.

Another legend concerns the Sacred Well of Chichen Itza into which the Maya hurled human sacrifices carrying valuable ornaments and jewelry to the Rain God. American Consul Edward Thompson, who once owned the hacienda at Chichen Itza, site of the ruins of one of the most spectacular of the ancient Mayan cities, used a diving suit to dredge up hundreds of objects made of gold, silver, copper, wood, rubber and pottery. This treasure, over the objection of the Mexican Government, is now in the Peabody Museum of Harvard University.

The famous Tomb 7 of Monte Alban, with its fortune in necklaces of highly polished rock crystal, amethyst, and gold; intricately worked gold breastplates, rings, chalices; carved jaguar bones and loose pearls; obsidian and other valuable stones and metals was discovered during routine archaeological work by Dr. Alforson Caso and Martin Bazan.

Every town near any of the ancient ruins has its legends. Some claim that a golden cock perches on the ruins and crows at midnight. A golden bell can be heard ringing from another's ruins on certain nights of the year. Archaeologists have been warned to dig only at night because of the belief that the ancient gold

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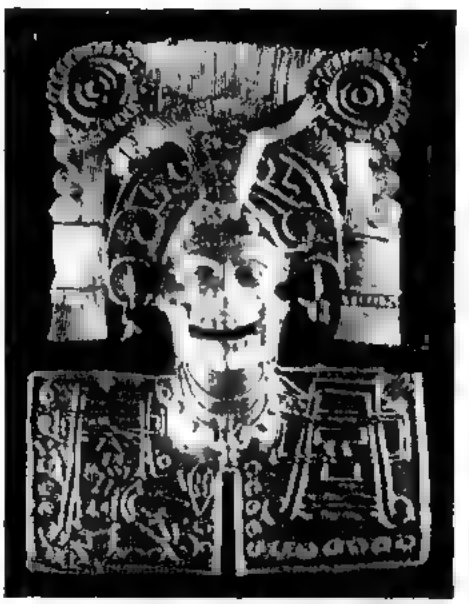

The necklace of solid gold (above) and the intricately carved breastplate (right) are from the treasures of Monte Alban in Oaxaca.

will turn to ashes if uncovered in sunlight. Could it be mere coincidence that archaeologists who ignore the warning sometimes find only layers of ashes in their excavations?

Not all of Mexico's hidden wealth is archaeological. Tales of pirate gold in many seacoast towns certainly have a factual basis. Pirates sailing the Spanish Main buried great parts of their loot when things got a bit hot from time to time. Several persons in the region of Campeche and Tabasco have reportedly acquired rapid and mysterious wealth which has been attributed by their neighbors to accidental finds of pirate chests filled with jewelry, gold services, silver bars and maybe even the traditional pieces-of-eight.

During the Revolution many wealthy landowners buried their possessions, dropped them down wells, or mortared them up in their houses' thick walls. If they were killed, the secret died with them. Almost every year some welldigger, housewrecker, or construction worker comes up with a small trove.

Zapata, Villa and other revolutionary leaders are said to have secreted large amounts of easily negotiable goods in various spots in order to have a quick source of supply. The National Railways of Mexico recently gave Major Ramon Sepulveda a concession to search for one of Pancho Villa's caches. Several years ago his diggers were shoveling like mad in the railroad yard at Torreon, Coahuila. Unfortunately, the well where the Major says Villa ditched his accumulated loot lies directly under Track Nine. The Major was trying to get permission to relocate the tracks, the last I heard.

If you want to bet on a surer thing, try the "natural" treasures of Mexico. The Sierra Madre Occidental comprises more than 2,700 miles of the richest mining area of Mexico. Quite a few respectable finds have been made via the old-fashioned gold-panning way—and today's prospector sometimes carries a Geiger counter, too.—Courtesy *Mexico This Month.*

Waterhole

(Continued from page 42)

and wolves and skunks were the principal part of the scenery (now practically all these animals have been wiped out; we still got a few skunks, but they're mostly two-legged ones) –when I remember how Big Spring used to be a sleepy little cowtown sprawled up and down both sides of the railroad track, surrounded by a prairie wilderness with no cotton or grain or oil or anything, in fact, but cattle—and not enough of them unless it rained—and I look at it now—it makes me feel good. It makes me feel like I had a real part in the building of America.

"Say," this feller said, when I stopped gabbing. "That stuff's interesting."

"Stuff!" I said. "That ain't stuff, that's the truth."

It looked like I was going to have to whip this guy in spite of myself. "I got to close up," I told him. "Git!"

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks for telling me."

"Well, now," I said. "Thanks for listening. Been wanting to get that off my chest."

He didn't seem like such a bad feller after all.

Kedinchin

(Continued from page 29)

Mescaleros who escaped that terrible massacre returned to their reservation they camped on the Penasco; they were attacked by cavalry who fired into their camp at night and shot several of their party. In addition to the women and children killed, Caje's wife, a Mescalero, received a bullet wound in the lower leg, as did another woman of the group. Their horses were captured by the soldiers. The injured women were unable to walk, and their men carried them until they found horses for transporting them the long miles up the Penasco and north to Mescalero. For that task Caje received a new name—Packs on His Back.

ROY McLANE accompanied the police in their search. They picked up the trail at Kedinchin's tepee and followed it easily. It led south. Had the man remained on the Reservation Carroll might have been able to protect him. But he left it.

The sheriff's posse, led by a deputy, joined the Indian trackers, but if the Apaches resented the intrusion, they did not indicate it. It is possible that they welcomed it, for the officers were well supplied with food.

The trail led through a rough and

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A successful hunting trip on the Mescalero Reservation

mountainous country. From time to time the Apaches, but not the white men, found bits of calico. They may have been accidentally torn from the woman's dress by thorns—or they may have been left intentionally so that the inevitable pursuit would end quickly.

It was evident that the horses of the fugitives were worn down, and that the quarry could not be far ahead. But the sheriff's posse did not realize that; they became discouraged and returned to Alamogordo.

The next morning, at dawn, the pursuers closed in on the hunted. Kedinchin's wife had built a very little fire in a deep canyon, and was cooking meat when they first glimpsed her. As she stooped to take it, one of the police called to her very softly and told her not to move or give any indication of their presence, that a rescue party was at hand. She was to stand, take the meat to her husband, and then go to the opposite side of the fire and remain motionless, well away from him.

There was nothing she could do but obey. There was nothing San Peur's men could do but obey. They brought Kedinchin's body back to Mescalero.

The man who wrote the article for the newspaper evidently confused the identity of the brothers McLane, for he wrote that the skilled cowman had been ruthlessly murdered on the Reservation. Those who were living at Mescalero and really knew the circumstances, reported an entirely different version. The generally accepted story was that a vicious Apache had killed a white man, and without justifiable cause. From the knowledge Mr. Carroll, Ted Sutherland, and Paul Blazer had of what actually happened, that was far from being true.

Truly Western

(continued from page 4)

from the other end of town after the shooting was over. Thinking you people at TW would be interested in what really happened, here is the straight story.

Houston always got the best of Al Jennings in a courtroom. It caused considerable hard feelings on the part of the whole family, including Judge John Jennings, the father. Ed and John, brothers of Al, were the most vicious of the boys and had been in several gunfights. They made some pretty strong threats against Houston, and he was aware of it.

It was 10:30 in the morning in Woodward, Oklahoma (1900) when my father and Joe Heath stepped into the Woodward Saloon for a drink. Both boys were about seventeen years of age, but in those days if you could do a man's work you could also drink with the men. Houston was standing at the bar about ten feet away, sipping a drink and talking to the bartender.

Ed and John Jennings came through the swinging doors and after a moment began to argue with and abuse Houston. After they made several threats, Houston challenged the brothers to a fight. Ed said, "Houston, you know we haven't a chance with you in a gunfight!" Being a dramatic type man, Houston then ripped open the front of his shirt with both hands and said, "Shoot, you dirty—! You haven't got the guts!"

About this time the youngest brother, John, who had moved over behind Ed, drew his gun and fired over Ed's shoulder. The shot missed and Temple shot Ed between the eyes as Ed tried to draw. As Ed fell, Temple shot John in the chest. Ed never got his gun out and died instantly, while John never got off another shot and died within an hour. Temple Houston then left the saloon and walked to his home about five blocks up the street. No one dared to stop him.

My grandfather, C. D. "Dick" Farmer, who was a very personal friend of Houston, arrived in town on the noon train. Several groups of men were standing on the street and talking excitedly. Contrary to what you might have heard, this kind of thing was not a common practice in western towns. He approached the group where the sheriff was and learned what had happened.

The sheriff was trying to raise a posse to bring Temple in. Grandfather said, "You go after him with that posse and he will just about kill all of you before you get him. But if you really want him, I can go alone, as his friend, and bring him in."

Grandfather Farmer then went to Houston's home. When he opened the front gate, Temple opened the front door and said, "Hello, Dick. Come on in. Guess you heard the news." Farmer said, "Yes, and I was sorry to hear it." Temple replied, "Well, it was a case of have-to."

When Grandfather told him he had been sent to bring him in, Temple pulled his gun, reversed it and handed it to Grandfather butt first. "You are the only

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damn man in Oklahoma who could take this from me," he said. Farmer then handed it back saying, "You keep it and if they try for you on the way down, we will go together."

The two men walked down the middle of the street to the J. P.'s office. Temple was a veritable giant and Farmer was five feet, two inches. It might have been comical under other circumstances. Temple posted the proper bond for his freedom and the two friends again walked the middle of the street back to the Houston home. Temple was later found innocent. He nearly always carried two .45 calibre revolvers but on the occasion of the Jennings shooting, he was only wearing one gun.

My father, R. E. Farmer, is eighty-one years of age and if Joe Heath or any other of his old friends should read this, he can be contacted through me. I am a deputy sheriff of Multnomah County.—Melvin L. Farmer, 5535 N. E. 31st Avenue, Portland 11, Oregon.

Peg-Leg Hoover

Dear Editor:

In the early days, the Centropolis area in Franklin County, Kansas, was noted for fights between local residents. At the coal-mining settlement of Hackett's Hill, about two miles southeast of Centropolis, rugged young miners would get into an argument while down in a mine. Because of a state law against fighting underground, they would ride a horse-powered elevator to the surface and proceed with the fight.

One of the miners at Hackett's Hill was a not-too-bright fellow called Peg-Leg Hoover, who had had a leg crushed in a mine accident. One day in February, 1904, old Arthur Johnson and his son Jim, a pair of miners from Arkansas, heard that Hoover had been spreading some unsavory gossip about the Johnson womenfolk.

Peg-Leg was with Elmer Hodge, Jake Pitzer, Jess Evans, Charley Rose, and Frank Melcher at one of the coal mines, preparing to go to work, when the Johnsons found him.

The Arkansas men were going to beat Hoover up, but he protested that he hadn't been talking about their women, and that Jess Evans' mother, with whom Hoover boarded on the south side of the hill, could vouch for him.

The Johnsons started to march Hoover down the hill to the Evans home, with young Jim Johnson holding Hoover by the collar. Shortly, they came to a barbed wire fence. Hoover leaned against a post and complained about his leg. Jim Johnson released Hoover, who reached down and unbuckled his wooden leg.

Ottawa Herald Photo

Frank Melcher

Suddenly, Hoover swung his artificial leg as a club and struck Jim Johnson hard enough to break one stave of the leg. Hoover and Jim Johnson fell to the ground and wrestled around. Hoover grabbed young Johnson's nose and cried, "Get him off me! I'm just a cripple. I can't hurt him!"

As Hoover and Jim Johnson were being separated, old Arthur Johnson picked up Hoover's wooden leg and was going to "knock Hoover in the head like a hog," perhaps to kill him.

"Here, old man, that won't do!" remonstrated Elmer Hodge. The miners forced old Johnson to put down the wooden leg and release Hoover. According to Frank Melcher, the only surviving eyewitness to this fight, Hoover went to the Evans house, packed up, and "left for parts unknown."—Leon B. Graves, Route 4, Ottawa, Kansas.

A Friend in Need

Editor's Note: To any of you who have been reading TW or FT for very long, Randy Steffen is a familiar name. He has illustrated many a story for us and you've seen his work on the cover. Just recently a fire destroyed the collection of a lifetime. It's to Randy's credit that he's going to start over. Not many people can face the term, "from scratch." At any rate, he's on the long hard road of trying to locate items to replace those he lost—and here is the situation in his own words.

"Sure do appreciate your offer to run some sort of an announcement on things I need that were lost in the fire. So much of the stuff was one-of-a-kind that can never be replaced—I mean, with definite historical significance. But there are many things that are still existent, but blamed elusive. For example, regulations for uniforms of the U.S. Army, from the Revolutionary War to 1943—especially those that concern the cavalry arm—are hard to find. And in order for my book to be completely accurate, I must refer to those regulations. There are virtually no complete sets in the country, so my information has to be dug from a multitude of nooks and crannies. That's what makes the book so time consuming. I've been gathering material for it for better than ten years.

"I have a real need for any piece of equipment that was used by the cavalryman, enlisted man or officer, uniforms, arms, horse equipment, leather accoutrements—just anything—from the smallest button to a Grimsley saddle! I do have almost every model of McClellan saddle from the Civil War on, the first to the last one made in 1942. But I'm sure short on real definite pictorial information on the saddles used before the Civil War.

"Perhaps the most useful research material to me, outside of the actual equipment, are photographs of cavalrymen and their equipment—old-time ones. I do have photographic copy equipment. I've been able to replace some of the stuff (equipment) I lost in the fire, so that I would be able to make photographic copies of any pictures or documents your readers might send me so the originals could be returned in a week or two. Same goes for copies of regulations and other printed matter.

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"HOMEBREW RECIPES." 32 page book. $1.00. Box 322A, Aurora, Colorado.

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OREGON GHOST TOWN & Treasure Map $2.00. G. W. James, 2836 N.E. 19th, Portland, Oregon.

EXOTIC IMPORTS. Send 25c for wholesale lists. Larson Company, 2223 Eleventh Street, Rockford, Illinois.

Miscellaneous

"MAN 25, WANTS SINCERE partner for prospecting." J. Seljan, 326 N. Avenue 53, Los Angeles 42, California.

RECIPES FOR MAKING CACTUS JELLY, MESQUITE Bean Jelly and syrups. All for $1.00. See article on how to gather and process Prickly Pear fruits in April issue of True West magazine by Tony B. Wilburn. TONY'S ROCK SHOP, 429 South Main, Kermit, Texas 79745.

"INDIAN BRAVE" PORTRAITS. Authentic, original oil paintings on burlap, ready for framing. 16" x 24" —$25.00 postpaid. Vandenbark Studio, P.O. Box 651, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301.

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LOOKING FOR A METAL AND MINERAL LOCATOR? We think we give the best deal on the best one made. Free literature. Foothill Mining Company, Dept. 4, Box 83, Folsom, California. Office at 325 Montrose.

MILITARY ANTIQUES, large illustrated catalogue 35c. Jacobsen's Military Antiques, 60 Manor Road, Staten Island, New York 10310.

SURFACE SLUICE GOLD DREDGE PLANS. Included free, "Basic Placer Mining." Satisfaction guaranteed. Foothill Mining Company, Dept. 4, Box 83, Folsom, California. Office at 325 Montrose.

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Truly Western

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"But I'm back in there pitching again and I have another good start on a collection of reference artifacts and books. But it'll take a good many years to replace the more than 3,500 reference volumes that made up my library.

"If you do want to run something, Joe, I'll blamed sure appreciate it. And I sure do thank you for the offer."—Randy Steffen, 5101 Ruscal Way, Fair Oaks, California 95628.

Our Man in Canada

Dear Sir:

I ran across the name "F. W. Lindsay" in an old issue of TW (December, 1962). He was the author of "The Fabulous Richard Willoughby." I wonder if your Mr. Lindsay is a Canadian? Some years ago I heard a funny story about a F. W. Lindsay who lived on a red shale bluff overlooking the mouth of the Quesnel River. He was the publisher-editor of a small local paper.

It seems he hired a man with a keystone drill to put down a well. They drilled something like 170 feet without success, then, figuring a clay ridge was defeating their efforts, they moved the drill and began at a new location.

Meanwhile, F. W., being of Scotch stock, decided to use the dry hole for the receptacle of an outdoor privy. The edifice was duly built and, on completion, F. W. decided to be the first customer. You guessed it—the first sound he heard was a distinct "splash"!

So the privy was moved, the casing cleaned out, and a pump installed. The casing could not be pumped dry—he had one of the very few good wells in a very dry area!

I especially enjoy stories of the old mining camps in Nevada, California and Arizona. I feel I was born fifty years too late. I used to buy your magazines in Whitehorse, Y. T., and they are still

Col. C. C. Randolph

my "regulars."—Bill Cruise, 140 East Second St., North Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

Editor's Note: It was a great temptation to write F. W. Lindsay and ask if he happened to be the man Mr. Cruise heard the story about. It was a greater temptation to just let Mr. Lindsay read it for the first time in this column. (We know he reads the magazines; he's waiting for a story of his to be published!) There's a good one, incidentally, in the current issue of FRONTIER TIMES—"The Wild McLeans."

Deadwood Dick

Dear Editor:

Noting a recent mention of Deadwood Dick, I thought you might be interested in this from "Buckskin Bill"—otherwise Col. Charles D. Randolph, 2316 Jefferson Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.

"Dick Brown was known from Frisco to Cheyenne as "Pritty Dick" but when he reached Deadwood in the Black Hills he became known as 'Deadwood Dick.' He ran a saloon in the lower part of town and was shot in the back by an unknown assassin. He wore his hair long and sported a silky mustache and dressed in fringed buckskins. He was also a good miner.

"The Deadwood Dick in the dime novels was Richard Harris. There were later, one after the other, two more Deadwood Dicks in Deadwood, namely Richard Bullock, brother of Seth, and the last, Richard Clarke. The latter is the one remembered by historians. I was there and know."

Col. Randolph, with whom I visited last July, is perhaps one of the last of the scouts—or showmen—I'm not sure which. I would judge him to be eighty or older. —Harry L. Marsh, 715 S. 14th Street, Slaton, Texas.

Editor's Note:

To those of our readers who are interested in the reaction to "Use Him Up, Bill!" which ran in our June issue, letters pertaining to this story will appear in the next issue of TW. Because of printing deadlines, by the time one issue is on the newsstands, the next is ready for the press. For this reason it is virtually impossible to run comments on an article in the first succeeding issue. By the time letters have been received, acknowledged, cleared for publication, and set in type, time has run out.

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